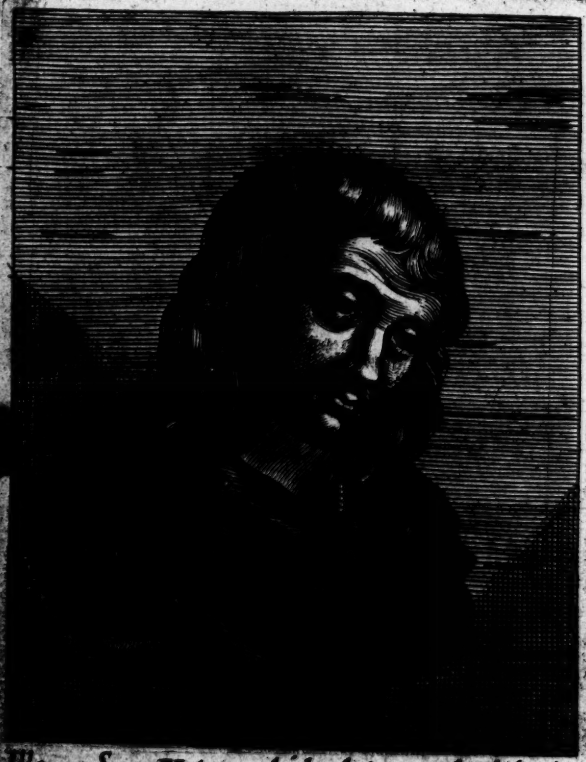
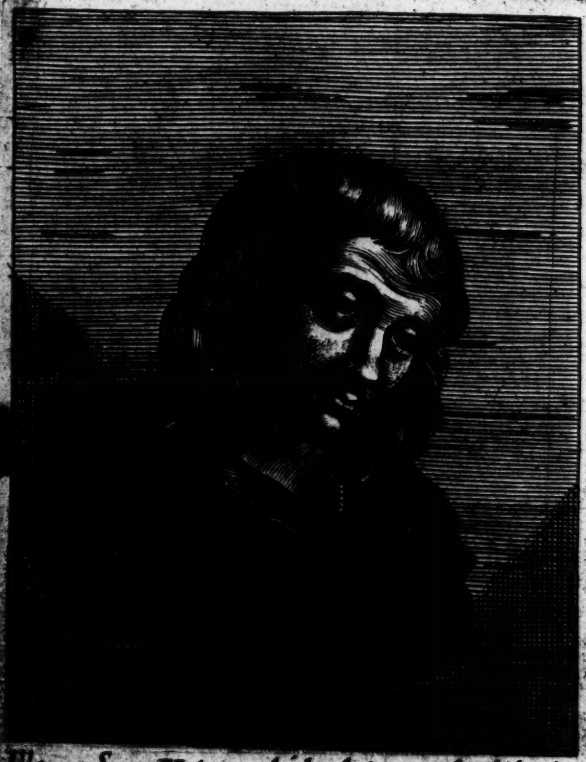


Ille ego Sum Vates rabido data præda dolori,
Qui Supero Sanos Lusibus atque jocis.
Zenonis Soboles vultu mala ferre sereno,
Et potuit Cynici libera turba Sophi.
Qui medios inter potuit lusisse dolores
Me præter toto nullus in orbe fuit.

Egid. Menagius



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SCARRON's
NOVELS.

Viz.

The FRUITLESS PRECAUTION.

The HYPOCRITES.

The INNOCENT ADULTERY.

The JUDGE IN HIS OWN CAUSE.

The RIVAL-BROTHERS.

The INVISIBLE MISTRESS.

The CHASTISEMENT OF AVARICE.

Rendred into *English*, with some Additions,
by *JOHN DAVIES* of *Kidwelly*.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *George* in
Fleet-Street near *Clifford's-Inn*. 1685.

SCARRON'S

NOVELS.

Viz.

The Fruitless Precaution.

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The Chastisement of Avarice.

Rendred into English with Some Additions
by JOHN DAVIES of Kidwelly.

To the most

ACCOMPLIS'D,

THOMAS STANLEY Esq;

T the first coming abroad of the three former of these *Novels* in *English*, they were addrest'd to you, partly upon this accompt, that they were rendred into that Language at *Cumberlow*, it being but just you should have the Patronage, of what had its birth under your roof. The lightness of the Subject might indeed have deterr'd me, from prefixing before it, a Name, which will challenge veneration,

till

[illegible] and the world [illegible] Ignorance and Barbarism [illegible] person on the Kingdoms you were pleas'd to have for me, and the caresses I had to make some publick acknowledgment of my extraordinary obligations to you, overcame that difficulty.

When the Books of the *Iliad* Publish'd were nigh spent, and that I was call'd upon, to provide for another, it was again my fortune, after almost two years retirement in *Wales*, to come to your House, where I had the opportunity, to review what was printed, and make what additions I could thereto, out of the same Author's works. So that the same reason, which I had at first, to make, obliges me to consecrate this Dedication of these Pieces to you; but with this advantage now, that I am the less sollicitous of their fate, since the entertainment, some of them have already found, is such, as hath encourag'd the Book-seller to venture at a *Second* Impression.

But if these were not sufficient, I have several other motives, which would not suffer

suffer me to decline the doing of what I am now upon, but particularly one, whence I derive the greatest satisfaction imaginable, which is, that, by this means, all those who love, that is, all who know you, will be assur'd, of your having o'rcome a Sickness, which begat a general report of your death.

And this reflection, me-thinks, may well dispence a little, with my retreat into the style of the antient Dedicatories, which were commonly concluded with wishes and prayers. Mine are, at the present, that, for some time yet, we may not have the occasion to bemoan the loss of so precious a life as yours; That the Health you have so happily recover'd may have an uninterrupted continuance for many years; And when you are cloy'd with the enjoyments and happiness of this world, (which, as you are wont to express it, consist in these three words, *Wife, Children, Friends*) you may, by the attendance of those Learned men, whose Labours all subsequent Ages will be oblig'd to, be convey'd into the joys and bliss of another. And I doubt not of my having, after so long acquaintance, so much

credit

credit with you, as that, when I am devout, you will believe me sincere, and, consequently, that there are no hearty wishes of

HONOURED SIR,

Your most humble and most obliged Servant,

J. DAVIES.

The

THE PREFACE;

Giving an Accompt of the Author of these *Novels*, some of his other Works, and his Person.

THE three former of these Novels were printed here some four or five years since, and so well receiv'd, that the scarcity of them soon call'd upon the Book-seller for a second Impression. This kind entertainment thereof put me upon an enquiry, what there might be more,

of the same kind, written by the same Author, and I have made a shift to pick up four, out of several parts of his works, printed together, since his Death, in six small Volumes in 12. of which I have onely this short accompt to give.

Of the Six, there are onely two Volumes in Prose, whereof one, he entitles Le Roman Comique, *or,* The Comical Romance. *It is a description of the Lives of certain Country-*Comedians, *and other people, of several Conditions; but done, with such a natural smartness, as very few Authors have been so happy as to arrive to, and he does not bring any upon the Stage, to whom there happen not some very pleasant adventures. To this it may be added, that it is written in a stile particular to this Author, whose inclination to raillery is so much the more remarkable, in that he could not forbear it, even in those relations, wherein he was himself concern'd.*

I am inform'd, that, some years since, a Person of Quality made it his recreation, to render part of that divertive Romance into English, *translating not onely the* Work, *but also the* Scene, *out of* France *into* England: *and no doubt but the design would have taken infinitely*

infinitely well, had it been prosecuted. But ere he had compleated his Work, the Scene of our English Affairs was miraculously chang'd, from Anarchy to Monarchy; and that Person being highly engag'd in the Transactions happening upon his Majesty's happy Restauration, there was such a stop put to what he had done therein, that it hath remain'd imperfect ever since: whence it may well be ghess'd, there is somewhat in it so far transcending ordinary Translation, that no other Hand durst attempt it.

Out of this Romance, whereof there are now two parts extant in French, *I have taken three of the Newly-printed* Novels; *to wit,*

The Judge in his own Cause;
The Rival-Brothers; *and*
The Invisible Mistress.

'Tis a thousand pities, that the Author hath, prevented by Death, left the Work imperfect; so that we are, and ever shall be, at a loss, to know, what period he might bring so many noble Adventures to. Had he compleated it, we should have found, whether he could have given his principal Heroe a more honourable Exit, *than to make it, on a Gibbet,*

at Pontoise, *as he was wont to say himself, and may be seen in a* Dedicatory *of his to the Abbot* Menagius, *and Monsieur* Sarrazin, *before a little Piece in Verse, entituled,* A true Relation of what happened between the Poets and the Destinies, upon the Death of Monsieur de Voiture.

His other Works, in Prose, are onely these Novels, *and some* Letters, *which being but few, and those so particular about his own occasions and necessities, there will not be much worth the Translation into English. Among these was found the last* Novel; *to wit,*

The Chastisement of Avarice.

All the rest of his Works are Poetry, in four Volumes; two, of Plays, Fragments of Plays, Epistles, &c. One, of Poems, upon several occasions; and the last, containing eight Books of the Æneids, *in* Burlesque, *under the title of,* Le Virgile Travesty; *in which kind of Writing lay his chiefest excellency: but all together may justly secure him the title of the smartest, and most pleasant writer of this last Age.*

As to his Person, the accompt we have to give of it, is deriv'd, partly from what he hath deliver'd himself, and partly from the Character given him by his Friends. What we have from himself happen'd upon this occasion. The fore-mentioned Piece dedicated to Menagius *and* Sarrazin, *being in the Press, there chanc'd to be some Vacant Pages, whereupon the Book-seller intreating* Monsieur Scarron, *to bethink himself of some thing to fill them up, (for the humour of doing it with Catalogues of other Books, it seems, was not much in vogue in* France) *he gave him the ensuing Description of himself, at the beginning whereof, there was a Brass-cut, wherein he was represented sitting in a great Chair, with his back towards the Beholders, and five Women on the one side, and four on the other, as it were to represent the nine Muses. I shall here give the said Description, just as if I had the same occasion to do it as my Author had.*

TO THE READER.

Who never saw me.

READER, who never saw me, and happily are not much troubled at it, out of conceit, that there is little to be gotten by the sight of such a person as I am, know, that, for my part, I should have been as well different, as thou art, whether I were seen by thee or not, if I had not been inform'd, that some, very ingenious Persons, make my misery their sport, and give a description of me quite different from what I am. Some say, that, if I could be capable of any motion, it would not be much unlike that of those exemplary Cripples, who go on their Hands and Britch; others affirm I have no Thighs, and that, being set on the Table in a Box, purposely made for me, I there fall a prating like an one-ey'd Parrat: And others y't are so pleasant, as to say, that, my Hat being ty'd to the end of a Cord, which runs through

through a Pully fasten'd to the Roof of my Chamber, I, having the other end of the said Cord in my hands (which it seems I must not be able to lift up to my head) make a shift, to raise up, and let it fall, to salute those who come to visit me.

I conceive my self therefore oblig'd in conscience, to give a check to these calumnies, that the World may at length be undeceiv'd, and to that end, have I caus'd the Plate, which thou must see at the beginning of this Preface, to be graven. I doubt not, Reader, but thou wilt grumble, (for grumbling is very natural to all Readers, and I am inclin'd to it my self, as well as others, when I am a Reader) thou wilt grumble, I say, and quarrel at me, that thou hast not a sight of my fore-part. To satisfie thee, know, that it is not out of any irreverence, or want of civility, that I turn my back-side to the Company, but for this reason, that the convexity of my Back is fitter to receive an inscription, than the concavity of my Breast, which is over-shadow'd by the pendency of my Head, and that by that side, as well as the other, a Man may take a survey of the Site, or rather, the irregular platform of my Person. Without any imagination, that the

world should think it self oblig'd by such a Present (for, by the Nine Gentle Ladies that stand about me, I never hop'd my Head would ever become the Original of a Medal) I would have had my Picture drawn, if any Painter durst have attempted it. For want of that, take this account of my Person.

I am somewhat above thirty years of age, as thou mist see by the back of my chair. If I live to forty, I shall make a great addition of miseries, to those I have already suffer'd, within these eight or nine years. I was of a passable stature, though somewhat below the middle size; but my diseases have shorten'd it by a foot and better. My head is somewhat of the biggest, considering my stature. My face is pretty full, and plump, compar'd to the Skeleton I am thence downwards. I am so well furnish'd with hair, that I need wear no Periwig, and much of it is turn'd grey, in spight of the Proverb. My sight is good enough, though my eyes somewhat larger than they should be: they are blew, and one of them more sunk into my head than the other. My nose stands well enough. My teeth, sometimes so many pearls, are

now

now of a colour between black and blew. I have lost one and a half on the left side, and two and a half on the right, and I have two a little broken. My legs and thighs made at first an obtuse, then an equal, and at last, an acute angle. My thighs and my body making another, and my head hanging down over my breast, I am a certain representative or Hieroglyphick of the Letter Z. My arms are contracted as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am a certain contraction or Epitome of humane misery.

Thus much as to my figure; and since I am so far in my way, I will give thee a slight touch of my humour. It is more than I promis'd; but to deal freely with thee, Reader, take notice, that this Preface is design'd only to swell the Book, upon the importunity of the Seller, whose fear it was, he should not save himself by the Impression. Were it not for that, it would be to as little purpose as many others are. But this is not the first time, that some people shew themselves fools, out of compliance with others, besides the fooleries they are guilty of upon their own account.

As

As to my humour then; I am to confess, that I am somewhat choleric, a lover of good meat, and inclin'd to sloath. I often call my Man fool or coxcomb, and frequently after, Sir, and Monsieur. I have no body, God grant others have the same kindness for me. I am very glad when I have money, and would be much more, if I had my health. I am merry enough in company, and not much unsatisfi'd, when I am alone. I endure my miseries patiently enough. And now I think my Preface is long enough, and that it is time I should make an end of it.

So far the Author's description of himself, upon the occasion before mentioned. What we have from his friends is before his Virgil Travesty, consisting of certain Papers of Verses before that Piece, whereof some being in French, some in Latine, we shall cull out onely the Latine Copies, as more particularly describing his Person and Indispositions.

In

In Gallicam Scarronis *Æneidem Iudicro carmine scriptam.*

DEbile *Scarronis* corpus, contractaq; membra,
Indomitus vexat nocte diéque dolor.
Hinc caput obliquâ pronum cervice fatiscit,
Nec licet obtutus tollere ad astra suos.
Utque manus premit innocuas cruciatque chiragra,
Sic secat immeritos sæva podagra pedes.
Et malè nodosos macies depascitur artus,
Tabidáque arescens vix tegit ossa cutis.
Torqueris leviùs volvendo, Sisyphe, saxo;
Quique renascenti pectore pascis avem.
Et tamen in mediis ridere doloribus audet,
Nec miserum læti deseruêre joci.
Riciculum Æneam, Troas, Danaósq; facetus,
Insolitâ Gallis arte, Poëta facit.
Oblectant animos, non jam naufragia terrent,
Itala que finxit, Vate Marone, Clio.

Festivè

Festivè ventique ruunt, atq; æquora versant,
Jucundè Phrygias & quatit unda rates.
Et supplex precibus superos dicacibus orat
Naufragus, & grato cum fase nauta perit.
Nec flenda ingentis modo sunt incendia Trojæ;
Hæc possint Priamo sic placuisse seni.
Ipsa quoque in Teucros joculares concipit iras
Altisoni conjux, Juno, sororque Jovis.
Tam benè qui ludit, dum toto corpore, languens,
Deficit, innumeris obruiturque malis:
Vel certè humanâ Deus est sub imagine *Scarro*,
Ingenio pollet vel propiore Dei.

C. Feramus.

In

In Æneida Mimicam & jocosam Pauli Scarronis.

COrpore *Scarro* æger, sed cui ridere decorum,
Phœbus, Amor, Charites, & Venus ipsa dedit.
Gratum opus urbanis, Urbanæ Æneidos Autor,
Transtulit in lepidos Arma Virumque jocos.

ATTICUS SECUNDUS.

In

SCARRONI ex Patre Nepoti.

SI punctum omne tulit, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Ludendo scribens seria quid meruit?
Virgilii miranda legens ridere jubetur;
Hoc debet, *Scarro*, Gallica Musa, tibi.

Urb. Scarron Patruus.

The

The Titles of the several Novels.

NOV. I.

The Pontifical Procemion.

NOV. II.

The Hypocrites.

NOV. III.

The Innocent Adultery.

NOV. IV.

The Judge in his own Cause.

NOV. V.

The Rival-Brothers.

NOV. VI.

The Invisible Knight.

NOV. VII.

The Chastisement of Ma-
rice.

The Titles of the ſeveral *Novels*.

NOV. I.
The Fruitleſs Precaution.

NOV. II.
The Hypocrites.

NOV. III.
The Innocent Adultery.

NOV. IV.
The Judge in his own Cauſe.

NOV. V.
The Rival-Brothers.

NOV. VI.
The Inviſible Miſtreſs.

NOV. VII.
The Chaſtiſement of Avarice.

SCARRON'S NOVELS.

THE FRUITLESS PRECAUTION.

The First Novel.

A Gentleman of *Granada*, whose true name I shall forbear to discover, and on whom I will bestow that of *Don Pedro* of *Castell*, *Aragon*, and *Toledo*, or what you please, since that a glorious name in a *Romance* costs no more than another, (which is haply the reason that the *Spaniards*, not content with their own, ever give themselves of the most illustrious, nay hardly

sit down with one:) this Gentleman, I say, (for *Don Pedro*) being arriv'd at the twentieth year of his age, lost both Father and Mother, and by their death came to a very great estate: all which happening to the same person, contributes very much to his miscarriage if he be born a fool; but, if nature hath been more indulgent to him, puts him into a capacity of improving himself to some esteem in the world. During the year of his mourning, he very prudently wean'd himself from most part of the divertisements, which persons of his age are ordinarily addicted to, and busied himself in looking into the posture of his estate, and putting his affairs into a good order. He was a very graceful person, of an excellent wit, and behav'd himself, in his youth, with a prudence and conduct such as might have become grey hairs. There was not in *Granada* any Lady who would not gladly have had him to her husband, nor any Father so prepossess'd with the deserts of his daughter, as not to wish him his Son-in-law. Of the Beauties in *Granada*, which stood in competition for the Monarchy of hearts, one onely there was able to captivate that of *Don Pedro*. Her name was *Seraphina*, beautiful indeed as a Seraphin, young, rich, well descended, and, in a word, though of a fortune somewhat below that of *Don Pedro's*, yet a person as well accomplish'd to make a wife, as he a husband. He made no question, but that upon the first proposal of marriage made to her Friends, he should obtain their consent to become her Servant: but he chose rather to gain her by his own worth and desert, than their compliance, and resolv'd to court her with all the passion, submissions, and services imaginable, to make

make a conquest of her heart, before he became possessor of her person.

His design was noble, and might accordingly have prov'd more successful, if Fortune, who is, many times, maliciously pleas'd to disturb things manag'd with the greatest conduct and circumspection, had not rais'd him a Rival, who was become Master of the place he would have taken, while he was but yet making his first approaches. His name we have here little to do with, he was much about the age of *Don Pedro*, perhaps as lovely as he, and without doubt much more belov'd.

It was not long ere *Don Pedro* perceiv'd he had a Competitor, and was not much troubled at it, as having the advantage of him in point of estate. He was at the charge of Musick in the street where his Mistress liv'd; his Rival had the pleasure of it in her Chamber, and haply receiv'd more than ordinary kindnesses from her, while poor *Don Pedro*'s teeth chatter'd in his head. At last he grew weary of hunting the hare, I mean, of the charge and inconveniences of that kind of Courtship, without making any progress in his business; Yet so as this ill success caus'd not any remission of his Love, but only made him quit the design he had to be too prodigal of his addresses to his Mistress, before he had obtain'd her of her Friends. He therefore went and demanded her of them, and they very liberally give their consent he should have her, without ever advising with, or communicating the business to their daughter, out of an excess of joy, to be intreated, to do what they earnestly desir'd, and indeed durst hardly hope. They soon after acquainted *Seraphina* with the good fortune that came to

court her, and prepar'd her to entertain the addresses of *Don Pedro*, and, within a few days, to marry him. The news, which she should have receiv'd with joy, rais'd in her no small disturbance; insomuch, that, not able to smother the loss she was at, she hardly made a shift to conceal the occasion thereof from them, by persuading them it proceeded from the affliction, it would be to her, to part with those, for whom she had so dutiful an affection. She acted her part so handsomely, that, out of pure tenderness, the old people could not forbear tears, nor commending the good nature of their daughter. She us'd all the intreaties she could to persuade them to put off the marriage for four or five months, representing to them, that the decay of her health was visible in her countenance; and pressing, that, if ever she married, it might not be till she had recover'd her perfect health, to the end she might be in a better disposition to please her husband, lest he might take any occasion to be dissatisfi'd with her, in the dawning of their marriage, and repent of his choice.

Now whereas it was indeed true, that for some time before she seem'd not to have her health as she was wont, her Friends were well satisfi'd with what she had said to them, and gave an account of it to *Don Pedro*, who also had nothing to except against it, as conceiving it argu'd the discretion of his Mistress. Nevertheless, they thought it not amiss to put things in order, as to the contract of marriage, and the settlement to be made thereupon.

But though things were brought to this pass, the amorous *Don Pedro* omitted not any of those

Expressions

Expressions of Gallantry and Courtship expected in the carrying on of a Match with consent of all parties. He sent his Mistress many presents, and writ to her every day. She on the other side return'd him such answers as were at least very civil, though they betrai'd much less of passion than was visible in his Letters. But she would not by any means be seen in the day time, excusing her self by reason of her indisposition; nay in the evenings was seldom seen at her window, which rais'd in *Don Pedro* a great admiration of her reserv'dness. He was better conceited of his own worth than any way to question the success of his applications, or doubt his being deeply in the favour of his Mistress, when he should be better known to her than he was, even though she might have had an aversion for him before she knew him.

His affairs hitherto went on smoothly without any rub; but, on a suddain, it happen'd that he could not get a sight of his Mistress in four or five days. He was extremely troubled at it, or at least pretended it; he writ verses upon that occasion, or, it may be, hired, or bought some, and caus'd them to be sung under her window: but notwithstanding these great attempts of a most passionate Lover, all he could do was to speak with one of the Chamber-maids, who told him, that his Mistress was much sicker than she had been. His Poetick vein swell'd at this account of her, or, if not his, that of his mercenary Poet must breathe and bleed for it: for I could never be truly inform'd whether he himself had any gift in rhiming. Having got what he had, set to some doleful tune, and loaden, besides his offensive and defensive arms, with a

Guitarrie, (which I am apt to believe was the beſt the City could afford) he took his way very boiſterouſly towards his Miſtreſs's, either to move her to compaſſion, or to ſet the dogs thereabouts a barking. 'Tis not unlikely he ſhould have done one of the two, or both together, and yet it ſo happen'd he did neither.

Being come within fifty paces ſhort of the bleſſed manſion of his Divinity, he perceives the door open, and a woman coming out, who ſeem'd much like his almoſt-inviſible Angel. He could not imagine what ſhould oblige a Woman, all alone, and at ſuch a time of the night, to enter, of ſet purpoſe, into a great deſolate building, deſtroy'd not long before by a fire that had happen'd. To find out what the matter ſhould be, he walk'd round about thoſe ruins, into which there were ſeveral ways to get in, ſo, with as much convenience as he could, to get near the perſon whom he had follow'd in thither. It came into his imagination, that it might be his Miſtreſs who had appointed his Rival a meeting in that ſtrange place, as not daring to be ſeen at her houſe, and haply unwilling to have any third perſon privy to an action, which it concern'd him ſo much to be kept ſecret; and if what he did as yet but onely ſuſpect, ſhould prove true, his inviolable reſolution was to be the death of his Rival, and to be reveng'd of *Seraphina*, by loading her with the greateſt reproaches he could think on. He thereupon crawl'd along with as little noiſe as he could, till he came to a place whence he ſaw her (for it was ſhe) ſitting upon the ground, bemoaning her ſelf, as a perſon ready to give up the ghoſt, or what ſignifies little leſs (to give it you

in

in a word) in Labour, and with inexpressible pain, upon the delivery of a little creature, in the making whereof she had haply taken a great deal of pleasure. She no sooner saw her self disburthen'd, but deriving strength from her courage, she return'd the same way she came, without taking any further thought, what should become of the Child she had brought into the world.

I leave you to judge what astonishment *Don Pedro* was in at this strange accident. Now was he satisfi'd what was the true cause of his Mistress's sickness: he was a little frighted at the danger he was likely to have fallen into, and made his acknowledgment to Heaven, that he had escap'd it. And being of a noble and generous disposition, he would not be reveng'd of one that had put such a treacherous trick upon him, to the dishonour of an illustrious Family, nor in his just resentment suffer the innocent little creature to perish, which he saw at his feet expos'd to the mercy of the first dog or swine that had come that way. He took it up in his handkerchief, for want of something else to wrap it in, and, with as much haste as he could, went to a Midwife of his acquaintance, to whose care he recommended the Child he put into her hands, and gave her mony to buy all things necessary for it. The Midwife, well paid, did what might have been expected from her, insomuch that the very next day, the Child was put out to nurse, christned, and (proving a girl) named *Laura*.

In the interim, *Don Pedro* went to see a certain Kinswoman of his, one in whom he repos'd very much confidence: he told her that he had chang'd

the design he had of marrying to joyne into that of travelling, entreated her to take upon her the management of his estate, and to entertain into her house a little Girl, whom he made her believe was his own, to be very liberal in what concern'd her education, and, for certain reasons, which she should one day know, as soon as she were three years old, to put her into a Nunnery, and above all things to take order that she should have no acquaintance with the things of this world. He gave his kinswoman Letters of Attorney, and what else was necessary for her management of his estate, furnish'd himself with money and jewels, got a trusty servant, and, before he left *Granada*, writ a Letter to *Seraphina*. She receiv'd it much about the time that she was acquainting her Friends, that her sickness would not any longer delay her marriage: but *Don Pedro*'s Letter, wherein he discover'd what he knew of her condition, fill'd her with other thoughts. And those were wholly directed towards God, insomuch that, not long after, she went into a Nunnery, never to come out again, it being not in the power of her Friends, with all their entreaties and tears, to divert her from that resolution, which they thought so much the more strange, the more they were to seek what the motives of it should be.

But we will leave them bewailing their daughter, now turn'd Nun: Her, on the other side, bewailing her own miscarriage; the little *Thisbe* growing up, and blooming forth; and overtake *Don Pedro* upon his way to *Sevil*, not able to divert his thoughts from running upon the adventure that had happen'd to him, and thereupon entertaining a cruel

aversion

aversion against marriage, after his having so great a desire to taste of it. All the women he meets, he is frighted at, and without any reflection that as well as men, there are some good, some bad among them, he concludes with himself, that a man must ever be distrustful of them, and much more of those who pretend to wit, than the simple; being apt enough to embrace their opinion, who hold that a woman knows more than she ought, if she know any thing beyond what belongs to House-keeping, and the bringing up of her Children.

Embracing these Heresies with some persuasion, he enters *Sevil*, and went to the house of *Don John* ——— (His name is quite out of my head) a rich man, and a person of quality, who was not onely his Kinsman, but much his Friend, and so kind as that he would not suffer him to lodge any where else. The pleasantness of *Sevil* raised in him an inclination to make a longer stay there than he thought to have done: which his Cousin *Don John* perceiving, and wishing his divertisement yet greater than it was, spent some time in shewing him whatever that place afforded that were any thing rare or considerable.

One day, as they were riding through one of the principal Streets of the City, they saw, in a Coach that went into a great persons house, a young Lady, habited like a Widow; but so handsome, so attractive, that *Don Pedro* was surprized at her beauty, and made *Don John* laugh to hear the exclamations and oaths he made, that he had never seen any thing comparable to her in his Life. This angelical Widow reconciled to his favour all those of the female Sex, whom *Seraphina* had

made

made abominable in his apprehension. He intreated *Don John* to ride once more through the same Street, and acknowledg'd to him, that ever so little more sight of her had really wounded him. "'Tis more than needed, *replied Don John*; for, if I "am not much mistaken, you are so far wounded "as requires some remedy. Ah, Cousin, *says Don* "*Pedro to him*, I think I may confidently tell you, "that I should esteem my self very happy, might "I pass away my days with so excellent a person. "Nay, if you take that course, *replies Don John*, "and make such haste as you do, you may soon "come to your journeys end, and be master of the "happiness you propose to your self. Not but "that such an enterprize must needs be difficult, "*Elvira* is a person of quality, and very rich, her "beauty is such as you have observed it, her virtue "not inferiour, and for the space of two years "that she hath been a Widow, the wealthiest for-"tunes in *Andaluzia* have not raised in her any "motions to change her condition. But a person "of your endowments and excellencies may con-"quer that which others have not been able to "stand against. She is a Kinswoman of my Wives, "and I sometimes visit her. I shall, if you please, "acquaint her with your inclinations, and I am the "more apt to hope my negotiation may prove "effectual, in regard I have the honour to see her "in her Balcony which is over against us, a favour "not ordinary from a Lady so reserv'd, since she "might as well shut up her own jealousies and her "windows together, and so make us be laugh'd at "after all our gallantry.

With which words both the Cavaliers made each

each of them an obeisance to the *Spanish* Lady, which is cost them no small pains to acquit themselves well of. But particularly *Don Pedro* did his with such contorsion and violence to his whole body, that a little more he had injur'd his reins. The Lady in the Balcony return'd them one nor much to be found fault with, which engag'd *Don Pedro* and his companion to revy it with two others;

But seeing the Sun from th' Balcony was gone,
They thought it full time to depart,
One went away well, and as sound as a Bell,
But the other was struck to the heart.

"Ah! Cousin, *says Don Pedro to Don John*, what "probability is there that a stranger should storm a "heart that hath stood out the assaults of all the "best and noblest Champions as to quality and "desert that *Sevil* affords? But, *continued he*, "since the little hope I have of obtaining her fa-"vour is enough to occasion my death, it will "come but all to one, if I hazard my Life upon her "denials and disdains. Let me therefore, dear "Cousin, intreat you to speak to her, as soon as "possibly you can, and press not to her so much "the greatness of my quality or estate, as the vio-"lence of my passion.

Don Pedro was so over head and ears in love, that he could not speak of any thing else, in so much, that his Cousin perceiv'd the greatest kindness he could do him, was, to speak with the sooneſt to *Elvira*. He did it, and that with good success. The fair Widow entertain'd so kindly the Proposition he made on the behalf of his Friend, that she

discover'd

discovered rather a satisfaction, than any dislike thereat. But, in Answer thereto, she told him that having made a vow she would not hear of any addresses in order to a second Marriage till three years were expired after her former Husband's death, no consideration in the world should prevail with her to break it. She added further, that out of an exact observance of what she had promised the memory of her late Husband, she had till then behaved her self inflexibly towards all those that had made their addresses to her; and that if *Don Pedro* had so much command of himself as to continue his devotions to her for the space of one whole year, during which time they might become better acquainted one with another, she would promise never to be any man's Wife but his.

Don John, upon his return, gave *Don Pedro* an account of his negotiation, and render'd him the most satisfied and most amorous man in the world. The long time he was to expect troubled him not at all, resolving to employ it in all manner of courtships, worthy atchievments, and adventures, befitting a spruce Lover. He bought a Coach and Horses, took a House, and entertain'd Servants, set the Embroiderers and Tailors of *Sevil* a sewing, and the Musicians a singing. He would have presented *Elvira* with some things; but she would by no means permit it. Her Maids were much more easily intreated, and received his Presents as willingly as he bestow'd them. In a short time, *Elvira*'s Servants were more at his devotion than at hers, they causing her to shew her self in the Balcony, though much against her humour, as often

often as *Don Pedro* was singing in the Street; in which employment, as I have been told, he was grown to be a Crafts-master, not making use of his lips and tongue to quaver out the notes as many good Singers do.

Six Moneths were already past since *Don Pedro* had laid a Siege to the affections of *Elvira*, yet had not the least private Parley with her; which added daily more and more to the esteem and devotion he had for her. At last, upon an importunity of Prayers and Presents, one of her Gentlewomen, better stored with confidence than any of the rest, or rather better brib'd, promised to bring him in the night-time to her Lady's Lodgings, and so to dispose of him as that he should see her put off her cloaths before she went to bed, walking in her Smock about the chamber for coolness, and singing and playing upon the Lute, which she did admirably well.

This took *Don Pedro* so highly, that he gave his Intelligencer much beyond what he had promised her; so that, night being come, the bold Granadine, according to the Gentlewoman's directions, comes into *Elvira*'s house, slunk into her lodgings, and there, from a little ascent, which was over against her chamber-door, he saw her sitting on a couch, reading in a Prayer-book, how attentively I know not, while her women were undressing her. She had onely a thin loose coat about her, and was upon getting into bed when *Don Pedro*'s Pension-Gentlewoman, desirous to give him cause to be as much satisfied with her as she with him, entreats her Mistress to sing. To her's, her Companions added their intreaties; yet *Elvira* put them off a long

long time, telling them, she was melancholy, and assuring them she had some reason to be so: but the Gentlewoman who was so much at the devotion of *Don Pedro*, having put a Lute into her Mistress's hands, *Elvira* had the complaisance to sing, and did it with so much excellency and delight, that *Don Pedro* could hardly forbear casting himself at her feet, there to act the part of the ecstatick Lover. She sung not long, but went to bed: the Women withdrew into their chambers, and *Don Pedro*, who would gladly have gotten into the Street, was at a cruel loss what to do, when he found the great Gate fast. There was no other course to be taken, than to expect till it were day. He sate down on the brink of a Well which was at one corner of the Court, in no small disturbance by reason of the fear he was in of being discovered, and to incur the displeasure of his Mistress, for his presumption.

While he was thus engaged, his thoughts running upon thousands of designs, and those answered by so many fruitless wishes, he perceives a Door opening that belonged to some part of *Elvira*'s Lodgings. He turn'd toward that side on which he heard the noise, and was much at a loss to see coming into the Court the fair Widow whom he thought fast asleep. By the light of a small Wax-candle she had in her hand, he perceiv'd her night-cloaths were very neat about her head; that she was bare-neck'd, had an excellent Neck-lace of Pearl on, and that upon her Smock, about which was abundance of Lace, she had onely a long rich Mantle. She had in her hand a Silver-plate cover'd with Jelly, Sweet-meats, and Conserves; and

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in that ſtrange poſture ſhe was ſo full of charm and attraction, that *Don Pedro* was once in a mind to ſatisfie himſelf with the enjoyment of looking on her, though he ſhould thereby draw on himſelf all the diſpleaſure, which a preſumption ſo great might juſtly deſerve. But upon better thoughts he hid himſelf behind the Well, yet ſo as that he ſtill obſerv'd his Miſtreſs, flattering himſelf ſometimes with an imagination, that he was the perſon ſhe ſought after. She went on towards the Stable, whither *Don Pedro*, at a diſtance, follow'd her, and ſaw her go into a little Chamber. The firſt apprehenſion he had, was, that his Miſtreſs, out of an exceſs of pious charity, went to viſit ſome ſervant of the Houſe that was ſick, though, without any prejudice to her charitable inclinations, ſhe might have put that employment upon ſome one of her women. He hid himſelf behind a horſe, which ſtood not far from the door of the Chamber, and thence obſerving his dear Widow, he ſaw her ſet down, on a little Table, the Candleſtick, the Plate, and whatever elſe ſhe had brought that was burthenſome to her Ivory hands; and perceiv'd, in a bed which took up almoſt all the Chamber, a Blackamore that was ſick, who ſeem'd to be about thirty years of age, but ſo deformed, and of ſo dreadful a look, that he was in a manner frighted at the ſight of him. His meagre countenance, and the painful emiſſion of his breath argu'd him very ſick and much ſpent. *Don Pedro* could not but admire the unparallel'd goodneſs of the fair *Elvira*, who took up the Negro's coverlet, and having thruſt up his head, ſate down by the ſick perſon, and put her hand on his fore-head, all wet, haply with the

the sweats and pains of approaching death. The Negro beheld, with a gastly look, the charitable Angel that came to comfort him, and who still view'd him with tears in her eyes. *Don Pedro* knew not what he should think of a chafity so transcendent, and having for a while admir'd it, he began to think it excessive; but as yet he had not seen any thing.

At last, the fair Widow breaking forth into discourse, yet weeping as if it had been at the taking of a final farewel, she ask'd the Negro, How he did. "My dear Anthony, *said she to him with a voice* "*interrupted by sobbs*, Art thou then resolv'd to "dy, and with thy own, to be my death too? Thou "speak'st not to me, my dearest; take heart, my "soul, take heart, if thou desirest I should live, and "eat a little of this jelly, for my sake. Thou dost "not vouchsafe so much as to look on me, cruel "man; not on me, who love thee, who adore "thee; kiss me, my Angel, kiss me, and recover "thy health, if thou wouldst not have my com-"pany to Death, after I had so much lov'd thee "whil'st thou hadst any Life.

To this effect were her expostulations, joyning her angelical face to the diabolical countenance of the Moor, which she bedew'd with her tears. I am apt to imagine that who ever had seen such a Vision, would have taken it for an Angel embracing a Devil. As for our *Don Pedro*, he began to think his fair *Elvira* as ugly as her Negro, who at last casting his eyes on his importunate Mistress, whom he had not till then vouchsaf'd a look, and with his scraggy hand removing her face from his own, said to her, with a hollow voice; "What would

"you

'you have of me, Madam, and why will you not 'let me die in quiet? Do you not think it enough 'that you have reduc'd me to the condition I am 'in? or do you expect I should, at the point of 'death, sacrifice the few minutes I have left, to 'the satisfaction of your insatiable inclinations? 'Take a Husband, Madam, take a Husband, and 'expect no more from me. I shall not see you any 'more, nor taste of what you have brought me; all 'my business now is onely to die, since I am not 'good for any thing but the grave.

Having so said, he sunk down into the bed, so suddenly, that the unfortunate *Elvira* could not get a word from him by way of return, notwithstanding all the kindnesses both of words and gestures she us'd towards him; whether it were that he was already dead, or obstinately resolv'd, not to speak to a person whom he thought the occasion of his death. *Elvira*, melted into tears, and in a manner out of her self, to see what a sad condition she left her dear Negro in, and most of all to consider his inhumanity towards her, took up all she had brought with her, and return'd to her chamber, with so much sadness and affliction in her countenance, that it was much to her loss, she had not been seen in that posture by her apostate Lover, *Don Pedro*.

He in the mean time lay close and undiscovered, in the most obscure part of the stable, so astonish'd as that he had not been half as much when he was present at the happy delivery of *Seraphina*. He saw the counterfeit Matron returning to her chamber, disconsolate as a Widow at the Funeral of a Husband she dearly lov'd; and, not long after, finding the great gate open, he got into the

street, not much follicitous whether he were seen or not, as not esteeming the reputation of *Elvira* worthy the least tenderness or respect. Yet ever in that did he follow the dictates of his own verace, for as that he discover'd not what he had seen even to his Friend. He pass'd by *Elvira's* door the next day just as the Moor was carried out to his burial. Her Woman told him, that she was sick, and for the space of four or five days that he pass'd to and fro that way, she was not to be seen at her window, so incapable was she of any consolation upon the death of the African. *Don Pedro* was much desirous to hear from her. One day as he was in discourse with *Don John*, a slave of *Elvira's* brought him a Letter from her Mistress. He open'd it with too much impatience, and read in it what you are like to do, if you please.

A LETTER.

Two persons, between whom there is a mutual affection in order to marriage, need no third person to sollicite the business between them. You would have me believe, that you think me not unhandsome, and I cannot but acknowledge I am so far taken with you, as that I am willing to grant you immediately, nay, but not promise it till a year were expir'd. Person and Estate are at your disposal, when you please to command them; and I am to desire you to believe, that though I cannot be too free spoken in a business of this nature, yet you must

and my own affection shall be my security, and enable me to overcome what difficulties soever I may meet with therein.

ELVIRA.

Don Pedro read over the Letter twice or thrice, so much ado had he to believe what he read. He consider'd with himself that he had been twice in danger to have been as unfortunately married as any man in *Spain*, and sent up his hearty thanks to Heaven which had enabled him to escape it, by discovering to him two secrets of so great importance. The resolution of marrying suddenly, which the Negro's death had put *Elvira* upon, rais'd in *Don Pedro* a quite contrary, which was, that of getting from her as soon as he could. He therefore told *Don Fabio*, that it concern'd both his life and honour, that he should be out of *Seville* within an hour, and that he would take along with him onely that Servant whom he had brought from *Granada*. He intreated him to sell his Goods and Horses, and with the money to discharge his Servants; but above all things he desir'd him not to make any enquiry after the occasion of so sudden a change, and so unexpected a departure, promising to give him an account in writing from the first place he should make any stay at. He writ to *Elvira*, while some were gone to take up two Mules for him: he deliver'd his Letter to the slave, and the Mules being come, took his way towards *Madrid*, confirm'd, more than ever, in his former opinion, of being distrustful of all women of more than ordinary wit, nay indeed to have a horrour of them. While he is

spurring on his Mule, *Elvira* opens his Letter, and finds in it these words.

A LETTER.

HOw violent soever the affection I had for you might have been, yet have I ever prefer'd the desire of preserving your honour, before the pleasure of enjoying your person. Thence you might have perceiv'd with what discretion all my Courtships and addresses were attended. I am naturally a person of a very nice conscience, and therefore cannot without some remorse answer your proposal of marriage, you being a widow but since yesterday. You are much more oblig'd to the memory of the poor Negro, who hath lost his life in your service, and can better no less than a year in bewailing the miscarriage of a person, whose performances you thought so extraordinary. In the interim, we shall both of us have time to consider what we have to do.

DON PEDRO.

Elvira was almost out of her self at the reading of this Letter; the affliction she conceiv'd therein made her more sick, than she had been upon the loss of her Lover of *Guinny*. But bethinking her self that *Don Pedro* had left *Seuil*, and another person whom she thought furnish'd for her turn, making his addresses to her in order to marriage, she took him at his word, and entertain'd him, to sup-

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ply the place of the Negro. Not but that there were other Negroes choice enough; but she had heard say that there were several sorts of Negroes, and that they are not so far Devils as they seem black.

By this time was *Don Pedro* got to *Madrid*, where he alighted at an Uncle's of his, who entertain'd him very kindly. This Uncle was a Gentleman of a very great estate, had onely one son, destin'd in marriage for a Cousin of his, an Heiress, one that being but ten years of age was kept in a Monastery, till such time as she were ripe for the enjoyments of her Cousin. This Cousin's name was *Don Rodrigues*, a person as lovely as could be look'd on, every way so accomplish'd, that *Don Pedro* entred into a friendship with him much beyond what a man hath for a kinsman, whom yet he may love very well; for they are not always of his kindred that a man loves best.

Don Rodrigues had many times his thoughts so taken up with some reflections unknown to any but himself, that he minded not much what he did, or what company he was in, and these fits were often accompani'd with certain agitations and disturbances. *Don Pedro*, having observ'd it, acquainted him with his adventures, to oblige him, by that confidence, to give him an account of his, and, in case there were any thing wherein he might serve him, to assure him of his being much more his Friend than his Kinsman. Whereupon he told him how he had taken notice of his sadness and disquiet, and intreated him to discover the occasion of it, or otherwise, that he should think his friendship not answerable to his own.

Don Rodrigue desired nothing so much, hoping to be disburthen'd of his grief, when he had communicated it. He thereupon told *Don Pedro*, that he was passionately fallen in love with a Gentlewoman at *Madrid*, design'd in marriage to a Cousin of hers whom she expected from the *Indies*, and whom she had never seen, much after the same manner as he was made sure to a Cousin of his whom he staid for till she were of age to be married, and whom he had but little acquainted with.

But not unwilling to make a full discovery of himself; "This conformity of Adventures, said "he to *Don Pedro*, very much heightened the mu- "tual love we had for one another, though it still "kept us both within the limits of civility and "our duty, when ever our passion would have ad- "vis'd us to prefer our satisfaction before the en- "gagements wherein we were involv'd upon the "account of our Families. Hitherto had my love "had the success I could have wish'd my self, I "mean, so as not to obtain the final reward of it, "which she put off till after the arrival of her "Husband, that is, when the cloak of Marriage "might cover all the inconveniences likely to en- "sue upon an appointment which supposes some "what more then a private conversation. I shall "not tell you any thing of the beauty of *Virginia*, "but onely that it is impossible to say too much "of it, and that I could say as much of it as "would haply puzzle your faith to believe. I "shall forbear, till you have seen her, and her Cou- "sin *Violante*, who lives with her, which when "you have, it will haply force an acknowledg-

"ment

"ment from you, that *Spain* can hardly afford any "thing fairer than these two incomparable Cou- "sins, and, when you come to discourse with "them, that you never met with any Women more "witty.

"Ah! that's it, makes me the more to pity you, "*replies Don Pedro.* And why so, *says Don Rodri-* "*gues?* Because a subtil Woman, *replies Don Pe-* "*dro*, will be sure, sooner or later, to put a trick up- "on you. You know by the Relation I have gi- "ven you of my adventures, how I had been like "to be trapann'd by them; and I am to assure you "that were I but in hopes to find a Woman as "simple, as I know there are witty, I would court "her in the highest manner imaginable, and prefer "her before prudence it self, if she would entertain "me to be her Servant. Sure, you do not speak se- "riously, *replies Don Rodrigues*; for I never knew "any understanding man, but thought it the most "insupportable thing in the world, nay, a certain "torment, to be but a quarter of an hour in com- "pany with a Woman that's little better than a "natural Fool. 'Twere most irrational, that, "while our eyes, our hands, in a word, our whole "body, finds something of diversion, our souls, "our noblest part, should be upon the rack of a "tedious conversation, such as must needs be that "of persons that have nothing in them. Let's "have no more disputing, *says Don Pedro to him,* "since there is but too much to be said upon this "subject; be it your business to bring me as soon "as you can to a sight of this admirable Lady, as "also of her Cousin, to the end, if she suit with "my humour, I may have something to trifle away

"the time withal while I ſtay at *Madrid*. I be-
"lieve you will find them much otherwiſe than
"you expect, when you do, *ſays Don Rodrigues*.
"And why, I pray, *replies Don Pedro*. Becauſe,
"*ſays Don Rodrigues*, the perſon you would ſee is
"at the greateſt diſtance with ſimplicity of any I
"know. I ſhall comply with time and circum-
"ſtances, *replies Don Pedro*. To be real with you,
"*added Don Rodrigues*, I know not well how Ma-
"dam *Virginia* will entertain us, it's above eight
"days ſince that ſhe hath treated me with all poſ-
"ſible rigour and averſion, return'd my Letters
"without ever opening them, and ſent me word
"ſhe would never ſee me, becauſe not long ſince
"ſhe found me in the Church, ſpeaking to a young
"Lady, with whom ſhe ſaw me the ſame day in a
"Coach, and upon this occaſion it was that you
"ſaw me ſo ſad and melancholy. It matters not,
"*ſays Don Pedro*, let's go and ſee them however,
"and take it from me, you will ſooner ſatisfie her
"by vindicating your ſelf in her preſence, than
"with all the Letters the whole *Academy of Elo-*
"*quence* could furniſh you with.

Hereupon the two men-Couſins went to ſee the two women-Couſins; and the fair *Virginia* permitted *Don Rodrigues* to vindicate himſelf, which he found it no hard matter to do. *Don Pedro* thought them both handſomer than any he had ſeen of the ſex before, not excepting the imprudent *Seraphina*, nor the counterfeit Matron *Elvira*. *Violanta*, who had dreſs'd her ſelf that day richer than ordinary, in order to have her Picture drawn, dazzled the eyes of *Don Pedro* ſo far, that he immediately broke the reſolution he had taken, never to love

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any Woman unless she were a Fool. For his part *Violanta* was no less taken with him, it being his fortune to speak things so obliging upon her Picture, among which some infinitely witty and smart, that they wrought in her an admiration of his excellent parts, and no small satisfaction at the first sallies of his courtships.

But here I cannot avoid making a little digression, though it be onely to tell those who know not so much, that your set-speeches to Gentlewomen, and your serious Students in the *Academy of Complements*, are a sort of people that would be good at the putting off of whipp'd Cream and Syllibubs, and are charg'd with, nay, convicted of, an airy flatuous eloquence by persons of good understanding and judgment. If this word of advertisement be well consider'd by the publick, some would find the conveniences of it equal to those of a good receipt against the Flies in Summer, and against stinking Breaths all the year long. *Don Pedro*, who had solemnly sworn never to marry unless he met with a Woman the next degree remov'd from an Ideot, made it appear that the Oaths of Gamesters and Lovers are not obligatory, though the late *Casuists* had not been so indulgent as to dispense with them. He was so infinitely taken, as with the beauty, so with the wit of *Violanta*, that despairing to obtain any favour of her but what might be granted without any prejudice to her honour, he was resolv'd to marry her, if she had no aversion for that kind of life. He many times gave her occasion to make some discovery of her thoughts, as to that particular; but either she understood him not, or at least would

not,

not, whether it were that she lov'd her freedom, or could not entertain any thoughts of Marriage.

All went hitherto very prosperously on with these four Lovers; but misfortune comes ever when 'tis least expected. One day it happened that the two young Gentlemen having tyred their Tailors, Barbers, Millaners, Shoomakers, Semsters, and all those other Trades which young Gallants put upon the rack when they would dazle their eye whom they pretend to adore, or to say all in a word, made themselves as fine as *Castor* and *Pollux*, and not making the least doubt to become Masters of the out-works at least of the places they besieg'd, there comes an unlucky Serich-owl, I mean an old Servant-maid, to acquaint the two Cousins, that the *Indian* Spark, Husband to the fair *Castilian*, was come to *Madrid*, without so much as sending a Letter before him from *Seuil*, where the Ship came in; that the two fair Cousins knew not what he meant by his surprising them in that manner, and intreated the Gallants to have patience till such time as *Virginia* had made such discovery of the humours of her *Indian*, as to know how to deal with him, and that they should not onely forbear visiting them, but even appearing before their Windows, till further order.

Thus was all the trimming, scouring and pouldring of that day clearly lost, nay, as if upon this account of their Mistresses they had a remorse for their vanity, for two days after, they had no more care of themselves than if they had been irreprievable Malefactors. They understood from common report about the Town, that the *Indian*

and

and *Virginia* had been privately married; that he was naturally jealous, a person of experience, as being turn'd of forty years of age, and had taken such order in his house, and was so vigilant over the actions of his Wife, that her Gallants, if she had any, could not hope so much as a sight of her at her Window. The further order they had been promised came not, and they thought long to expect it. They made their appearance in the Street where their Mistresses liv'd, and rode up and down, as they were wont, before their doors, yet could never see, either going in or coming out, any face they knew, or meet with any Boy or Maid they had any acquaintance with. They one day saw the Husband go in accompanied by his Brother, a person handsome enough, and so young that he was then a young Student in the University. All this did but add to their affliction, and heighten the trouble they were in. They went forth betimes in the morning, they came not home till 'twere very late, and spent both time and pains to no purpose. At last one Holiday, being upon the Sentry, they saw coming out, at the Break of Day, one of *Violenta's* Maids to go to Mass. They made her stand at the Church-door, and through the persuasion of a many Presents *Don Rodrigues* prevailed with her to carry a Letter to her Mistress. The business of it was this.

THE

THE LETTER.

Madam,

I Find a greater unkindness in your oblivion of me, than I feel torment in my own jealousie, since there is no remedy for this latter, now that you are at the disposal of a Husband. However you are not to think your self beyond the reach of my importunities, though you have discharged me your remembrance. I beg of you, as the last favour I am to expect, to let me know whether I have yet any ground to hope, or must resolve not to live any longer.

Yours, &c.

DON RODRIGUES.

They followed the Maid at a distance; she delivered the Letter as she had promised them, and having made a sign to them to come near the house, she dropped out at the Window the Answer you are like to read.

THE LETTER.

A Jealous man, that hath not been married long, is but little from his Wife, and cannot so soon think himself dispensed from the duty

duty he conceives lies upon him, to express his tenderness over her and observe her actions. There is some talk of taking a journey to Vailladolid, without my company, which if it happen, I shall vindicate my self, satisfie my engagements, and pay my debts.

This Letter, which they both with a certain emulation kiss'd a hundred and a hundred times, reviv'd their decaying hopes, and nourish'd them for some days: but at last, not hearing any thing from their forgetful Mistresses, they renew'd their marches and countermarches before their windows, spent whole nights there; and could not see any going to and fro, no more than if the house had been haunted and no body liv'd in it.

But one day it happen'd, that, these two despairing Lovers being in the Church, comes in Mistress Bride; *Don Rodrigues* went and kneel'd down close by her, as 'twere to ourface an old Gentleman-Usher that had brought her thither. He in few words made his complaints to her; she in as few excus'd her self, and at last she told *Don Rodrigues*, that her husband was not yet gone to *Vailladolid*, though he talk'd of going every day: that her impatience to have a private meeting with him was no less than his; and that she knew but one way to satisfie his desires, which absolutely depended on *Don Pedro*. "My husband, *said she*, is a man, "whom, when once fallen asleep, the shooting off "of great Guns would hardly awake, and it is four "or five days since we spoke one to another, by "reason of a little difference that is happened

"between

" between us, which is not yet ripened to
" overtures of reconciliation. I have chosen
" Cousin *Violante* to supply my place in the
" but she is not well, and in regard she and
" *Pedro* are the onely persons that are
" our Loves, and that I am unwilling there
" be any more, though it concern'd my life,
" must make use of him in her stead, and, if
" loves you so well as to do it, prevail with him
" go into bed to my husband after he is fall
" sleep. There seems at first to be somethin
" hazard in such an enterprise; but it being
" sider'd withall that my husband and I are
" distance, and that he is not easily awak'd, I d
" not but all may prove well enough as I hav
" to my self; and this is the utmost I can do
" you.

This happy stratageme of Love, which *Rodrigues* was so hot to understand, upon the proposal of it, prov'd a cooler to his desires when he had heard it; for he was not onely in doubt whether his Cousin would act the dangerous part which was impos'd upon him in that extravagant adventure, but was in suspence, whether he should so much as propose it to him. His Mistress continued firm to her resolution, and, as she parted with the dissatisfy'd Gallant, assur'd him, that if the proposition she made to him were not well entertain'd and put in execution, as she had directed, there was never any thing to be hoped from her, nay she gave him leave to forget her, though a time has been she would sooner have sign'd the sentence of her own death.

The time and place broke off the discourse be-

tween

tween *Don Rodrigues* and his Lady; she return'd home, he to his Camrade, who could not get a word from him, so much was he troubled that he must either make a request to him which he thought so unreasonable, or live without a happiness which is ever much more valued before the enjoyment than afterwards. At last, being gotten together into a private Chamber, *Don Rodrigues* having done himself all possible violence, made the extravagant proposition to *Don Pedro*, allaying it what he could with those circumstances which might render it the more entertainable. *Don Pedro* could not at first imagine but all was in jest, but his Cousin on the contrary protesting he spoke seriously, so far as to confirm it with such Oaths as convinc'd him he was in earnest, he would needs make some sport at it, telling him, he was very much oblig'd to his Mistress, for providing him an entertainment with so sweet a Gentlewoman, and that no doubt it was an expression of *Violanta*'s gratitude towards him, who being not, by reason of her indisposition, in a capacity to requite the services he had done her, and thinking her engagements a burthen, turn'd him over for the payment of it to her Cousin's husband, with whom he must expect a very pleasant night's lodging.

Thus did he endeavour to divert both his Friend and himself with merry descants on so odde an adventure; but *Don Rodrigues* was in such a distraction of thought as that he minded them but little, and was so cast down, that his Cousin could no less than pity him, and was somewhat in fear how dangerous the consequences of his despair might be. *Don Pedro* was a person naturally daring

daring enough, one that had run through many adventures, and durst undertake any thing though never so extravagant; he had also a great love for *Don Rodrigues*, so that, all put together, he was content to supply the place of the fair *Virginia*, though with the hazard of what mischief he might receive from an exasperated and jealous husband. Being therefore fixt in his resolution, he embrac'd his Cousin, and rais'd him to Life again by telling him what hazard he would run, to procure him the enjoyment of his Mistress. "You shall not be, *said* "*he to him*, so extreamly oblig'd to me as you "magine for what I shall do for you, I find my self "inclin'd to undertake it as an action of honour, "wherein I pretend to as much reputation as if I "had behav'd my self ever so gallantly at the storming of some strong place.

Things thus concluded, word was sent to *Virginia*, that her proposition was accepted; she appointed the time that very night; the two Cousins came according to appointment, were conducted into the house with as little noise as might be; and *Don Pedro* was forc'd, in the presence of the fair Lady, to put off his cloaths, as being desirous her orders should be observ'd with the greatest exactness. *Don Pedro* being thus stript to his linnen, she brought him, as softly as if his way had been pav'd with eggs, and with the greatest caution imaginable, to the dangerous bed-side, and, having drawn the curtains, and turn'd down the cloaths as easily as might be, held the daring *Don Pedro* by the arms, while he gingerly laid himself down in the bed, who haply now began to repent him of his confidence, and no doubt contented himself, with such

a part of the bed as that he came not near the middle.

Having thus dispos'd of him, she went her ways, lock'd the chamber door without ever minding the noise she made in doing it, which *Don Pedro* was troubled most of all at. Her business now was to get to *Don Rodrigues*, whom I am apt to believe she paid like a gallant good natur'd woman, what ever she was in his debt, at least as much as he would take of it.

Don Pedro in the mean time was in a condition much different from that of his Cousin's, who no doubt was over head and ears in the embraces of a fair Lady that was a bed with him, while this over-charitable Kinsman lay in fear of nothing so much as of those of a fat old man, who, to his great misfortune, was a very troublesome bed-fellow. Then did he begin to reflect, but too late, on his foolish presumption, that being what he should have done before he engag'd himself in such a design; he blam'd himself, call'd himself fool, and acknowledg'd that the injury he did a husband was one of those that are unpardonable, if he himself were to pass his sentence upon it.

But it was not long ere these sad reflections were interrupted, and his just fears heightned by his Bed-fellow's turning to him, and casting his burdensome arm about his neck, as if he would have embrac'd his wife. *Don Pedro* somewhat frighten'd at those unwelcome caresses, the more haply because accompanied with certain words imperfectly uttered, made a shift to disburthen himself of the arm which he thought more weighty than a fat heavier burthen, and slipp'd his neck from under it,

taking great care not to do him any hurt; and having so done, he got to the bed-side, with his body so far over, that he had much ado to keep in the bed, wishing his life fairly at an end, and blaming onely himself for running so great a hazard to comply with the passion of two indiscreet Lovers. He had hardly time to breathe, and recover his spirits ever so little, ere the unquiet Bed-fellow thrust in his legs between his; which last action, added to the foregoing persecutions, made him look pale as death it self. At last, whil'st one came still nearer, and the other remov'd, day comes on, very unpectedly to *Don Pedro*, who was not able to stand out any longer against his Adversary, who had thrust him as far as he could go.

He got out of bed as gently as he could, and went to open the door, which he found very carefully double lock'd, a misfortune as indigestible as any of the precedent. As he was trying, to little purpose, to thrust back the lock, it flew open of a sudden, and the door had almost taken him over the face. *Virginia* comes into the room as it were in much haste, and ask'd him loud enough, Whither he made such haste? *Don Pedro* entreating her with a low voice to speak more gently, ask'd her whether she were mad to hazard in that manner the waking of her husband, and desir'd her she would let him out. "How! go out? replies the "*Lady with a loud voice.* No, I would have my "husband see what bed-fellow he hath had to "night, that he may see the fruits of his own jea-"lousie, and what I am able to do.

Having so said, bold as a Lioness she took *Don Pedro* by the arm; then, in such disturbance as that

he had not the strength to get from her, open'd the shutters of the window, without letting go her point, and dragging him to the bed-side, drew the curtains, saying aloud, "See, Mr. Jealous-brains, "whom you have had to your bed-fellow!" *Don Pedro* was not so scared, but that he had the confidence to look into that dreadful bed, where, in stead of the imagin'd Satyre, he found his amiable *Violanta*, who had lain with him, and not *Virginia*'s husband, who was gone into the Country eight days before. The two fair Cousins jeer'd him most unmercifully, never had a witty man such a task to vindicate himself, or betrai'd a greater confusion. *Violanta*, who was extremely a lover of mirth, and spoke things handsomly and ingeniously, made her Cousin almost burst with laughing when she related what frights she had put *Don Pedro* to, whenever, pretending to be between sleeping and waking, she got any thing near him.

This baiting put *Don Pedro*, who was still in his shirt, almost out of countenance; so that it was a long time ere he could recover himself out of the confusion he was in. At last *Virginia* took pity of him, and left him and her Cousin to themselves, to make up the accounts that were between them, which were of some consequence, for it took up their time from morning till it was noon. From that time, while the Husband was in the Country, the two he-Cousins and the two she-Cousins had frequent meetings, and made their advantages of the opportunity. The *Indian* being return'd, onely *Don Rodrigues* far'd the worse for it; for *Don Pedro*, by the assistance of the Servants whom his Presents had brought to his Lure, made a shift, for two

or three months, to spend most nights with *Violanta*, who was at her own disposal, and, since her Cousin's marriage, lodg'd in a part of the house whereof she had the command, and which had a back-door that opened into another street. He was so deeply in love with her, that he earnestly wish'd himself married to her, but when he made any Proposal of that nature to her, she so handsomely put off the discourse, that he knew not whether it were out of design, or that she minded not much what he said to her. At last, to confirm the general opinion, that this world is a Stage of perpetual changes, *Violanta* began to remit much of her passion, and by little and little grew to that coldness towards *Don Pedro*, that he could not forbear complaining of it, and, not knowing what to quarrel at, charg'd her with infidelity, reproaching her, that she had entertain'd some other Gallant into her favour.

But instead of recovering himself by this means into that place in her affections which he had formerly possessed, it made him so insupportable to *Violanta*, that she did not onely forbear the kindnesses she did him in the night, but could not endure his company in the day time. Yet was he not a jot cast down at it. He, by the charms of a many Presents, prevail'd so far with one of the Gentlewomen, treacherous enough of her own inclination, as that she discover'd to him, that her Mistress was extremely taken with her Cousin's Brother-in-law, who was then just come from the University; that he was a very handsome young man, and no less in love with *Violanta*, than *Violanta* was with him. To act something notorious for the perfidiousness of it, this wicked Wench advised him to

pretend himself sick, to send his Mistress notice of it, complaining as if she were the cause of his indisposition, which by reason of the likelihood of it, might be credited; and, in a word, to pretend it so seriously, that her Mistress might not be so vigilant, nor stand so much upon her guard, as she had ever done, since she broke off her correspondence with him. *Don Pedro* plaid his part as well as if he had been an old Actor at it. *Violanta* perceiv'd not the Mist that was cast before her eyes, and the perfidious Author of the Plot, had no sooner brought her Mistress's new *Adonis* into that chamber, but she went to open the gate to the jealous *Don Pedro*.

He comes all fury into *Violanta*'s chamber, and surprises her already in bed, and her young Exercitser putting off his cloaths to lay himself by her. He went with his sword drawn streight to his Rival, haply to frighten him a little. The young man had his wits about him, so that taking up one of his shoes, and holding it out as one would do a pocket-pistol, aim'd at *Don Pedro*'s face, so confidently, that *Don Pedro*, who mistrusted no such thing, and doubted not but that he would have shot at him, slunk down and turn'd of one side, in which interval the young man got out at the door. *Violanta*, who was resolv'd to make an absolute rupture with *Don Pedro*, broke out into a laughter, and jear'd at his fear of being pistoll'd with a shoe. He took her abuses so heinously, that he fell a boxing of her; she had him by the hair; it came to a bloudy scuffle, insomuch, that at last, the hard-hearted *Granadin*, having used her so unmercifully, that she was forced to cry out

Murder, made his escape into the street, just as *Virginia*, her husband, and all the servants, who (if it were to engage an enemy, that had beat up their quarters, came into *Violanta*'s chamber.

In the mean time *Don Pedro* gave *Don Rodrigues* an account of what had passed, and, not losing any time, went and proffer'd his service to the Duke of *Offuna*, who was to depart the next day to be Vice-Roy of *Naples*. *Don Pedro* expected him at the Port, where they were to embark, but his dear Cousin extremely troubled both at his departure and the occasion of it. He continued for seven years at *Naples*, much respected by the Vice-Roy, who allow'd him very considerable pensions. He receiv'd also no small summs out of *Spain*, so that there was not any person in *Naples* liv'd at a higher rate than he did, which made him more considerable in *Italy* than most of your *Spaniards* who go thither as much out of a design to grow rich as the *French* do to spend their mony. He travell'd to *Sicily*, made some stay in the more eminent Cities, and, being return'd into *Italy*, spent two or three years at *Rome*, as many at *Venice*, visited all the places he thought worth it; and, at last having been fourteen or fifteen years out of *Spain*, ever in love, or, if you will, ever making it his main business to satisfie his lust, still engag'd in some adventure or other, and more and more confirm'd in his opinion, that a man could not be safely married to a witty woman, an humour that him to put a period to all his extravagant courses, and to return to *GRANADA*, to see all the friends he had left there.

But the greatest motive of his departure out of *Italy*,

Italy; was, that his returns of money fail'd him, through the disappointment of his correspondents; or, at least, his Exchequer was grown so low, that he had hardly so much as carri'd him to *Barcelona*. There he sold what cloaths he could spare, to buy him a Mule, and keeping onely the best he had for his journey, he took his way towards his dear Country, without any retinue at all, the servant whom he had brought with him out of *Spain* being, in all probability, dead of the *Neapolitan* disease, and his stock so small, as would not haply defray the charges of another.

He left *Barcelona* at the break of day, to avoid the heat, and the importunity of the flies, which in *August* are very troublesome, so that by nine of the clock he was gotten four or five leagues in his way. He rode through the middle of a pretty large country village, where a certain Duke of *Catalonia* pass'd a way part of the summer, as having in that place a fair Castle that stood upon the road. The Duke was an ancient man, and had to his Lady a woman of an excellent humour, a great both lover and maker of sport, and about twenty years of age. He was that day gone abroad upon some hunting-meeting, and was not to return till the next. The young Dutchess standing in a Balcony of the Castle cast her eye on our Adventurer of *Granada*. His goodly presence and the state of his riding rais'd in her a desire to have a sight of him nearer hand; besides, that she was of an inquisitive nature, and suffer'd few strangers to pass through the Town without sending for them. Though he had resolv'd to bait some leagues off the place where he then was, yet could he not civilly answer a re-

quest made to him from the Dutchess with a re-
rial, amounting to no more than his waiting on
her onely as long as the urgency of his occasi-
would permit. She was beautiful as an Angel
the *Granadin* was one that felt a certain warmth
diffuse it self through his whole body, at the s-
of such beauties, though they were not Dutches-
He, on the other side, was a person every w-
graceful, and the Dutchess took much pleasu-
see men of his making; to redeem, in some mea-
the time she mis-spent with her husband, who,
her great misfortune, though her so handsome,
was so infinitely taken with the pleasantness of
behaviour, that he imagin'd he never saw
enough, though she were seldome out of his sig-

Don Pedro, being a person of excellent parts
good judgment, found the Dutchess much di-
sion by giving her a relation of his Travels;
soon observ'd her to be of a nature much inc-
to mirth and a pleasant passing away of the
She inquir'd particularly concerning the Galla-
at *Naples*, would needs know whether the Wo-
there have much freedom, and whether the Ga-
lants of *Italy* were comparable to those of *Spa-*
In fine, *Don Pedro* was confirm'd by the questi-
she put to him, that if she were not very well re-
in the business of Courtship and Gallantry, it w-
not for want of good-will. She would needs ent-
tain him at dinner to both their mutual satisfac-
on: soon after dinner he would have taken his le-
of her, but she would not by any means permit
telling him her Lord would not return that day, th-
he must needs be her guest, and very obligingly
ing, that persons of his worth being very rare

Castam-

Catalonia, they were not to be parted with till some extraordinary necessity forc'd them away, and consequently the happiness of their company was to be improv'd to the utmost.

She thereupon led him into a Closet, which by reason of its spaciousness was very cool, adorn'd with Pictures, Porcelane, and other Rarities, and furnish'd, besides all things suitable to the greatness of the person, with a sumptuous Couch, cover'd with a Satin quilt. Having seated him on it, he related to her his adventures at *Granada*, *Sevil*, and *Madrid*, as also those he had met with in *Italy*, which are not come to my knowledge. The Dutchess heard him with much attention, and he told her at last, that he was resolv'd to marry, if he could but meet with a woman simple enough to secure him, as to those inconveniences which witty women run their husbands into. "An Estate I have, *con-*
"*tinu'd he*, plentiful enough, and though she I shall
"marry have no fortune at all, so she be well
"brought up, and not over-deformed, I shall not
"scruple to marry her; though, to be sincere with
"you, I should rather make choice of one that were
"unhandsome, so she were simple, than a hand-
"some one that were not. Ah how strangely do you
"misapprehend things in my judgement, *says the*
"*Dutchess to him*, or, what do you mean, when
"you say, *well brought up*? I mean a *virtuous* wo-
"man and of good reputation, *replies he*. And
"how is it possible a woman that's little better
"than a natural fool can be virtuous, *says the*
"*fair Lady*, since she knows not what Virtue is,
"nay is not in a capacity to learn? How do you
"imagine a fool can have any affection for you,
"having

" having not the apprehension to know you? She
" will be wanting to her duty, yet not be sensible of
" it; whereas a woman of understanding, in case
" she should be distrustful of her own virtue, and
" make a shift to avoid the occasions which may
" endanger the loss of it.

Their contestation took up much longer time, the *Granadine* maintaining, that a woman should aspire to no greater knowledg than that of loving her husband, being faithful to him, and careful of the government of her house and children; and the Dutchess on the other side desirous to convince him, that a simple woman was not able to do any thing of all this; nay that, though she were handsome, it would not be long e'r she would be thought troublesome. They were both satisfi'd of one another's wit and judgment, and the mutual good opinion they had conceiv'd one of another was soon heightned into an affection, nay, I may say, something yet greater. There was not onely a difference between the *Granadine* and the Duke, as to age, understanding, and person, but the former was of such an exact composure as the world haply afforded but few like him; and if he was thought such by his Dutchess, he in requital thought her the handsomest woman he had ever seen. He was bold as a Lyon, and never had the opportunity to be alone with a woman, but he made proffer of his service to her. If it were accepted, he did the best he could; if offence were taken, he cast himself on his knees, and calling himself first the presumptuous *Ixion*, he crav'd pardon so ingenuously and with such exquisite hypocrisie, that either his offence was pardon'd, or haply it would not have been taken amiss if he offended

again.

again: "I never thought, said he to the *Magnetick* "*Dutchess*, to have met with a person able to force "me out of an opinion wherein so many experien- "ces had confirm'd me; but I must with all con- "fess, I never was before oppos'd in it by a person "extraordinary as you are, whose soul alone, with- "out making any advantage of your beauty (which "yet defies the world to parallel it) may exercise "what jurisdiction it pleases over all those who "have apprehension enough to acknowledge, that "your excellencies are greater than those of all "other women put together. You have cur'd me "of one error, but suffer me to groan under some- "thing else which is so much the more dangerous, "and hard to be cur'd, by how much I take greater "pleasure in my sickness, and satisfie, by enduring "it, the noblest ambition man can be capable of.

I have now forgot what other hyperboles he drew up together, to engage the Dutchess's virtuous inclinations; as also what reserves of pathetical impertinences he was forc'd to make use of; for, he was upon a very hot and dangerous service of Courtship. Nor could I ever learn with what countenance the Dutchess entertain'd a Forlorn of Love and Gallantry so confidently brought up; whether she receiv'd the amorous charge suitably to the fierceness of it; or made the weaker resistance out of hope of better quarter. These particulars, though much desirous of it, I could never have any account of, and onely have it from one of the Dutchess's Gentlewomen, since dead in *France* of the King's Evil, that the Closet-door was lock'd upon them at two of the Clock, and that they were there together till Supper-time; and besides what

what the Gentlewoman said, I know my self by experience, that *Opportunity makes the Thief*. Night came on, the indulgent Deity of stolen Loves; but *Don Pedro* and the Dutchess were prejudic'd rather than oblig'd by it, for out of a regard to Civility, and to keep the Servants from talking, (whose jealousies ever magnifie things to the great prejudice of Truth, a Virtue they are profess'd enemies to) they call'd for lights, which, being brought, were darkned by the two bright eyes Heaven had bestow'd on the Dutchess, and which then out-vy'd the Stars with their lively sparkling. Her complexion, which now had doubled the hue of its native carnation, appear'd brighter to *Don Pedro* than the Sun in a Summers day; and his face too had a little touch of the violent inclining to red.

But as they were beholding one another with much confidence and satisfaction, an alarm came to the Dutchess, that the Duke her husband was come into the Court. All she could do upon so sudden notice, was, to dispose her much astonish'd Gallant into a Closet, where she kept her perfum'd waters, and, having lock'd him in, to cast her self on a Bed. The Duke, who was a man of threescore years of age at least, comes into his Lady's Closet, and finds her fresh as a rose upon the bush. He told her, that a Letter he had receiv'd from the Vice-roy had occasion'd his return sooner than he expected. He was grown very hungry, ordered to be brought him into the Closet what there was ready, and the Dutchess, though she had no great stomach to eat any thing with him, while her Gallant shook, or haply did something else, for fear,

yet

yet took a Chair and sat near the Table. She was of a disposition extreamly inclin'd to make sport, and so divertive, as that in a manner, reviv'd her old husband into youth again; so much was he pleas'd at every thing she did. It was an ordinary thing between them to lay extravagant wagers, and that most commonly when she had some occasion or humour to get money out of him, which the simple man took great delight to loose, as one that inexpressibly doted on so excellent a woman.

He never admir'd her so much as at this time. She, to heighten his admiration, told him a hundred pleasant stories; at which the good Duke was ready to burst with Laughing; for eating with a good stomack, and at the same time laughing very heartily, he was two or three times so near choaking, that they were forc'd to give him such thumps in the back, as he would have taken very unkindly at another time: but through God's mercy, he got no hurt, onely a crum or two miss'd their way down his throat. At last, the Dutchess, who had a malicious humour to make sport at any thing, would needs divert her self at the cost of her imprison'd Gallant. She told the Duke, that it seem'd a long time to her since they had laid any wager; and that she would gladly lay a hundred Pistols with him, upon such a match and termes as they should agree upon. The Duke told her he was at her service, and expected what she would propose. The Dutchess made many proposals to him, which she was confident he would not accept; and at last she ask'd him, whether he would lay any wager, that he nam'd all those things, requisite about a house, that were made of iron. The Duke took

took her up, though he thought the wager very extravagant; and having call'd for pen, ink, and paper, as soon as they had taken away, and his Ma-moner said Grace (for the Duke was a man of good example) he writ down the names of all the fine things he could think on; But such was the Duchess's good fortune, as that he forgot to set down Keys. She caus'd him divers times to read over what he had writ, and having ask'd him whether he had any thing to add, she folded up the paper, and told him she would take time to examine it, and in the interim acquaint him with an adventure had happened to her, one of the most pleasant he had ever heard of.

"I was gotten, *continued she*, presently after your departure, to one of the Balconies of the Castle which look towards the Road, where I had not been long, ere I spy'd passing by, mounted on a Mule, a man of a goodly and graceful presence, who, by the rate of his riding, seem'd to be employ'd upon some business that requir'd more than ordinary expedition. I was very desirous to know what might be the occasion of his haste, and thereupon sent a Page after him to bring him to me. I must needs acknowledge, I never saw a handsomer Man, nor one more likely to make the gravest Matron, or strictest Nun, break their vows of chastity. I ask'd him, Whence he travell'd, and What he was? He gave me an account of himself with so much gallantry and ingenuity, that he enflam'd me with a desire of more of his conversation. I prevail'd with him so far as that he was willing to stay the remainder of the day in the Castle,

"and

and give me a relation of his Adventures, which must needs have been very remarkable, and consequently very pleasant in the relation. He acquainted himself answerably to my expectation, and I must confess, I was never better pleased with any story in my life, and I shall not think much to let you participate of the pleasantness of it.

She thereupon acquainted the Duke what had happen'd to *Don Pedro* at *Granada*, *Sevil*, and *Madrid*, whereat the good man, who made as much sport at a foolish story as any Duke within a hundred miles of him, spent his spleen in such violent and immoderate Laughters, as occasion'd those as well of the Dutchess, as the chiefest of the Duke's Menial Servants, with whom he innocently liv'd in great intimacy and familiarity. She afterwards acquainted him what had happen'd to her Gallant in *Italy*, which was also very pleasant, as I have been told, but the particulars I could never learn. Onely this I know, that the Duke laughed so heartily thereat, that *Don Pedro* himself, lock'd up as he was, could hardly forbear. She told him what an ill opinion he had of all women that pretended to any thing of wit, the reasons which he alledg'd to maintain it, and those which she had urg'd in opposition thereto.

At last, having found her husband, and all that were present, nay *Don Pedro* himself to much sport that they were weary of it, she told the Duke, that the Gallant of *Granada*, after the relation of his adventures, grew so presumptuous as to make his applications to her, and had done it with so much address,

address, that, not knowing how to take it from a stranger, that he was so confident in Courtship, as to aim at her enjoyment, she so taken with him, that it was no hard matter him to perceive it. To be short, to what should I detain you longer, continu'd the Duchess, such a person may attempt any thing not be thought too confident. We spent part of the day together, to our mutual satisfaction, and would have been together still, had you not come upon us when I least expected you. I shall not dissemble with you, I was both troubled and surpriz'd at your return. My lovely stranger seem'd to be more astonish'd than I was; I with much precipitation got him into the Closet of perfum'd waters, whence he hears me if he be not dead out of fear; but confident in the influence I have over you, and being of my own nature, unwilling to dissemble, even in those things wherein the freedome of my humour might prove prejudicial to me, I would needs find you matter of diversion at the cost of that poor Gentleman, whom I will set at liberty as soon as you are departed to your Chamber, and dismiss him that he may return to *Granada*, where, he says, he goes to find out a woman simple enough to be his wife.

The Dutchess accompany'd her relation with so much ingenuity, freedome, and likelihood, that the Duke began to quit his mirth, and to take things in good earnest. He grew pale; was afraid his Lady had said no more than what was true; nay, could not forbear asking her for the Key of the Closet, where she said the *Granadine* was lock'd up.

up. She fell to some other discourse, and thereby heightned both his jealousies and his fear; he ask'd her a second time for the key of the closet; she deni'd to give it him, so he would needs have it, and started out of his chair in a great fury. "Not "so fast, my Lord, not so fast, *says the Dutchess* "*to him*; before you ask for keys so hastily, pray "have the patience, leisurely to read the Inventory "you have given me; you have forgotten to set "down *keys*, you cannot deny they are usually "made of iron; and that you have lost your hun- "dred Pistols, which I accordingly expect to be "immediately paid me; and know withal, that "it was onely to convince you that you had lost, "as also to put you into so good an humour as "that you might part the more freely with your "money, that I have entertain'd you with so "pleasant a story. Take heed another time you "be not so easie of belief, as to receive for true "what is pure fiction and Romance. There's no "probability, that so many extraordinary adven- "tures should happen to the same man, and much "less, that I should have related such a story, if it "were true.

The Dutchess spoke this with such a confident indifference, that the Duke was more easily in- duc'd to believe all she had said was fabulous, than he had been to think it true. He laugh'd at all, as if he had been little better than out of his wits; he admir'd the miraculous ingenuity of his wife, and oblig'd all his domesticks that were present to a like admiration, who were haply as credulous fools as their Master. "Do but see, for "God's sake, *said he, looking forth into the ex-*

"*clamations and laughter*, do but see, with what "artifices she hath satisfi'd me that I had lost my "wager. The Dutchess was ready to burst with laughing, her Gentlewomen were not much behind. *Don Pedro* in the closet was forc'd to addie to the Dutchess's perfum'd waters, the better to smother his joy. At last having given his Steward order to deliver his Lady the hundred Pistols, he took his leave of her and went to his own lodgings, often telling her, one while, that she was a female Devil, another, that she had a wit and invention beyond the Devil. The servants repeated the same thing after their Master, so that till he was abed and asleep, nothing was talk'd of about the house, but the damnable wit of the Dutchess.

In the mean time, the Dutchess being paid the hundred Pistols by the Steward, caus'd the chamber-door to be lock'd; and having brought *Don Pedro* out of his imprisonment, not fully recover'd of the fear she had put him into, she press'd him to acknowledge, that a witty and discreet woman may, without prejudice to her honour, salve a misfortune, whereof the very thought would make a simple one die for fear. She would needs have him eat of what her Women had brought up for her self. He intreated her to excuse him, and to dismiss him as soon as might be. She gave him the hundred Pistols she had got of her Husband, with a Gold-chain, and her own Picture, which amounted to as much, and desir'd him to remember her, and to give her an account of his further Adventures.

Having thereupon embrac'd him with much affection,

fection, she recommended him to the conduct of her Woman, who put him and his Mule secretly out at a back-door. He thought it no prudence to lodge in that place, but to ride forward two Leagues, to the Town where he thought to have din'd the day before, when the Dutchess rescu'd him.

As he rid along, what had hapned to him with the amorous Dutchess was perpetually present to his thoughts. He could not sufficiently admire, at least as he then thought, the readiness wherewith at first sight she entertain'd his affection, even before she knew him; her confidence to make so strange and pleasant a story to the Duke, which yet was but too true; and lastly, her subtilty in saving all by applying it to the Wager. He could not also but admire the easie nature and simplicity of the Duke; he pitied him, and, after all accidents and circumstances weigh'd, was confirm'd more than ever in the opinion, that a witty Woman was of a difficult keeping; and thence inferr'd, that, if the Dutchess had not been over-confident of her own wit, she would not so easily have executed what she had been so desirous to do, nor have been guilty of a presumption so incredible as to declare it to her Husband.

In fine, from all the Adventures he had run through, and all the experiences he had of mankind, he deriv'd a certain confidence, that he should never run the hazard of being unfortunately married, either by not taking any Wife at all, or marrying one so simple, as knew no difference between love and aversion.

Amidst these reflections he arriv'd at *Madrid*,

where he found his Cousin *Don Rodrigue* possessed of his Father's estate, and married to his Cousin. He understood from him, that *Violante* was married, and that the fair *Virginia* was gone to the Indies with her Husband. From *Madrid* he took a journey for *Granada*. He alighted at his Aunt's, who entertain'd him with inexpressible kindness, and acquainted him that *Seraphina* led a Saint's life in the Nunnery, and that her beloved Servant was dead, out of pure grief and indignation that he had not prevail'd with her, to quit the holy life she had oblig'd her self to, and marry him.

The next day he went along with his Aunt to see young *Laura*, *Seraphina*'s daughter, she had been put into a Convent at four years of age, so might then be about sixteen or seventeen years; though beautiful as all the Angels together, and withal simple beyond all the Nuns that ever came into the world without wit, and were taken out of it ere they got any. He view'd her very seriously, and was extremely taken with her beauty. He oblig'd her to speak, and could not but admire her simplicity and her innocence. He doubted not but that he had found out what he sought; and what made him have a greater inclination for *Laura*, was, that he had had a great love for *Seraphina*, and perceiv'd her daughter to be much like her, though incomparably more handsome. He acquainted his Aunt that she was not his daughter, and how that he had some intentions to marry her. His Aunt encourag'd him in his design, and acquainted *Laura* therewith, who expressed not any either satisfaction or dissatisfaction thereat. *Don Pedro* took order for the furnishing of his

house,

house, hearkned out for such Men-servants as were in some measure remarkable for their foolishness, laid out for Maids as simple as the Mistress that was to govern them, and had much ado to find any. He made her cloaths as rich and sumptuous as any could be had in *Granada*. All the persons of quality about the City were at the Wedding, and were no less satisfi'd with *Laura*'s beauty, than dissatisfi'd with her want of understanding. The ceremonies of the wedding were over in very good time, for that the new married couple were left alone. *Don Pedro* order'd his Servants to go to their beds, and having sent away his wife's maids after they had undress'd her, lock'd the chamber door.

Having thus order'd things, *Don Pedro*, out of a transcendency of prudence, which was the greatest madness in the world, put in execution the most fantastick design that could fall into the imagination of a man, who had all his life been accounted a person of understanding. Being more fool than his wife was simple, he would needs try how far he might trust her simplicity. He set himself in a chair, caus'd his wife to stand before him, and said these words to her, or others haply no less impertinent. "You are now my wife, a happiness for which I hope I shall have cause to "bless God as long as we live together. Let it "sink very deeply into your mind what I am going "to tell you, and observe it exactly as long as "you live, both for fear of offending God, and displeasing me. At all these hony'd words, the innocent *Laura* made very low courtsies, whether seasonably or not is no great matter, and

look'd on her Husband as timerously as a Boy newly sent to School would on an Imperious Pedant. "Do you know, *continu'd Don Pedro*, what "kind of life persons that are married do lead? "I know nothing of it, *replies Laura, making a courtzie lower than any before*; but if you will "teach it me, I shall be as perfect in it as in my "*Ave-mary*, and then another courtzie. *Don Pedro* was the most satisfi'd man in the world, to find his wife much more simple than he could well have expected. He drew out of a closet that was in the chamber a suit of Armour, very rich and very light, which he had sometime worn at a magnificent reception, which the City had made for the King of *Spain*. He put his idiot-wife into them, he put on her head a little gilt Head-piece cover'd with a plume of feathers, gave a short Sword to her side, and having put a Lance into her hand, told her, that the duty of such married Women as would be accounted virtuous, was, to watch their Husbands while they slept, arm'd all over as she was. She made him no answer, but with her ordinary reverences, which had not haply been over and a good while, if he had not commanded her to take two or three turns about the chamber, which she did by chance with so much Majesty, (her natural beauty, and *Pallas*-like accoutrement contributing much thereto) that the over-joyed *Granadin* was in a manner out of himself for joy to see it. He went to bed, and *Laura* continu'd in the posture he had left her in, till five in the morning.

The most prudent and most circumspect of all the Husbands that ever were, at least who thought himself

himself no less, got up, put on his cloaths, disarm'd his wife, help'd her to put off her cloaths, and having dispos'd her into the bed out of which he rose, kiss'd her over and over, and wept out of pure joy, that he had found, as he thought, what he look'd for. He order'd her to lie a bed till it were very late, and having commanded the Maids not to disturb her, he went to Mass, and thence about his occasions; for I had forgot to tell you, that he had bought an Office at *Granada*, such as might be that of a perpetual Major or Sheriff.

The first night of the Nuptials was spent in the manner you heard, and the Husband was such a Coxcomb as to make no better use of the second. But Heaven punish'd him according to the use he made of his Talent. There happen'd a business, which oblig'd him, all excuses laid aside, to take post the same day, and make all the expedition he could to Court. He had no more time allow'd him than to shift himself, to put on other cloaths, and to take leave of his wife, whom he commanded, upon pain of God's displeasure and his own, exactly to observe, in his absence, the life that married women were to lead.

Those who have any thing to do at Court, are uncertain how long it may be, ere they are dispatch'd. *Don Pedro* thought not to have staid abroad above five or six days, but his business kept him there like a Burre, now sticking to one Courtier, anon to another, for four or five months; in the meantime, the simple *Leonora* neglected not her duty, spent the nights according to her Husband's order, in armour, and the days that succeeded

ceeded them in such works as she had learn'd among the Nuns.

Much about this time came a Gentleman of *Corduba* to prosecute a Law-suit at *Granada*. He was, as to his internals, no fool; as to his externals, handsome enough. He often saw *Laura* in her Balcony, and thought her very handsome: he often pass'd and repass'd by her windows, a kind of Courtship ordinary in *Spain*: and *Laura*, on the other side, so let him go to and fro, without either knowing what it meant, or indeed having any desire to know. A Citizen's wife, of mean quality, who liv'd over against *Don Pedro's* house, being of a nature extremely charitable, and concerning her self much in the exigencies of any she saw distress'd, soon took notice both of the affection of the Stranger, and the insensibility of her fair Neighbour thereof. She was a woman could manage a business with abundance of conduct and circumspection, and the principal quality she profess'd, was that of making Matches, and soliciting venereal causes, whether they were just or unjust it matter'd not, so they brought in something to make the pot boil. And this employment Nature seem'd to have design'd her for, as having furnish'd her with all the accomplishments requisite in such as would be eminent therein; for she had some skill in making of Periwigs, she had a pension from all Chamber-maids, and Waiting-Gentlewomen, to sell their Lady's cast cloaths and their own, and other things which your meaner sort of Gentlewomen make a great show with; she distill'd several sorts of Waters, she had some secrets for the beautifying of the body, and above

all, She had confidence enough to pretend to some skill in Chiromancy and Astrology, and upon that account, lay under some suspition of being a Witch. She so constantly saluted the Gentleman of *Cordova* every time he pass'd by her Neighbour's door, that he could not but imagine it done out of some design. He return'd her Salutation, went to her, and with the same labour became acquainted with her, and improv'd that acquaintance into Friendship. He made her privy to his Love, and promis'd her a very good reward if she prov'd a successful Solicitress on his behalf to her Neighbour.

Upon this encouragement (instructions she need'd not any) the old piece of Bravery bethinks her self immediately; she soon prevail'd with the simple Servants to let her in to the Mistress, under pretence of shewing her some rarities which she had to sell. She commended her beauty, bemoan'd her being depriv'd so soon of her Husband's company, and, being left alone with her, brought in some discourse of the gallant Gentleman who pass'd by her doors so often. She told her that he lov'd her beyond his own life, and was extremely desirous to become her Servant, if so be she would permit him. "Truly, truly, I am very much obliged to him, replies the innocent Lady, and should gladly entertain him into my service; but the house is now full of Servants, and till some one of them be dismiss'd, I dare not entertain any in my Husband's absence. I will write to him about it, if this Gentleman be desirous I should, and doubt not but he will do any thing I shall press him to.

The

The removing Gipsie needed not so great discovery to be satisfi'd, that *Laura* was little removed from simplicity it self. She therefore made her apprehend, as well as she could, after what manner the Gentleman was desirous to serve her, told her he was a person of as great an estate as her husband, and that if she were desirous to make some trial of it, she would bring her, as a present from him, Jewels of great value, and what else she should desire. "Alas, Madam! *says Laura*, I have so "much of what you speak of, that I know not "what to do with them. Nay, if it be so, *replies* "*the Satanical Ambassadress*, and that you do not "much care whether he make you any present, "do him but the favour as this he may give you "visit. "Then he may do when he pleases, for "*Laura*, there's no body hinders him. That may "do very well, *replies the Old one*, but it were "better if none of your Servants knew on't. "That's no hard matter, *replies Laura*, for I "Women lye not in my own Chamber, and I go "to Bed without their assistance, and that I "dare, take this key, which opens any lock about "the house, and about eleaven at night, he may "come in at the Garden-gate, where there is a little "pair of Stairs that leads to my Chamber.

The old Crone upon that took her by the hands and kiss'd them over and over, telling her she would go and revive that poor Gentleman, whom she had left half dead. "How comes he to be "in that condition, *cries Laura* in a little fright- "ned? "Tis you are the occasion of his death, "*replies the old tromptress*. *Laura* grew pale as if she had been convicted of a murther, and would

have

have made protestations of her innocence, if the wicked Agent, who thought not fit to make any further trial of her ignorance, had not cast her arms about her neck, and, assuring her the sick party would not dye, taken leave of her.

It may be well imagin'd she was not so neglectful as to leave behind her that miraculous Key, which open'd all doors. There may haply be some body, who, upon reading what is here said of that Key, will think he hath play'd the Critick rarely, when he shall say, that it was enchanted, and that this passage betrays something of fable: but whoever he be, let him know thus much from his most humble Servant, that the Masters of Families in *Spain* have such Keys, which they call Mistress-keys; and accordingly take heed another time, how he carps at what he understands not. But now I think on't, let him take what falls within his narrow apprehension which way he pleases: may I be thought as impertinent as he, if ever I trouble my head with it.

Nor shall I care a jot if he think this very digression impertinent; let him make a Parenthesis of it if he will. I know he is impatient to know what the old woman does. She is just gone to the amorous Gentleman, who is at her house entertaining a Daughter of hers; one her Mother designs to be her successor in the Discipline of advancing the enjoyments and accommodations of Mankind. Knocking as hard as she could at the door, the Gentleman began to suspect he might be betray'd; but the Daughter understood it to signifie the happy success of her Mother's intercession, as having learnt from her, and she from the common proverb,

that,

that, *Who bringe good news is not afraid to wait at the door*. She comes into the room with an infernal smile in her countenance, and gave him the account of her furtherance of the business, as made him ready to leap out at the windows for joy. He rewarded her very liberally, and expected night with much impatience. It comes at last, though never the sooner for his expectation. He gets into the Garden, and with as little noise as might be, as *Laura's* Chamber-door, while she was walking very seriously up and down the Chamber, all in Armour and a Lance in her hand, according to the wise instructions of her extravagant Husband. There was one small light, and that placed in a remote corner of the Chamber; the Door being wide open to receive the Gallant she expected; but he seeing the glimpse of a person all in Armour, made no doubt but there was some treachery in the business. His fear at that time over-masterd his love, how violent soever it might be, so that he made more haste to be gone than he had to come thither, imagining he could hardly get soon enough into the Street. He went to his Proxey, and acquainted her what danger he had been in. She, to vindicate the sincerity of her procedure, went the next day to *Laura*, who presently ask'd her, Whether the Gentleman were still sick, and why he came not according to appointment? He is neither sick nor hath fail'd to come, *repl'd Satan*, but finding a man all in Armour walking up and down your Chamber, it frightned him away. *Laura* at this burst out into a laughter, she could not recover herself out of for a good while, which the Old one knew not how to interpret. At last

not able to laugh any longer, and making a shift to speak, she told her Neighbour, that it must needs be the Gentleman was never married, and that it was she her self who walk'd up and down the Chamber in Armour.

The old woman was still to seek what *Laura* should mean by that, and for a good while could not believe she was well in her wits; but after abundance of questions and answers, she apprehended what she could never have believ'd as well of the simplicity of a young Maid of fixteen years of age, that should know any thing almost; as the extravagant precaution her Husband had bethought him of to secure his Wives honour. She thought it her best course to let *Laura* continue in her error till she were undeceiv'd by her expected Gallant, and so, in stead of betraying her surprize at the strangeness of the thing, she joyn'd with *Laura* in laughing at the fright she had put the Gentleman into. Another appointment was made that he should give his personal appearance at her Chamber that night. The old woman satisfied the Gallant, and both admir'd the sottishness as well of the Husband as the Wife.

Night came on; he gets into the Garden, thence up the private stairs, and found his Lady all in Armour, upon duty, as she us'd to be. He embrac'd her though all clad in Iron, and she entertain'd him, as if she had known him from the longest day she could remember. At last he ask'd her Why she was all in Armour? She made answer, smiling, that she might not put them off, nor pass away the night in any other posture, and told him, since he seem'd not so know so much, that it was the life of

married

married women, and that to fall in the observation thereof was a very great sin. The crafty Cardinal had all the trouble in the world to undeceive her, and to perswade her that she was abus'd, and that the Life of married persons was quite another thing.

At last he prevail'd with her so far as that she was content he should disarm her, and to learn him another way of exercising Marriage much more commodious and pleasant than that which her Husband made her practise, which *Laura* acknowledg'd to be very inconvenient and wearisome. He was not sloathful in disarming her, he help'd also to undress her, as not finding her ready enough at it, and having soon put off his own Cloaths he laid himself by her, and made her confess there was a vast difference between his Precepts of Marriage and those her Husband had given her; he read her all the Lectures he could upon that subject, and she was so far apprehensive of his instructions, as that she grew not weary of learning, plying it very hard as long as her Husband continu'd at the Court. At last she receiv'd a Letter from him, which acquainted her that he was upon his return, and that he had dispatch'd his business at Court, and the *Cordoba*-blade having also dispatch'd his at *Granada*, the crafty Companion return'd home, without so much as taking his leave of *Laura*, and I think without the least regret for the loss of her company, nothing being so frail as the Love a Man hath for a Woman that little better than a natural Fool.

Nor was *Laura* on the other side less indifferent, but receiv'd her Husband with so much satisfaction

faction, and betray'd so little resentment for the loss of her Gallant, as if she had never seen him. *Don Pedro* and his Wife supp'd together to the great satisfaction of both. Bed-time came on. *Don Pedro* went into Bed as he was wont to do, and was much astonish'd to see his Wife in her Smock coming to ly down by him. He ask'd her in a great fury, why she was not in Armour? "So "I should indeed, *said she to him*, had not another "Husband taught me a more pleasant way for a "Woman to pass away the Night with her Hus-"band. It seems then you have another Husband, "*replies Don Pedro?* Yea, that I have, *says she to* "*him*, so pretty a man, and so handsome, that you "will be ravish'd to see him; and yet I know "not when we shall see him, for since I receiv'd "the last Letter you sent, I could never set Eyes "on him.

Don Pedro, smothering the trouble of his thoughts, ask'd her, Who it was? She could not give any further account concerning him, but in requital proffer'd *Don Pedro* to shew him what the other Husband had taught her. The unhappy man pretended himself sick, and it's not unlikely he was so, at least in his mind. He thereupon turn'd from her, and bethinking himself that he had made choice of an Idiot to his Wife, who had not onely done what blemish'd his Reputation, but thought her self not oblig'd to conceal it, he call'd to mind the wholesome advice of the Dutchess, who no doubt would have been pleas'd with the account of this last Adventure of his. He thereupon detested his Error, and was satisfied, though too late; That a virtuous and discreet Woman knows how to ob-

serve

serve the Laws of Honour; and if, out of fruity, she chance to break them, that she can conceal her miscarriage.

At last, taking heart, he resolv'd to submit with patience to a misfortune that was not to be remedied. He continued for a time his pretence of being indisposed, to see whether the Lectures of his Lieutenant had done any thing besides reaching his Wife what he had done better to have taught her himself. They lived together some years afterwards; he had always an eye over her Actions, and before he died, (having had no Children by her) he left her his whole Estate, upon condition she would become a Nun, and go into the same Convent where *Seraphina* was, whom he acquainted that *Laura* was her Daughter. He writ to *Madrid*, to his Cousin *Don Rodrigues*, and sent him the History of his Life and Adventures, and acknowledged that his embracing of so erroneous an opinion had reduced him to that misfortune which he feared most of any, and against which he thought he had used the greatest precaution.

He died; *Laura* was neither troubled at it nor glad of it; she went into the Nunnery where her Mother was, who finding the Estate left by *Don Pedro* to her Daughter to be very great, founded a Convent, and became the first Abbess of it. The History of *Don Pedro* was divulged after his death, and served to satisfie those that made any doubt of it. *That, without wit, Virtue cannot be perfect; That a witty Woman may be Virtuous of her self; And that a simple Woman cannot be such, without the assistance and good directions of some other.*

THE

THE HYPOCRITES.

The Second Novel.

THE most delightful season of the year was putting the Fields and Trees into a verdant Livery, when a certain Woman came into *Toledo*, a City, which, as well for its Antiquity, as its eminence, takes place of any in *Spain*. The woman was handsome, young, subtil, and such a profess'd enemy to Truth, that for whole years together, that Vertus came not so much as once into her mouth, and what is yet much more to be admir'd, is, that Truth was never the worse for't, at least never complain'd of it. She had either the artifice, or the good fortune to be ever very successful in her lies; and there is not any thing

more certain, than that a fiction of her dressing hath [illegible] severest enemies of [illegible] she was so great a profession [illegible] would have furnish'd the best [illegible] the [illegible] and the [illegible] natural endowment was such in her, that the conjunction of it with the beauty of her countenance, in a short time, got her pieces of Gold answerably to her insinuations and the crafty designs she carried on. Her eyes were black, sweet, sprightly [illegible] of gallantry, and yet unmerciful Hectors, that had been convicted of four or five murthers, and stood charg'd with the suspition of above fifty, which could not be fully prov'd against them; but as for the unfortunate wretches whom they had wounded, it is hard to ghess, nay indeed to imagine the number of them. For matter of dressing she had an excellency and happiness [illegible] of her sex, insomuch that the [illegible] her hand wanted not its particular [illegible] especially related to her head, she [illegible] any for either advice or assistance, [illegible] Looking-glass, at the same time [illegible] State, her Councel of War, and her [illegible] How fatal must it be for any man to see such a Woman! since that if he saw her, he could not forbear falling in love with her, and if he lov'd her he could not do it long, and be withal long without trouble.

This Lady, accomplish'd as I have describ'd her, came into *Toledo* just in the close of the evening, much about the time that all the young Gentlemen of quality in the City were preparing for a

Mask

Masks to be represented at the Nuptial Solemnity of a strange Lord, who was to be married to a Lady of one of the best Families in the Country. The Windows were become a kind of Firmament, by reason of the Torches which were placed in them, but much more in respect of the Ladies who look'd out at them; the great number of lights having restor'd to the streets that day which the night had deprived them of. The Ladies of meaner quality did in their mantles, discover to those who beheld them, no more than what they thought most worth the looking on. Many Bravoes, or rather (to use the modern word) Trapanners, Blades, and Hectors, were hunting after some prize, a sort of people that great Cities ever were and will be pester'd with, who trouble themselves not much whether their good fortunes be real, provided they be thought such, or at least doubted of; who never fix upon any, but in considerable numbers, and that with insolence enough; and who, upon their good faces and a short hanger within their breeches, assume to themselves a jurisdiction over the lives of others, and think to make all the women die for love, and the men for fear. O what work would this day have found the soft-headed Complementers and Cajolers of Woman-kind, had what low and pitiful equivocations were there us'd!

But among the rest, a young man, who, of a Scholar, was not long before turn'd Page, was so prodigal of his Rhetorical fooleries before our Lady-errant, as if he had thought beyond all language to express how highly he admir'd her. He had seen her alight out of the Hackney Coach that

brought her, and was so dazled at the sight of [illegible] that, not content with that, he had [illegible] to the house where she had taken a chamber, [illegible] thence up and down to all those places which [illegible] went out of a desire to see something. As [illegible] strange Lady, having seated her self in a place [illegible] thought convenient to see the Maskers go by, [illegible] eloquent Page, dress'd that day all in linnen, [illegible] finer than ordinary, had soon fastned on some [illegible] course with her, he being not the first man she had ever seen. Of all the women in the world, she [illegible] the best faculty to engage a young [illegible] upon many impertinencies, and that with [illegible] greatest insinuation and most unsuspected [illegible] that could be. Imagine then, if finding this [illegible] a Talker beyond all confidence, whether she [illegible] gag'd him not to speak much more than he [illegible] She besorted him with flatteries and [illegible] tions, and afterwards did what she would [illegible] him. She learn'd of him, that he serv'd an old [illegible] tleman of *Andaluzia*, Uncle to him who [illegible] on marriage, and upon whose account the [illegible] City was in solemnity; that he was one of the wealthiest men there of his quality; and that he had not any to make his heir but that Nephew, whom he had a great tenderness for, though he were one of the most dissolute young men in [illegible] *Spain*, one that fell in love with all the women he saw, and, besides the common Slugs, and such as he could command upon the account of his Gallantry or his Presents, had sometimes exercised his satyrical violences upon Maids, without any regard of their qualities and conditions. To this he added, that his riots and extravagances had made

him

him a neat Nephew to his Uncle; and out of that reflection was he the more inclin'd to see him married, to try, if upon a change of his condition there would ensue a change of manners.

While the Page was revealing all the secrets and concernments of his Master to her, she still by her soothing and admiring interruptions egg'd him on to further discoveries, making her remarks to those of her company, with what grace and pleasingness he spoke handsome things: and, in fine, omitting nothing that might contribute ought to the undoing of a young man, who had already conceiv'd but too good an opinion of himself. Commendations and applauses coming from a handsome woman that hath some design in it, are dangerous and much to be fear'd. The poor Page had no sooner acquainted *Helenilla* that he was born at *Valladolid*, but she presently breaks forth into praises of that City and the Inhabitants of it, insomuch that having run her self out of breath in the commendations of them, even to hyperboles; she told the befool'd Page, that of all she had known of that Country, she had not seen any so handsome and accomplish'd as himself. After this last touch of her flattery there needed no more to make an absolute fool of him. She invited him to see her at her lodging, and it is not to be question'd, whether she gave him her hand rather than any other. He felt in himself such agitations of joy, as made him ever and anon do such things as some would have thought him a little crack-brain'd, and he was fully satisfi'd, that a man should never despair of a good fortune how miserable soever he were.

The Lady being come to her chamber took the best Chair to be presented to the Page, he so beforted with his imaginary happiness, that going to sit down before he had well look'd about him, he fell short of the Chair, his britch took acquaintance with the ground, he scatter'd his cloak hat, and gloves about the room, and had like to have fallen upon a dagger he had, which in haste got out of the sheath. *Helenilla* run to help him up, making as much stir as a Tygress robb'd of her young ones: She took up the dagger, and told him, that she could not endure he should wear it any more that day, after the mischief it was like to have done him. The Page got up all he had to fall, and made many pitiful complements suitable to the occasion and the accident.

In the mean time, *Helenilla* made as if she could not recover her self out of the fright she had been put into, and began to admire the neatness of the dagger. The Page told her it came from his old Master, who had sometimes given it to his Nephew, together with a sword and all things belonging thereto, and that he had made choice of it that day before many others that were in his Master's wardrobe, to wear upon some extraordinary occasion. *Helenilla* propos'd to the Page whether she might not go disguis'd to see after what manner persons of quality were married at Toledo. The Page told her, the ceremony would not be till midnight, and invited her to a Collation in the Steward's chamber, who was very much his friend. He thereupon took occasion to curse his misfortune, and that he was oblig'd to exchange the most pleasant company in the world for that

of

of his old Master, whom the indisposition incident to age confin'd to his bed. He added that being extremely troubled with the Gout he would not be at the wedding, which was kept at a house in the City far from that of the Count of *Fuenfalide* where he told Marquess his Master lay. Being upon taking his leave, he was pumping for some handsome complement, when some body knock'd at the door in as much haste as if they had come for a Midwife. *Helenilla* seem'd a little troubled thereat, and desir'd the Page to go into a little closet, where she lock'd him up for a longer time than he thought of. He who knock'd so confidently at the door was a Gallant of *Helenilla's*, who to blind the world she made people believe was her Brother. He was privy to all her lewdnesses, and the ordinary instrument of her sleighter pleasures. She immediately gave him an account of the Page who was lock'd up in the closet, and the design she had conceiv'd within her self to squeeze some pieces of Gold out of his old Master, such a design as whereof the execution requir'd no less diligence than subtilty.

Having resolv'd how all things should be carried, the Coach-man was call'd and order'd with all expedition to make ready his Coach, though the poor Beasts which had brought them thither from *Madrid* were sufficiently tir'd. All being in readiness, *Helenilla* and her retinue (which consisted of the dreadful *Monsieur*, an old woman called *Mendez*, venerable for a weighty pair of Beads, and a Matronlike carriage and countenance, and a little pigmey of a Lacquey) embark'd themselves in that shatter'd Vessel, and gave command

to drive into the street, where live the *Modern Christians*, whose Faith is of a newer fashion than the cloaths they sell. The Maskers were still about the streets, insomuch that it happen'd the Bride-groom, disguis'd as the rest, met the Coach wherein *Helenilla* was, and saw that dangerous Stranger, who seem'd to him a *Venus* in triumph, or, to speak a little more hyperbolically, the sun it self in a Progress. He had such a temptation to her, that a small matter would have put all thoughts of his wedding out of his head, to go, and endeavour the conquest of that unknown Beauty, but for that time he had so much command of himself, as that he smoother'd a desire violent enough though it were but just sprung in him. He follow'd the Maskers, and the Hackney-Coach kept on its way towards the Brokery, where in a trice and without two words to the bargain, *Helenilla* bought her a suit of Mourning from head to foot, and put the old woman *Menden*, her Gallant *Montufar*, and her little Lacquey into the like, and taking Coach again alighted at the house of the Count of *Fuensallida*. The little Lacquey went in enquir'd out the lodgings of the Marquess of *Villafagnan*, and demanded audience of him for a strange Lady come from the Mountains of *Leon*, who had some business with him of great consequence. The good man was much surpris'd at the visit of such a Lady, and at such an unseasonable hour. He settled himself in the bed the best he could, order'd his rumpled band, and caus'd to be thrust under his back two cushions more than he had before, to receive so important a visit with greater ceremony.

This posture was he in, having his Eyes fastened on the Chamber-door, when he perceiver, not without the great admiration of his eyes, nor less disturbance of his heart, the disconsolate *Montufar*, in Mourning down to the ground, accompanied by two Women in the same dress, whereof the younger, whom he led by the hand, and who had some part of her face covered by a thin Hood, seemed to be the most sad, and the more considerable of the two. A Lacquey bore up her Train after her, which had so much stuff in it, as that being held out with advantage, it took up the best part of the Chamber. As soon as they were come within the Chamber-door, they saluted the old Marquess who lay sick a-bed, and gave him a volley of three low reverences, not counting that of the little Lacquey, whose congey was not worth the remembring. Being come to the midst of the Chamber they made three reverences more, all at the same time, and afterwards three more ere they took seats, which were brought them by a young Page, Camerade to him whom *Helenilla* had locked up in her Chamber: but these three last reverences were such, as if the former had been forgotten. The softer, I mean the kinder, part of the old Man's soul was strangely moved thereat; the Ladies sate down, and *Montufar* and the little Lacquey withdrew, bare-headed, to the Chamber-door.

The old Man all this while put himself to no small torment to require their complements, and was much troubled for their being in Mourning, before he knew the occasion of it, which he intreated them to acquaint him with, as also upon what

what account they honoured him with a visit at a time so unseasonable for persons of their quality. *Helenilla*, who but too well knew, what compassion a weeping Beauty raises in the beholders, opens the sluces of her fair eyes to let out the tears that seemed to be burdened with, and accompanied them with sighs sometimes loud, sometimes low, as she thought fit, taking occasion ever and anon to put out her Ivory hand to wipe her face, which she also thought it not amiss to discover, to shew it was as troubled, as beautiful.

The old Man expected with much impatience that she should speak, and began to conceive some hopes of it; for the corrent of tears which had broke forth at her eyes, was already so far fallen and dried up, that the Lillies and Roses it had oreflown were to be seen, when the old *Mendez*, who thought it became her to go on with the doleful part where the other had left, beset her self to weep and sob with so much earnestness, that it was some shame to *Helenilla* to be out-done by a thing that seemed not to have so much moisture in her as the tears she spilt amounted to. Nay, the old Woman thought not that enough, but to have the advantage of *Helenilla*, beyond all dispute, she conceived a handful or two of hair might do well, and prevail much upon the Auditory. No sooner thought than done; she made a fearful devastation upon her head; but the troth on't is, she spoiled nothing of her own, nor medled with so much as a hair that ever grew there.

Helenilla and *Mendez* were lamenting in this manner, as if it had been upon a wager, when *Montufar* and the Lacquey, upon a signal agreed

betwixt

betwixt them, were heard at the Chamber-door sighing and weeping, though not so violently as those by the Bed-side, who yet upon this new Consort took occasion to renew their Lamentations. The old Marquess was out of himself to see so much weeping, and not know the occasion of it. He wept too, as well as he could make a shift to do it, y sobb'd as vigorously as any in the company, and increased the distressed Ladies, for Heaven's sake, and all in it, to moderate their affliction, and to acquaint him with the occasion thereof, assuring them his life should be the least thing he would hazard and sacrifice to serve them, and regretting his past youth, as being now uncapable to give them effectual demonstrations of the sincerity of his good intentions.

They were a little appeased at these words, their countenances appear'd more pleasant, and they thought they had wept enough, because they could not, without some violence to themselves, weep any more. Besides, they were thrifty of their time, as knowing they had not any to lose. So that the old Woman uncovering her Head, to the end her venerable and Matron-like countenance might give her all the credit she stood in need of, began her declamation in this manner. "May it please God, out "of his omnipotence, to preserve the Right Ho- "nourable the Marquess of *Ville-fagnan*, and af- "ford him all the Health he stands in need of; "though, to say truth, what we come to acquaint "him withal be such news, as from which he will "derive but little joy, which is indeed the flower "of Health: but the misfortune of our misfor- "tune is such, that we must communicate it to

"others.

" others. The Marquess gave himself a thump on
the breast with his fist, which at the same time
charged it self of a deep sigh. " May it be the
" sure of Heaven that I am mistaken, cries he,
" I fear me, this is some new practick, or rather
" some extravagance of my Nephew's, that is
" like to hear of. Go on, Madam, go on, said he
" don me for interrupting you. She did, but
instead of making any answer began to weep afresh, so that *Helenilla* was forced to go on with
the discourse. " Since you know by experience,
" *said she*, that your Nephew is a person, that
" of any man, hath least command of his passions
" and that you have been often troubled to hear
" ther the reports of his violences, you will be the
" more easily induced to credit that which he has
" done me. Being at *Leon* the last Spring, whether I conceive you had sent him, he meets with
" me in a Church, and upon the first sight told me
" such things, as, had they been true, we should
" both have continued still in that Church to
" avoid the Hands of Justice, I as a Murderer for
" as the dead man I had killed and made ready to
" be put into the ground. He told me a hundred
" times that my eyes had murder'd him, nay, he
" omitted not the least of those flatteries and insinuations which are ordinary among Lovers, who
" would abuse their simplicity upon whom they
" have some design. He follow'd me to my Lodging, rode every day up and down before my
" Windows, and every night importuned all the
" Neighbour-hood with the Musick he intended
" onely for me. At last, perceiving that all his
" amorous addresses prevailed nothing, he with

" Presents

"Presents corrupted a Negro slave that I had, "and, through her treachery and advice surprized "me in a Garden we had in the Suburbs. I had "no body with me but the perfidious slave; he had "in company with him a man as lewd as himself, "and had given money to the Gardener to go an "Errand for him to the other end of the Town, "upon pretence of some imperative business. "What need I make many words, he set his Dagger "to my Throat, and finding nevertheless that I "had a greater value for my Honour than my Life, "with the assistance of his Complices, he did that "by violence, which all his courtship and impor-"tunities should never have obtain'd. The Slave "made no small stir, and she bravely to dissemble her "perfidiousness, got a sleight wound in one of her "hands, and presently after fell into a feigned "swound. The Gardener returns. Your Nephew "frighted at the thought of his crime goes away "over the Garden wall, with so much precipita-"tion that he let fall his Dagger, which I took up. "Yet needed not the insolent young man have "been in such fear, for being not in readiness to "cause him to be staid, I might have had that "command of my self as to put a good counte-"nance on it, and dissemble the horrid misfortune "that had happened to me. I did what I could, "not to appear more sad than I was what to do. "The wicked slave not long after ran quite away. "I lost my Mother, and all my Joys I had with her "lost all, if my Aunt, who is here come along "with me, had not had the goodness to give me "entertainment, which she does so nobly, as that "I have the same treatment with her own two ex-

"cellent Daughters. In her house it was [illegible]
"heard, your Nephew is so far from thinking of
"any reparation for the wrong he hath done me,
"that he is upon Marriage in this City. I have
"made the greatest haste I could hither, to the end
"that before I go out of your Chamber, you
"should give me in money or jewels two thousand
"Crowns, to put my self into a Nunnery, for
"knowing as much as I do by experience of the
"disposition of your Nephew, I could never fan-
"cy to marry him, though he and all the Friends
"he hath should use all the proffers and intreaties
"that may be to perswade me to it. I know he is
"to be married this night, but I'll break off the
"match if I can, at least make a disturbance he
"shall hear of while he lives, if you do not take
"that course to prevent it which I propose to you.
"And that you may be satisfi'd, *added she*, that
"there cannot be any thing more true, than what
"I tell you, of the violence your Nephew hath
"done me, behold the very Dagger he set to my
"Throat! I wish, God had so pleas'd he had
"done somewhat more than threatned me with
"it.

Having given over speaking, she beset her self to weeping afresh. *Mendez* kept still a note above her, and the musical consort at the door, whereof the little Lacquey made the treble and *Mendez* the base, was no less ambitious to be heard.

The old Marquess, who had already given her too much credit to what had been said to him, by the craftiest of all Woman-kind, no sooner cast his Eye on the Dagger, but he immediately knew it to be the same he had sometime given his Nephew.

All

All therefore his thoughts ran upon was to prevent the disturbance which might happen at his Nephew's wedding. He would gladly have sent for him, but he was afraid some body might be so inquisitive as to ask what should be the occasion of his so doing; and, as it happens our fears are extraordinary when our desires are such, he no sooner perceiv'd the afflicted Ladies making as if they would go and break off the match, which it had cost him abundance of trouble to bring to the posture it was in, but he commands one of the Pages to bring a certain Cabinet, and to take out of it two thousand Crowns in pieces of Gold of four Pistols. *Moutafar* receiv'd them, and told them very exactly one after another; whereupon the old Marquess, having made them promise to give him a visit the next day, made a thousand excuses to the Ladies, that he was not in a condition to wait on them to their Coach. They got into it very well satisfi'd with their visit, and made the Coach-man drive back again towards *Madrid*, bethinking themselves that if they were pursu'd, it would be towards *Leon*. Their Hostess in the mean time, seeing her guests were vanish'd, goes into the Chamber: She finds the Page in the Closet, who could not imagine what reason they had to lock him in there; she suffer'd him to go his ways because she knew him, or rather because she found all things as should be in the Chamber. Those, who make it their profession to steal, and think of no other way of livelihood, stand in little fear of God, and therefore are so much the more afraid of Men. They are of all Countries, and yet are not of any, and never have any setled habitation. As soon as they have

"serve that sincerity towards thee, as that I will "discover to thee even the most inconsiderable "imperfections of those that brought me into the "world.

"Thou are then to know, that my Father was "born in *Galicia*, by profession a Lacquey, or, to "speak more honourably of him, a Serving-man. "He had a great veneration for the memory of the "Patriarch *Noah*, for his excellent invention of "the Vine, and indeed, abating the inclination "he had to the juice of that noble Plant, it may "be said of him, that he car'd not much for the "temporal goods of this world. My Mother was "of *Granada*, by condition, (to be free with "you) a Slave: but there's no contesting with "the Stars. She answer'd to the name of *Mary*, "which her Masters had given her, and it was in-"deed the name she receiv'd at her Baptism, but "she would have taken it more kindly if one "call'd her *Zara*, which was her name before "she was converted from the *Turkish* Religion; "for (since I must tell you all) she was a *Christian* "onely out of compliance, and conformity, but "in heart a *Moor*. Yet would she often go to "Confession, but rather to discover the sins of "her Masters, than her own; and whereas she en-"tertain'd her Confessor much more with the "hardships and inconveniences of her Services, "than her own imperfections, and made him be-"lieve miracles of her patience; He, being a very "holy man, and measuring others by himself, took "all for true that she said, and, instead of repro-"ving, commended her: so that who should have "been near my Mother at Confession, would have

"heard nothing but commendations of all sides.
"You are haply desirous to know how I came to
"discover so great a secret, and you may well
"think, I have it not from my Mother; but I was
"naturally much inclin'd to pry into things, and
"young as I was, my Mother never went to Con-
"fession but I got as near her as I could to over-
"hear what she said. Though she were swarthy,
"or rather black, yet was there in her counte-
"nance and making, somewhat that was not un-
"handsome, and above six Knights, Commanders
"of white and red Crosses, have courted her fa-
"vour. She was so charitable, that she divided
"amongst them all, what was so much desir'd by
"every one in particular, and she was of a nature
"so full of acknowledgment towards her Masters,
"that, to requite, in some measure, the trouble
"they had been at in her education from her in-
"fancy, she did all that lay in her power to bring
"them every year a little Slave male or female;
"but Heaven was not pleas'd to further her good
"intentions, for all the little half-Negroes died
"presently after they were born. She was much
"more fortunate in bringing up the children of
"others. Her Masters, who lost all their own as
"soon as they came into the world, made her
"Nurse to a Child given over by the Physicians,
"who yet in a short time, through my Mother's
"tenderness of it, and the goodness of her Milk,
"discover'd signs of perfect health, and hopes of a
"long life. In requital of this service, my Mother's
"Mistress gave her her liberty when she died. My
"Mother is now a free-woman; she turns Lau-
"dress, and proves so excellent at it, that in a

"short

"short time, there was not a Courtier in *Madrid* "who thought his Linnen well done unless it "came from the *Turkish* Laundress. Now had she "leisure and opportunities to put in practice the "Lectures which her Mother had sometime read to "her, about a familiarity with the people of the "other world. She had desisted from that tempt- "ing Profession, more out of modesty, and as "wearied with the commendations people gave "her of being excellent in her Art, than out of "any fear of the Magistrate. But now she made it "her principal Employment, onely to oblige and "pleasure her Friends, and in a short time, she "made such considerable acquaintances, and "rais'd her self to such credit in the Court of "Darkness, that to be a Devil of any reputation "there was a necessity of holding a correspon- "dence with her. I speak not this out of any va- "nity, for I never tell a Lye, *added Melenilla*, and "would not give my Mother the commendations "of those excellencies which were not in her; but "indeed I could do no less than give this testimo- "ny to her virtue. The secrets she sold, those she "reveal'd, and her Oracular faculty in answering "questions (for all which she was pointed at as she "went along the Streets) were but ordinary ta- "lents among those of her Nation, in comparison "of her experience in the business of Maiden- "heads. A crack'd Wench, after she had been un- "der her hands, went for a better Maid than she "was before the Miscarriage, and her Maiden-head "sold at a higher rate the second time than the first. "She might be about forty years of age when she "was married to my Father, honest *Rodrigues*.

"'Twas the wonder of the whole Quarter, that a
"Man who lov'd Wine so well would take a
"Woman that drunk not any, as observing the
"Law of *Mahomet*, and one that had her hands
"perpetually in the Water, as being a Laundress;
"but my Father made answer, There would be
"the more Wine for himself, and that Love made
"all things pleasant. Not long after, he made a
"shift to get her with child, and, when the time
"came, she was brought to bed of Me. This joy
"continu'd not long in our house. For, when I
"was about six years old, a certain Prince would
"needs put a hundred Lacqueys into Liveries to
"run down a mad Bull. My Father being one
"of those that were made choice of, he drunk
"that day without any discretion, and going in
"the valour of his drink to oppose the passage of
"the furious Bull, he was by him toss'd into se-
"veral pieces. I remember there were Songs
"made of him, and that it was said upon occasi-
"on of my Father's death, that no body car'd
"for those of his Profession. It was a good
"while after ere I apprehended it to be a jear put
"upon him, as if he wore Horns as well as the
"Bull; but ill tongues will be wagging, nay, to
"forbid people to be abusive would but make
"them the more such. My Mother was griev'd at
"my Father's death, I also was griev'd at it; she
"took heart and forgot it, I did the like. Not
"long after, my Beauty began to make people
"talk of me. There was no small emulation at
"*Madrid*, who should take me abroad in a Coach,
"carry me to Plays, and entertain me with Col-
"lations upon the Banks of the *Masanares*. My
"Mother

"Mother was as watchful over me as an *Argus*,
"which I took very heinously; but it was not
"long, ere I was convinc'd it was for my advan-
"tage. Her severity, and the high rate she set on
"me, made the commodity the more valuable,
"and rais'd an emulation among those whose
"teeth water'd at me. I was to be his that bid
"most; yet every one thought he had had me
"before his Rival; and every one imagin'd he
"found that which was gone long before. A rich
"*Geneva* Merchant, whose addresses were onely
"in private, dazled my prudent Mother's eyes
"with so much Gold, and discover'd so much
"sincerity in his procedure, that she answer'd his
"good intentions as he expected. He had the pre-
"cedency of all others in my favour, but it cost
"him dearly. There was a faithfulness observ'd
"towards him, as long as he was distrustful of
"us; but as soon as he seem'd perswaded of our
"faith, we immediately broke it. My Mother
"had too great a sympathy for the sufferings of
"others not to be mov'd at the continual com-
"plaints of my Gallants, all persons of quality
"about the Court, and all very rich. 'Tis true,
"they squander'd not their Gold away as my
"*Geneva* man did; but my Mother knew how to
"esteem great gains, and yet slighted not the
"small; besides, she was very obliging out of a
"principle rather of charity than interest. The
"*Genevis* Blade broke, I know not whether we
"were the cause of it. There happen'd to be
"some quarrels upon my account; the Magistrates
"visited us, rather out of civility than other-
"wise: but my Mother indeed had an aversion

"for young Lawyers and Scholars, and haveing no "less the *Hectors* and self-conceited Gallantillo's, "who began to haunt us. She therefore thought "it her best course to remove to *Sevil*, made mo- "ney of all her Goods, and took a return'd Hack- "ney Coach for her self and me. We were base- "ly betray'd by the Coach-man, robb'd of all "we had, and my Mother so unmercifully beaten, "because she would not over-readily part with "what she had, but oppos'd the Villains as much "as her strength would permit, that before we "could get to a wretched Inn she fairly died at "the foot of a Rock. I pluck'd up a good heart, "though I were yet but very young. I felt all "about the folds of my Mother's cloaths; but "there was nothing to be expected after the exact "Searchers that had been there before me. I left "her to the mercy of those that pass'd by, not "doubting but that in a great Road, such as that "between *Madrid* and *Sevil*, there would come "by, some people so charitable as to bestow Burial "on her. I return'd back again to *Madrid*; my "Gallants heard of my misfortune, made a con- "tribution to set me up again, so that in a "short time I was got into Cloaths, and a House "very well furnish'd. About this time was it "that I saw thee at a Friend's of mine of the "same Profession, and was immediately taken "with thy good endowments. I need not give "thee any further account of my Life, since that "we have ever since liv'd together. We came to "*Toledo*; we leave it all in haste; and so well "furnish'd with Money, that if thou hadst as "much courage as I thought thou hadst had,

"thou

"thou wouldst be more chearful than thou art. "And since the relation I have made to thee hath "had the virtue to make thee sleepy, as I perceive "by thy reiterated yawnings and noddings of the "head, lay it in my lap, and take thy rest. But "know, that what ever there may be good and "profitable in Fear, before the committing of a "crime, proves very base, and very dangerous "when it is once committed. Fear ever distracts "the mind of the guilty person; so that instead of "avoiding his pursuer, he many times casts himself "into his hands.

Montufar fell asleep, and the morning broke forth so pleasant and gay, that the birds, the flowers, and the fountains saluted her, each according to their mode; the birds in singing, the flowers in perfuming the air, and the fountains in laughing or making a noise, which you please; one's as good as the other.

In the mean time the Marquess of *Villefagnan's* Nephew, the sensual *Don Sancho*, was thinking to get up from his new Bride, much wearied, and haply already cloy'd with the enjoyments of marriage. His imagination was full of the beautiful stranger, the dangerous *Helenilla*, whom he had seen in the Hackney-coach; and represented her to him wholly admirable: doing thereby a very great injustice to his Wife who was a Lady so handsome and so accomplish'd, that there were not a few in *Toledo* that sigh'd for her, while she sigh'd to think on the unkindness of her Husband; and he, fickle Man as he was, wish'd himself in the embraces of an infamous Strumper, who communicated her self for a small matter to any that had a mind to her. What a

ſtrange irregularity is this of our Appetite! A man that hath a handſome wife of his own, hath a greater inclination to one of his maids. A Noble man, who hath his Table ordinarily furniſh'd with Biſques and Pheaſants, looks on them with diſdain, and calls for a meſs of Broath, and the plain Piece of Beef provided for the Servants. Moſt People are deprav'd in their taſte as to many things, and your great Lords more than any. For having greater Eſtates than they know what to do with all, and being inclin'd ſtill to ſeek after what they have not, they are drawn in, to do that which is evil, purely out of diverſion: and, to compaſs their enjoyments, they care not much what pains they are at, nor what time and money they ſpend, nor think it much to be guilty of baſe importunities to ſome ſcornful Wench to obtain that of her, which ſhe ſometimes beſtows on others without ſo much as being intreated to do it.

All this happens through the juſt permiſſion of Heaven, to puniſh Men's inclinations to evil by the very inconveniences of the evil. Ah unfortunate *Don Sancho*! Heaven hath been pleas'd to bleſs thee with thoſe two things, which, of ought this world affords, can moſt conduce to thy felicity, wealth in abundance, and a lovely perſon to thy wife: wealth, to ſupply thoſe who deſerve, yet have it not; and, becauſe they have it not, are many times engag'd in thoſe unworthy courſes to which poverty reduces the moſt generous ſpirits: and a wife equal to thee, as, to quality and eſtate, accompliſh'd as to both mind and body, beautiful even in thy eyes, and much more in thoſe of others, who ſee more clearly in the affairs of other people than

they

they do in their own, and, in a word, reserv'd, modest, and virtuous. What dost thou look for abroad? Hast thou not in thy own house thy second self, a Woman, whose ingenious conversation will delight thee, whose body is addicted only at thy devotion, who is tender of thy honour, careful in managing thy house, prudent to improve thy estate, furnishes thee with Children, who divert thee in their youth, and will relieve thee in thy age? What, I say, canst thou look for abroad? I'll tell thee in few words, what will be thy fortune, thou wilt ruine thy self, both as to estate and reputation, thou wilt lose the respect of thy friends, and wilt raise thy self many powerful enemies. Dost thou think thy honour secure because thou hast a virtuous woman to thy wife? Alas! what little experience hast thou of the things of this world, and how little reflect on humane frailty? The surest horse of his feet in the world, and the most at command, slips under an unskilful Rider, and haply gives him a fall. A woman may resist such and such a temptation to do something that's unhandsome; and haply transgress in the highest degree, when she thinks her self most secure. One miscarriage is a trap-door to let in several others after it; and the distance which is between Vertue and Vice, is sometimes but a short day's journey.

But to what end are we troubled with all these moral truths, and of what benefit are they, will *some body* say? And why does that *some body* trouble his head so much? let him make use of them or let them alone, as his convenience shall advise him, however, he may think himself

obliged

oblig'd to the person who gives them for nothing.

Don Sancho was thinking to get up from his wife, when his Uncle's steward brought him a Letter, giving him an account of the strange Lady, who he could not but think had trapann'd him, because she was not to be heard of in any of the Inns about *Toledo*, where he had caus'd inquiry to be made after her, and in the same Letter intreating him to let him have one of his men to send after the Slut towards *Madrid*, which way he thought she might be gone, for that he had sent people to all the other great Roads that went to the Towns about *Toledo*, that onely to *Madrid* excepted. *Don Sancho* was out of all patience at this news; he found himself assaulted in that part of his soul which was least able to resist, and was elevated to a strange heighth, to find himself unjustly charg'd with one weakness, though he had been convicted of many. The loss of the mony, and the cheat put upon his Uncle, he was equally enraged at, he made a relation of the business to his wife, and some of his kindred, who were come to visit him the next morning after his marriage; and persisting in the resolution he had taken to do what he intended, notwithstanding the intreaties of his wife and friends, he slips on his cloaths, eats something, then runs to his Uncle's, and thence after he had learn'd of the Page who had brought the Ladies into the old Marquess's chamber, what kind of Coach they were in, how many in company, and by what marks they might be known, he took post for *Madrid*, attended by two servants, in whose courage he repos'd much confi-

dence.

dence. He rode on four or five Stages with so much speed, that he had not the least thought of the beautiful Stranger: but his choler being a little evaporated by so violent agitation of his body, *Helenilla* reassumed her former place in his imagination, so beautiful, and attractive, that he was several times in a mind to return to *Toledo*, to find her out. He was a hundred times angry with himself that he had been so far transported upon the trick put upon his Uncle, and often call'd himself an indiscreet person, and an enemy to his own enjoyments, for bruising his body in that manner by riding Poste, instead of bestowing his time better in seeking after a happiness, the possession whereof would, in his opinion, raise him to the highest pitch of felicity.

While he was in his amorous reflections, he often spoke to himself, as one distracted, and that so loud, that his servants, who were a pretty distance before him, making a sudden stop, would turn about, and in much haste ride back to know what he would have. "What reason is there, "*would he cry sometimes*, that I should leave the place "where I saw her? Must I not be the most unhappy man in the world, if this Stranger have left *Toledo* before I get back again thither? "I were no more than my desert, for offering to "turn Constable, and running with a Hue and Cry "after I know not whom. But if I return to "*Toledo*, *continu'd he*, without doing anything, "what will they say of me, who would have dis-"vened me from such an enterprize? Or must I "let a sort of crapanning Rogues go unpunish'd, "after such an unheard of affront put upon my

"Uncle,

"Uncle, and my own reputation so treacherously "wounded.

The dissolute young Spark was thus ballancing of things, when, coming near *Xetuffa*, his servants discover'd *Helenilla's* Coach by the marks that had been given thereof. They presently cri'd out, to their Master, that they had taken the Thieves, and not staying till he came up to them, rode full speed after the Coach with their swords drawn. The Coach-man stopp'd extremely frightned; *Montufar* was no less. *Helenilla* caus'd him to remove out of the Boot, and sate there her self, to see what might be done to remedy so great a misfortune. She saw *Don Sancho* coming towards her with his sword drawn, and could perceive nothing in his countenance whence she might promise her self any favour: but the amorous Gentleman had no sooner fasten'd his eyes on her who had already so deeply wounded him, but he was immediately persuaded that his servants were mistaken: For it is natural for a man to have a good opinion of what he loves, and thereupon, as if he had known *Helenilla* from his infancy for a Lady not to be charg'd with any thing unhandsome, he run upon his servants striking at them as hard as he could with the flat of his sword. "You Rascals, *said he to them*, have I not given "you sufficient warning to take heed you were "not mistaken? and do you not deserve I should "break your arms and legs for so unmannerly "stopping a Ladie's Coach whose very presence "might have forc'd you to more respect? The poor Slaves, who had not been so forward but upon the marks given them by the Page, and saw they had

had to do with a woman extremely handsome, an object that raises submissions and respects in the most uncivilized souls, avoided, by getting out of the way, the fury of their Master, and thought he had reason to be angry, and that it was an excess of his kindness that he had not sufficiently loaded them with blows.

Don Sancho, having thus disengag'd his servants, crav'd pardon of *Helenilla*, and told her upon what ground his presumptuous servants were like to have done her some violence, which she knew as well as himself. He intreated her to consider how apt a person blinded with choler is to be mistaken. "Do but see, I beseech you, *said* "*he*, into what inconveniences servants may en- "gage their Masters? Had I not been with these "Villains that came along with me, they had up- "on very uncertain appearances put the whole "Country into an Allarm, and having the power "in their own hands, would have brought you "to *Toledo*, as a Thief. Not indeed but that you "are such, *added he*, *composing himself to mild-* "*ness*, but the Robberies you are guilty of are ra- "ther those of hearts than any thing else. *Hele-* *nilla* acknowledg'd the indulgence of Heaven towards her, in bestowing on her a face which pleaded her exemption from punishment, notwithstanding the many lewdnesses she was ordinarily guilty of, and assuming a confidence which banish'd the fear she had been in, she answer'd *Don Sancho* with much modesty and in few words, as knowing that for one to be over-earnest in disclaiming a thing laid to his charge increases the suspicion of his guilt. *Don Sancho* could not

but

but admire he should meet with what he sought after so strange a manner; and, reflected as he was thought Heaven prosper'd his designs, since it had prevented him from returning to *Toledo*, as he had several times thought to have done? which no doubt had been to avoid that good which he sought after with so much earnestness. He told *Helenilla* her name, and the place of her abode in *Madrid*, and intreated her not to take it amiss if he waited on her thither, to confirm the profers he had made her of his services. *Helenilla* gave him such an account of both as he was for the present satisfi'd with, and told him she should think her self very happy to receive his visits. He prefer'd to wait on her all along the way, but she would by no means permit it, representing to him that she was married, and that her Husband was to meet her in a Coach, and whisper'd him in the ear, that she was somewhat distrustful of her own servants, but above all stood in fear of the displeasure of her Husband.

This slight expression of confidence rais'd in *Don Sancho* an imagination that she had some kindness for him. He took leave of her, and carryed more upon his own hopes than the Post-horse he had under him, (if I may so say) he set forward towards *Madrid*. He was no sooner arriv'd but he made enquiry after *Helenilla* and her habitation, according to the directions she had given him. His servants were tir'd to find her out, and the endeavours of his friends were not spar'd, yet all to no purpose. *Helenilla*, *Montfar*, and the venerable *Mendez*, were no sooner got to *Madrid* but they were thinking which

way

way to get out of it. They were sensible they could not avoid the Cavalier of *Toledo*, if they staid there, and that if they gave him a more particular account of their persons and quality, they should find him as dangerous an Enemy, as they thought him then their passionate Servant. *Helenilla* put all the goods she had into a sure hand, and the very next day after her arrival, putting her self and her train into the habit of Pilgrims, she took her way towards *Burgos*, the place where *Mendez* was born, and where she had still a sister living, of the same profession with her self.

In the mean time, *Don Sancho* out of all hopes of meeting with *Helenilla*, returns to *Toledo*, with so much shame and confusion, that from his departure out of *Madrid* till he came to his own house, he was not heard to speak one word. After he had saluted his wife, who entertain'd him with thousands of caresses and kindnesses, she gave him some Letters from his Brother, wherein he found that he lay very sick at one of the chiefest Cities of *Spain*, where he possess'd the greatest dignities of the Cathedral Church, and was one of the richest Clergy-men in that Country. He staid but one night at *Toledo*, and the next morning took Poste, to go and see his Brother recover'd, or possess himself of what he left if he di'd.

While *Don Sancho* is upon his way to his Brother, *Helenilla* is upon hers to *Burgos*, having conceiv'd a dissatisfaction of *Montufar* greater than the love she had sometimes born him. He had express'd so little resolution, when *Don Sancho* and his servants stopp'd the Coach, that she made

no

no doubt but he was an arrant coward. One of this reflection was he become so odious to her that it was with some violence to her self she could endure the sight of him, insomuch that her thoughts were wholly taken up to find out some way to be rid of this domestick Tyrant, and till it were done comforted her self with hope of seeing her self ere long at liberty and her own disposal. This advice was given her by *Mendez*, which prevail'd the more upon her, for that it was fortify'd with all the reasons which her prudence could suggest. She could not endure that in a house, where she was to live, there should be any *Montufar* to command her, who should have the Mistress of it, at his devotion; and so doing any thing towards it, spend what they both had much ado to get. She perpetually represented to *Helenilla* the wretchedness of her condition, comparing it to that of the Slaves employ'd in the Mines, who to enrich their Masters with the Gold which they take so much pains to force out of the earth, and instead of being better treated for their endeavours, are many times rewarded with blows. She would be always telling her, that Beauty is a flower, and consequently of no long continuance, and that her Looking-glass, which then represented to her but what was most amiable, and ever spoke to her advantage, would soon entertain her with objects she should be little satisfi'd with, and tell her such news as she should not be well pleas'd at. "Assure your self, Madam, said "*she to her*, that a woman once turn'd of thirty "loses something particular of beauty every six "months, and makes new discoveries every day

"either

"either in her body or face, of some spot, or some "wrinckle. 'Tis the malice of Time to make "young Women old, and to make old Women "wrinkled. If a Woman that's grown rich, at "the cost of her modesty and reputation, meets "nevertheless with the contempt and reproaches "of the world; what horrour must she needs raise "in people, who through want of conduct is re-"duc'd to both poverty and infamy? upon what "ground can she hope to be reliev'd in her "misery? If with the wealth you have made a shift "to get, by such courses as are not approv'd of "by all the world, you rais'd the fortunes of some "deserving virtuous person, who would in requi-"tal marry you, it were an action acceptable in "the sight of God and Men, and the end of your "Life would expiate the beginning of it: but to "cast your self away as you do, by being at the "disposal of a Raskal, as lewd as cowardly, one "whose great atchievements consists in the trap-"panning of Women, who yet are never gain'd "by him but with Threats, nor kept but by Ty-"ranny, is, me-thinks, the direct way to bring your "self to the greatest extremities imaginable, and "to be the Author of your own ruine.

With these and the like arguments did the ju-dicious *Mendez*, who was much better at speak-ing than doing, endeavour to exasperate *Helenilla* against *Montufar*, whom she still lov'd, though ra-ther because she was accustom'd to it than that she could give any reason for it; as indeed having too long experience of his manners, not to have found out of her self all the specious inducements laid down to her by her old Remembrancer. Yet did

they not prove ineffectual. *Helenilla* took them in very good part; and the more readily for the *Mendez* advis'd her to things which she her self would be not a little the better for, if she should put them in execution; so that perceiving *Manuel* coming up to them, being to go together to *Guadarrama*, where they were to dine that day, they put it off to another time to consider of the course they should take to be rid of him, so as never to have a sight of him again.

All Dinner-time he seemed to be indispos'd, having no stomach at all to any thing; and as he rose from table, he was taken with a shivering, and not long after with a violent feaver, which stuck close to him the rest of that day and all night; and the violence of it being augmented towards the morning, put *Helenilla* and *Mendez* into good hopes the feaver would do them a courtesie, though 'twere onely to free them from further trouble how to shake him off. *Manuel* finding himself so weak as that he was not able to stir, told the Ladies they must not stir from *Guadarrama*; that a Physician must be had, what ever it cost; and that all imaginable care should be taken of him. This was said with so much imperiousness and authority, as if he had spoken to Slaves, and that their Lives and all things else were absolutely at his disposal. His Body in the mean time became more and more weak of the feaver, which had reduc'd him to such a condition, as that, had it not been for his often calling for drink, he might have been given over for a Dead man.

There was no small stir about the Inn, that a Confessor was not all this while brought to him, that

that he might, as a good Christian, discharge his Conscience in this world, before he took his journey for the next. At last, while the Good man was gone for, *Helenilla* and *Mendez*, making no doubt but the Feavour would carry him away, came to him, and sitting down on both sides of his bed, *Helenilla* broke her mind to him in these tearms.

"If thou hast so much memory left, deerest "*Manuel*, as to remember after what manner "thou hast ever liv'd with me, that is, how thou "hast behav'd thy self towards one who had lay'd "the greatest obligations imaginable upon thee, "as also towards *Mendez*, a person honorable "upon the account of her Sex, her Age, and her "Virtue, thou will not be so fond as to imagine, "I should importune God Almighty for the re"covery of thy health: but though I were as de"sirous of it, as I have reason to wish thy de"struction, yet is there a necessity we poor mor"tals should comply with his holy disposal of "us and ours, and that I should offer up, my self, "what sometime I had most doated on, and had "been most dear to me. But to deal freely with "thee, we begin to be so weary of thy Tyranny, "that our separation was unavoidable, and, if God "had not brought things to this pass, we should "have had that consideration of our own happi"nesses as to have endeavour'd it otherwise. "Thou art going with all expedition to the other "world, we envy thee not the good entertainment "thou wilt find there: but, hadst thou been or"dain'd to make any longer stay here, we should, "to avoid thy insupportable company and beha-

"viour, have remov'd into some part of *SPAIN*, "where we should have thought no more of thee, "than if there never had been any such thing as "thou art in the world. Thou think'st life sweet; "but if thou consider well how thou hast liv'd, "thou hast much reason to take thy death kindly, "since Heaven, for reasons unknown to men, sends "it thee in a more honourable way than thou "hast deserv'd, permitting a Feaver to do that, "which the Executioner does to persons less wick-"ed than thou hast been, or Fear to such whore-"liver'd cowardly Raskals as thou art. But, my "dear *Montufar*, before our final separation, speak "to me sincerely once in thy life. Is it true, that "thou didst really expect I should stay here to "look to thee and nurse thee up? Alas, suffer not "these vanities to come into thy mind, so near "thy death. So little regard have I of thy wel-"fare, that were it to restore thy whole Race, I "would not stay a quarter of an hour here. "Make friends, and get into the Hospital, if thy "Disease do not dispatch thee the sooner; and "since all the advice I ever gave thee hath been "for thy good, do not slight the last I am like to "give thee. 'Tis this, my poor *Montufar*; Not "to trouble thy self to send for any Physician, as "knowing, he will forbid thee the drinking of "Wine, which, without any Feaver, is enough "to make an end of thee in four and twenty "hours.

While *Helenilla* was making this Funeral Ser-mon to her once much beloved *Montufar*, the charitable *Mendez* ever and anon felt his Pulse, and laid her hand on his forehead; and perceiving her

her Mistress had given over speaking, she would needs also give him a departing Lecture. "Your "Lordship's head, *said she to him*, burns extreme- "ly, and I am much in fear this unhappy accident "will be the occasion of your marching off to see "your friends in the other world, without afford- "ing you the time to come to your self again. "Take therefore this pair of Beads, *added she*, "and fall devoutly to your prayers till such time "as the Confessour comes. You will be so far in "your way as to the discharge of your Con- "science. But if credit may be given to the Hi- "storiographers of the Prison for Malefactors at "*Madrid*, who have so often had occasion to "spend their Pens in setting down your archieve- "ments, your Lordship's exemplary life may well "exempt you from much Penance; besides that, "God, who is very merciful, will no doubt put "to your account in Heaven, the glorious progress "you made bare-shoulder'd through the principal "Streets of *Sevil*, in the sight of so many people, "and guarded by Beadles, and other Officers of "the Garrison of common Rogues, Cut-purses, "and House-breakers. You may also produce as "an acquittance for your further discharge, the "Voyage you made by Sea, during which, *viz.* "for the space of six years, you did many things "not unpleasing to God, taking much pains, eat- "ing little, and being still in danger, and conse- "quently the more devout; but what is more "considerable, is, that you were hardly twenty "years of age, when, to the great edification of "your Neighbour you began that holy Pilgri- "mage. Moreover, it is very probable you will

" be well recompens'd in the other world for ano-
" ther thing, which is, your care, that the Women
" who have had any dependance on you, should
" not be idle or want something to do, making
" them work, and live, not onely by the labour of
" their hands, but that of their whole body. To
" this I may add, that if you dye in your Bed, you
" will put a pleasant trick upon the Judge of
" *Murcia*, who hath solemnly sworn, he would
" sentence you to dye upon the Wheel, who ex-
" pects the satisfaction to see it; and who must
" needs be enrag'd when it shall be told him, that
" you dy'd of your self, without the assistance of any
" third person. But I trifle away the day here in
" talking, and never think it is time to set forward
" on the journey we have a desire to make. Fare-
" well, dear Friend that hath been, receive this
" last Hugg as heartily as I bestow it on you, for I
" think we shall never see one another again.
With which words *Mendez* casting her arms about
his neck embrac'd him with so much kindness, as
that, had she us'd a little more, it had stifled him:
Helenilla did the like, and with that Complement
left the Chamber, and, without calling for any Ac-
count, soon after, the Inn also.

Montufar, who was us'd to their Abuses, who
had also the faculty to return them as good as they
brought, and who fondly imagin'd all they had
said to him, was onely for his diversion, look'd on
them as they departed from him, without the least
suspition, more inclin'd to conceive they went to
give order for his Broths. He soon after, out of
pure security, fell into a little Drowsiness, which
held him so long, as that the two Gentlewomen

might

might well be gotten a League or better in their way, before he was perfectly awake. He ask'd the Hostess for them, who told him they were gone abroad, and had given order he should not be disturb'd, for that he wanted sleep very much, having not clos'd his Eyes all the night before.

Upon this account of them, *Monsieur* began to believe, the Ladies had spoken to him in good earnest. He swore at such a rate as would have made some think the Earth might open and swallow down the Inn and all in it; he threatned them to the very way they travell'd on, and the Sun that lighted them. He would needs get up to put on his Cloaths, and had almost broke his Neck in attempting it, such was his weakness. The Hostess endeavour'd to excuse the Ladies, and did it the best she could, but with such impertinent Reasons that the sick man was the more enrag'd, and fell out with her. He was so incens'd that for four and twenty hours nothing went down his throat, and that diet with abundance of rage and fury prov'd so effectual, that after the taking of a certain Broath, he found himself strong enough to pursue his fugitive Slaves. They were got as far before him as they were able to travel in two days; but two Hackney Mules, he fortunately met with upon their return to *Burgos*, contributed as much to his design as it prov'd fatal to that of the two counterfeit Pilgrims. He overtook them within six or seven Leagues of *Burgos*. They grew pale, and then blush'd when they saw him, and excus'd themselves, if any such thing could be done. *Monsieur* smother'd his anger, for joy that

he had found them, which he could not forbear expressing in his very countenance. He first broke forth into a Laughter at the tricks they had put upon him, and rais'd them to such security, that they thought him the veriest Sot they had ever met with. He thereupon made them believe they were out of the way to *Burgos*, and having (to bring them into it) led them among Rocks and Precipices, such places as he knew no man travell'd through, he drew a long Dagger, an Instrument for which they had ever had a great respect; and commanded them very imperiously to make present delivery of what Gold, Silver, and Jewels they had. They thought at first with their rent to have pacifi'd him so far as to bring the business to some composition. *Helewilla* was very prodigal of them for her part, casting withall her arms about his Neck; but the unmerciful *Hector* grew so insolent upon their submissions, that he would not hear of any thing by way of treaty, and once more gave them the peremptory word of command, allowing them but half a quarter of an hour to resolve whether they would deliver or no. There was no way but to sacrifice their Purses to the safety of their Persons; so that with much regret they parted with what was dearer to them than their very entrails. Yet was not *Monnufa*'s revenge satisfi'd with that. He pull'd out of his Pocket a parcel of Whip-cord which he had bought on purpose for such an execution, and having ty'd them to several Trees one against the other, he told them, with a treacherous smile, that out of a certain knowledge he had of their negligence in doing Penance from time to time for their sins,

sins, he would, for the good of their souls, give them a little discipline with his own hands, that they might remember him in their Prayers. The Sentence pronounc'd was immediately put in execution, with branches of green Broom that grew thereabouts in abundance, he having so much mercy in his justice as not to do it with the Whip-cord, whereof he had had himself experience both of the weight and smart, notwithstanding the grave reproaches of *Mendez* not long before to that purpose.

Having disciplin'd them till he grew weary, at the cost of their poor skins, he sate him down between the two Patients, and turning himself to *Helenilla*, entertain'd her somewhat to this effect. "My dearest *Helenilla*, *said he*, be not so much "displeas'd with me, for what hath happen'd between us, till thou hast considered my good intention in it, and thereupon reflected, that every "one is oblig'd in conscience to follow his voca-"tion: it is thine to commit lewd actions and to "be mischievous; it is mine (the world consisting "of good and evil) to punish lewdness and mis-"chief where I meet with them. Thou know'st "better than any one, whether I discharge my du-"ty as an honest man should, and thou art to as-"sure thy self, since I chastise thee so heartily, that "I love thee no less. Were it not that it is more "pardonable in me to be tender of my duty, than "inclin'd to compassion, I should not leave a "Gentlewoman so well descended, and so virtu-"ous, stark naked ti'd to a Tree at the mercy of "the first that passes by. Thy illustrious birth, "which thou not long since gavest me an account

"of,

"of, deserves another destiny; but be ingenuous, "and acknowledge thou wouldst do no less thy "self, if thou wert in my place. What will prove "thy greatest misfortune, is, that, having been so "common as thou hast, it will not be long ere "thou art known, and then it is to be fear'd, that "out of a Maxim of Policy, to the perpetual "terrour of publick sinners, order will be given "for the burning of this mischievous Tree, "whereto thou art as it were incorporated, to-"gether with the wicked fruit that grows on it: "but in recompence, if thou hast onely a fear of "all the evils thou bringest on thy self, thou wilt "one day make very pleasant relations of thy ad-"ventures, and have this to adde, that, by the "patient suffering of one hard night, thou shalt "have acquir'd an excellency, which will be much "talk'd of amongst the many other thou art Mi-"stress of already; and that is, my dear *quon-"dam*-acquaintance, the knack of being able to "sleep standing.

"But the charitable *Mendez* might justly quar-"rel at my incivility, if I should continue my "discourse any longer to thee, without so much "as turning my face towards her, who was so free "of her advice and assistance in my sickness: and "I should be much wanting as to the duty I owe "my Neighbour, if I should not out of a like mo-"tive of charity give her some advice suitable to "the present posture of her affairs. They are in-"deed, *added he, turning towards Mendez*, in a "much worse condition than you haply imagine; "recommend your self therefore earnestly to the "goodness of God, though it be the first time

"you

"you ever did it: let your many wrinkles be as "many remembrancers of the decays of your Mi-"crocosm, and your inability to overcome this "days persecution; were it the pleasure of "Heaven you might have a Confessor as easily as "it is certain you stand in need of one. Not but "that you may derive much quiet of thought, "and conscience from the exemplary life you "have led; since you have always been so excel-"sively charitable, that, instead of reproving at the "imperfections and miscarriages of others, you "have repair'd those of an infinite number of "young Maids. Besides, shall there be no account "made for the pains you have taken in studying "the most occult Sciences? 'Tis true, the *Inquisi-*"*tion* lov'd you never the better for it, nay, be-"stow'd on you some publick marks of its dis-"affection; but you know, it consists of knowing "men, and that there is ever an envy and emula-"tion between persons of the same profession. "Nay, they do much more, that is, they are far "from any confidence of your salvation; but it "matters not, Custom makes all things tolerable, "even in Hell it self, where it cannot be but that "you must expect much kindness from the Inha-"bitants of the place, as having held a great corre-"spondence with them during your living here. I "have but a word more to tell you, which is, that "I might have chastis'd you much after another "manner; but it came into my thoughts, that it is "ordinary with old people to become children "again, that you are old enough to be return'd to "your first state of innocence, and consequently "that a Rod was a more proper instrument to pu-

"nish

"nish you for the raskally childish trick you put
"upon me, than any other: and so I take my leave,
"recommending the care of your persons to your
"own dear selves.

Having thus had the satisfaction to return their abuses, he went his ways, and left them rather dead than living, not so much through the grievousness of the chastisement they had received, as that he had carried with him all they had, and left them alone, bound to their good behaviour in a place, where, for ought they knew, they might become food for the Wolves.

They were very mournfully looking one upon the other, without saying any thing, when there passes by between them a Hare, which had not gone far ere they perceiv'd a Dog in pursuit of her, and at some distance after the Dog, a Gentleman on Horse-back, and that no other than Don *Sancho* of *Villefagnan*, who was come to *Burgos*, to see his Brother, whom he heard to have lien sick, and with whom he then sojourn'd at a Country house he had not far off thence, whither he was come to take the air. He thought it a strange spectacle to see two Women bound in that manner to Trees, and was much surpriz'd when he finds in the countenance of one of them, that of the beautiful Stranger he had seen at *Tolede*, whom he had made so much enquiry after at *Madrid*, and who was perpetually present to his imagination. But whereas he had, upon the first sight of her, conceiv'd a strong impression that she was a Woman of quality and married, he continu'd for a while in some doubt whether it were she, as finding it a hard matter to be convinc'd, that she durst

durſt preſume to come ſo far in ſo poor an equipage, as he might perceive by her cloaths: but the countenance of *Helenilla*, which, though caſt down and betraying a certain fright, had loſt nothing of its beauty, ſatisfi'd him at length that he had found what had coſt him ſo many deſires and diſturbances. He lifted himſelf up upon the ſtirrups, and look'd all about him to ſee if he were all alone, and he was ſimple enough to fear it was ſome diabolical illuſion (God ſo permitting it) ſent to puniſh him for his debauches and ſenſuality. *Helenilla* for her part had a reflection that was not much better, and was no leſs in fear, that Heaven had made choice of that day, to bring about her all thoſe who had any thing to call her to an account for. *Don Sancho* beheld *Helenilla* with much aſtoniſhment; ſhe him with much diſtraction, each of them expecting the other ſhould firſt ſpeak; and *Don Sancho* was at laſt going to fall into ſome diſcourſe with her, when he perceives one of the Pages coming in full ſpeed towards him, whereupon advancing to know what the matter was, the other told him, that the young Gentlemen, his Couſins, were together by the ears ready to kill one another. He made all the haſte he could, follow'd by the Page, to the place where he had left his company, and finds four or five of them in the heat of their drink railing one at another with their ſwords drawn, and, at ſome diſtance, employing their drunken valour in cuts and ſlaſhes, which coſt ſome of the adjacent Trees the loſs of many a fair and hopeful branch.

Don Sancho, enrag'd at his being depriv'd the pleaſant

pleasant vision he had lost, upon so frivolous an occasion, did what he could to appease those inconcileable, yet not very dreadful, enemies: but his arguments, his intreaties, and his menaces, no prevail'd but little with them, if the weariness they were in, and the wine which disturb'd their brains had not laid them so often on the ground as at last to fasten them to it, and set them a snoring as peaceably as they had at first with so much violence fallen out.

Leaving them so quieted of themselves, *Don Sancho* took his way back again towards the happy Tree, unto which he had left the Idol of his heart in a manner metamorphos'd; but his astonishment not to find there what he sought for, was greater than it had been upon the sight of her before. He rode about it several times to see if with earnest looking he might find what was not there: and not satisfi'd with that, look'd all about him, yet could discover nothing but a sad Wilderness: he rode up and down to all the places thereabout, and returns again to the Tree, which, dull Plant as it was, never stirr'd for all the trouble he put himself to.

Don Sancho, as I told you, had such a devotion for the female sex, that he could love any Woman at the first sight: but to compass his desires, if money would not do, he would spare no courtship, no addresses, no submissions, no services, no importunity to do it. This you'l say was the onely way to make a man a Poet, if he were capable of it. *Don Sancho* indeed could do pretty well as it is, for was very happy in the humouring of any accident good or bad: and whereas the odness of the sub-

ject

just given a Poet heighthens his fancy, if he have it any thing strong, he thought the adventure had happen'd to him so strange, that it would have been insensibility in him, great as that of the Tree it self, not to say something to it. Having therefore alighted, he discover'd his Poetry to it in these words, if it be true at least, that he was as great a Fool as I am told he was. "O most happy, and "most to be envi'd Tree! since thou hast been fe-"licis'd with the embraces of her whom I love, "though I have no great knowledge of her, and "whom I would not know but to love her, may "thy leaves be mingled among the Stars, may the "sacrilegious Ax never offer the least violence to "thy sacred and tender bark; may the Thunder "bear a respect to thy boughes, and the worms of "the earth to thy roots; may the harsh Winter "spare thee, the Spring enrich thee, may the lof-"tiest Pines envy thee; and, to conclude, may "Heaven protect thee.

While the vertuous Gentleman was exhausting himself in fruitless regrets, or, if you will, in bemoaning Poetical ejaculations, which are of greater importance than any other, and which is too violent an exercise for a man to make use of every day; his servants, who knew not what was become of him, after a good while's search, found him, and came about him. He return'd to his Brother's very melancholly, and, if I am not mistaken in what I have been told, he went to bed supper-less.

But it is not easily credible, how many irons one that tells a story, or writes a Novel, may have in the fire at once. He that tells the story, in being sup-

pos'd

pos'd he speaks to more than one, is troubled many times to ghess at what circumstances of it the greatest part of his Auditory sticks, and is impatient to have it prosecuted: the other, though it may happen he hath to do but with one at a time (for now the world grows more and more learned, people think it more edifying to read things of that nature themselves) is subject to the same inconveniences, not knowing where the Reader would have the design prosecuted, where interrupted by some unthought-of accident. This brought into my thoughts, that the Reader I have now to do with, may think I leave him too long in suspence, as being haply impatient to know, by what enchantment *Helenilla* and *Mendez* had been snatch'd away from the sight of the amorous *DON SANCHO*. Let him have but ever so little patience; I am just going to tell him.

Montufar upon his departure from them was much pleas'd in himself at the piece of justice he had done; but as soon as the fury of his revenge began to admit remission, his Love was proportionably re-inflam'd, and represented *Helenilla* to his imagination more beautiful than ever he had seen her. He concluded from her great patience in receiving so cruel a chastisement (when she saw there was no remedy but to endure it) that she must needs be of an excellent and tractable disposition, and much inclin'd to forget and forgive injuries. He consider'd with himself, that what he had taken away from them would be soon spent, and that her Beauty was a setled and constant revenue to him, while he continu'd in her

favour

favour, the want of whose company he already thought insupportable. Upon these considerations, he made all the haste he could back, and the same barbarous hands which had with so little remorse fasten'd to the Trees the two Fugitives, and had afterwards so unmercifully swept their back-sides with good green Brooms, knock'd off their Chains, I would say, cut asunder, or unty'd their Cords, and set them at liberty, while *Don Sancho* was Christianly employ'd in reconciling those of his Drunken company who were fallen out.

Montufar, *Helenida*, and *Mendez*, became good Friends again as they went along, and having reciprocally promis'd to forget all dissatisfactions and differences, embrac'd one another with as much tenderness for their reconciliation, as regret for what was past; doing just as the Great ones do, who neither love nor hate any thing, and who accommodate those two contrary passions to their advantages, and the present state of their affairs. They held a Council concerning the way they should take. Their Politicks advis'd them to forbear going to *Burgos*, where they might be in danger to meet with the Gentleman of *Toledo*. They therefore made choice of *Sevil* for their retreat, and it seem'd to them that fortune seconded their design; since that, as they came into *Madrid*-Road, they met with a Mule-driver, who had three return'd Mules he could dispose of, and which he was glad to let them have to carry them to *Sevil*, upon the first proposition made by *Montufar* to that purpose. He treated the Ladies upon

the way very civilly, to make them forget the ill treatment they had receiv'd from him. They at first were somewhat distrustful of his insinuations, and resolv'd to be reveng'd on him upon the first opportunity; but at last, more out of policy than any consideration of virtue, they became greater friends than ever. They bethought themselves, that Discord had ruin'd the greatest Empires, and were convinc'd, that, in all appearance, they were born one for another. They play'd not any trick of their Profession in their journey to *Sevil*; for having their thoughts sufficiently taken up with their removal out of a Country where enquiry might be made after them, they were afraid to run themselves into new inconveniences which might hinder their going to *Sevil*, where they had great designs to carry on.

They alighted a League short of the City, and having satisfi'd the Mule-driver, made their entrance into it at the close of the Evening, and took up their Lodging in the first Inn they came to. *Montufar* took a House, furnish'd it, but meanly enough, and put himself into a black Suit, a Cassock, and a long Cloak. *Helenilla* put her self into the habit of a Religious woman, having her hair so closely imprison'd, as there was not ought to be seen; and *Mendez*, clad like a devout Matron, got her a pair of Beads, of such bigness as might well serve as Case-shot for a small piece of Ordnance. For some days immediately after their arrival, *Montufar* walk'd up and down the Streets, habited, as I have describ'd him, with his Arms a-cross, and casting down his Eyes when

ever he met with any of the female Sex. He cry'd out ever and anon, with a voice that would break the very stones, *Blessed be the most blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and the ever-happy Conception of the immaculate Virgin*, with several other exclamations of the same kind. He caus'd the same things to be repeated by the Children he met with in the Streets, and got them together many times to make them sing Hymns and godly Songs, and to teach them their Catechism. He often visited the Prisons, preach'd to the Prisoners, comforted some, ministred to others, bringing them Victuals, and many times carrying from the Market a heavy Basket fill'd with such things as he had either begg'd or provided for them. O detestable Rogue! it seems there wanted onely thy turning Hypocrite, to make thee the most accomplish'd Villain the Earth ever groan'd under!

These virtuous actions, done by the greatest enemy to Virtue of all mankind, in a short time rais'd him into the reputation of a Saint. *Helenilla* and *Mendez*, for their parts, did such things as made people begin to talk of their Canonization. One pretended to be Mother, the other, Sister of the blessed Brother *Martin*. They went every day to the Hospitals; waited on the sick, made their beds, wash'd their Linnen, and, if they wanted, accommodated them at their own charge.

Thus were the three most vicious Persons in all *Spain* become the admiration of *Sevil*. Much about this time there happen'd to come thither a Gentleman of *Madrid*, about some occasions of his own. He had been one of the acquaintances of

Helenilla; for such Women as turn common, supply many in their time: he knew *Mendez* to be no better than she should be, and had so much experience of *Montufar*, as to take him for no other than a dangerous cheat and a Pandar. One day, as they were coming all three together from Church, follow'd by a great number of persons, who kiss'd their Vestments, and intreated them to be mindful of them in their Prayers, they were discover'd by the Gentleman I spoke of; who, upon sight of them being enflam'd with a Christian zeal, and not able to endure that three persons so transcendently wicked should abuse the credulity of a whole City, broke through the multitude, and coming up to *Montufar* gave him a hearty blow over the face. Abhominable cheats! cries he to them! Do you neither fear God nor Man? He would have said something else: but his good intention met not with the success it deserv'd, it being not onely imprudent, but dangerous, to be over-precipitate in the discovery of any thing. All the people fell upon him, looking on him as one that had committed Sacriledge in his incivility towards their Saint. He was soon lay'd on the ground, loaden with blows and kicks, and no doubt had lost his Life among them, if *Montufar*, through a miraculous readiness of wit, had not taken him into his protection, covering him with his body, thrusting away the most earnest to beat him, nay, exposing himself to their fury and blows. "My dearest Brethren, *Crys he as loud as he could*, let him alone "for the holy Jesus sake; for the B. Virgin's sake, "be not so violent.

These

These few words lay'd that great Tempest; and the people, as easily quieted as they had been stirr'd up, made way for *S. Martin*, who came up to the unfortunate Gentleman, glad in his Soul to see him so treated, but discovering in his countenance a great trouble thereat. He rais'd him up from the ground where he tumbled over and over, embrac'd him, and kiss'd him, though all blood and dirt, and reproved the people very sharply for their rudeness. "I am indeed, the wicked wretch, *said he* "*to those who had any desire to hear him*, I am the "Sinner, I am he that never did any thing pleasing "in the sight of God. Do you imagine, *continued* "*he*, because you see me now clad like an honest "Man, that I have not been all my Life a Thief? "a scandal to others, and my own ruine? Let "me be the object of your Injuries; 'tis at me you "ought to cast Dirt and Stones, it is my Blood "your Swords thirst after.

Having said these words with a personated mildness, and thereby absolutely quieted the people, he went, with a zeal yet more counterfeit, and cast himself at the feet of his Enemy, and kissing them, he not onely ask'd him pardon, but got him again his Sword, Cloak, and Hat, which had been lost in the Tumult. He put them about him, and having led him by the hand to the end of the Street parted from him, after he had bestow'd on him many embraces, and as many benedictions.

The poor Man was all this while as if he had been inchanted, so astonished was he at what he had seen, and what had been done to him, and conceiv'd so much shame at the sadness of the adventure,

that he was never ſeen in the Streets afterwards, though his buſineſs detain'd him in the City ſome time longer.

In the mean time, *Montufar*, by this act of counterfeit humility had gain'd the hearts of the whole City. The people look'd on him with admiration, many came the oftner to Church purpoſely to ſee him, and the Children cry'd after him *a Saint, a Saint*, as they would *a Fox, a Fox*, had they met his Enemy in the Streets. From this time he began to live the happieſt Life of any Man alive. The great Lord, the Gentleman, the Magiſtrate, the Prelate courted him every day to their Tables, and, happy thought he himſelf, whom he honour'd with an acceptance of his entertainment. If any one ask'd his Name, he made anſwer, that he was the Animal, the Beaſt, fit onely to carry Burthens, the Common-ſhore of filthineſs, the Veſſel of iniquity, and ſuch other attributes as his ſtudied Devotion furniſh'd him withall. He ſpent the day in ſome publick places with the Ladies of the City, importuning them with perpetual complaints of his own luke-warmneſs: telling them that he was not ſufficiently annihilated in Spirit, that he was guilty of too much Self-centreity, and wanted thoſe recollections which ſhould confine his thoughts to celeſtial contemplations, and divert them from being diſorder'd by the vanities of this World; in a word, never entertaining them with any thing but what was wrapt up in this fuſtian Language: So great a Proficient had a ſhort time made him in Sycophancy and Hypocriſie!

Of

Of the great Alms daily bestow'd in *Sivil*, there past most through his hands, or through those of *Helenilla* and *Mendez*; who, as to what might be expected from them, acted their parts to the heighth, and whose names made no less haste to get into the Calender, than did that of *Monsieur*. A certain Widow, a Lady of quality, and inexpressibly beforted with Devotion, sent them every day two dishes of Meat for their Dinner, and as many for their Supper, and those such as had been ordered by one of the best Cooks about the City. At last, the House they liv'd in grew too little for the great number of presents that were brought in from all parts, and to entertain the Ladies that came to visit them. If a Woman was desirous to be with Child, her onely way was to put her Petition into their hands, that they might present it at the Tribunal of God, and bring her a speedy and satisfactory answer of it. She that had a Son in the *Indies*, took the same course; and so did she also who had a Brother, Friend, or Cousin, in Slavery at *Algiers*. And the poor Widow, who had a cause depending before an ignorant Judge, against a powerful Adversary, doubted not of its going with her, since she had made them a present according to her ability. Some presented them with Sweet-meats, others with Pictures and Ornaments for their Oratory. Sometimes there were sent them in, all sorts of clean Linnen and Cloaths for poor people that were asham'd of their necessities, and often, considerable summs of Money, to be distributed as they should think fitting. No body came empty-han-

ded to them, nor did any body doubt of their future Canonization. Nay it grew to that height, that some desir'd their advice in things doubtful, and to come. *Helenilla*, who had a Diabolical wit, manag'd the business of Answers; and the cunning Gipsie would be sure to deliver her Oracles, in few words, and in tearms ambiguous and capable of several interpretations. Their Beds, simple in appearance, were all the day cover'd with Mats, but at night with good Down-beds and Quilts, and good Coverlets; the House being full of all manner of Houshold-stuff, sent in by some of other, for a charitable supply of some Widow, whose Goods had been taken in Execution, or to furnish the House of a young Maid married without any Portion. Their doors, in Winter, were shut up at five of the clock, in Summer, at seven, as punctually as if their House had been a well regulated Convent; and then the Spits went, the House was perfum'd, the Fowls went to the fire, the Tables were nearly cover'd, and the Hypocritical Triumvirate, fed without any remorse, and valiantly drank to their own good Healths, and sometimes remembred theirs whom they made such Fools. *Montufar* and *Helenilla* lay together, for fear of the Spirits; and their Man and their Maid, who were of the same Constitution, imitated them in their manner of passing away the night. But for the Matron *Mendez*, she always lay alone, and was more contemplative than active, ever since she had given her mind to the black Art.

Thus did they spend their time, when the be-

sotted

forted Inhabitants of *Sevil* thought they were at their mental prayers, or disciplining themselves. It is not to be ask'd, whether they were in good ease, as to the body, living at this rate. Every one bless'd God for it, and it was in a manner the general wonder, that a sort of people who exercis'd so great austerities, were of a better complexion, than those who liv'd in the heighth of luxury and abundance. During the space of three years that they led all the people of *Sevil* by the noses, receiving presents from all parts, and converting most of the alms that past through their hands to their own use, what a number of good yellow pieces they got together, will not easily be credited. What ever happen'd successfully, was attributed to the effect of their prayers. They stood for all the Children that were christned, they were the makers up of all Matches, and the adbitrators of all differences. At last, God grew weary of suffering their wicked kind of living. *Montafar*, who was much inclin'd to choler, us'd often to beat his man; he, on the other side, being high fed, and living at ease, receiv'd his chastisement with a great deal of indignation, and would many times have left his service upon it, if *Helenilla*, much more politick in that than her Gallant, had not ever and anon appeas'd him with kindnesses and presents. He one day corrected him a little too severely for a trivial fault. The young fellow got out of doors, and, blinded by his passion, went and gave notice to the Magistrates of *Sevil* of the hypocrisie of these three blessed persons. Some evil spirit suggested it into *Helenilla*, that the

fellow

fellow would do the mischief she fear'd. She advis'd *Montufar* to take all the Gold, whereof they had a considerable quantity, and to avoid the tempest she was afraid would fall upon them. No sooner said than done. They took about them what they had of greatest value, and putting a good face on't in the streets, went out at one of the City gates, and came in again at another, to blind those that might follow them.

Montufar had insinuated himself into the favour of a certain Widow, as lewd, and as very a hypocrite, as himself; He had made *Helenilla* acquainted with all that pass'd between them, who took not any thing amiss, no more than *Montufar* would have done at her familiarity with a Gallant that had been profitable to the Community. To her house they made their retreat, and there they were secretly kept, and entertain'd to their own wishes; the Widow having an affection for *Montufar*, for his own sake, and for *Helenilla* upon *Montufar's* account.

In the mean time, the Magistrate, conducted by *Montufar's* revengeful servant, was gotten into the house of our Hypocrites, and made search for the blessed Children and their glorious Mother, and neither meeting with them nor any tidings of them, the servant-maid not knowing where they were nor whither they were gone, had caus'd all the trunks to be sealed up, and an Inventory to be taken of all that was in the house. The officers found in the Kitchin what to entertain themselves withal for above one day, and left not in danger to be lost any thing they could handsomely make

their

their own. While things were in this posture comes the old *Mendez* into the house, having not the least imagination of what they were doing there. The Officers laid hold on her, and hurried her to prison with a great concourse of people at her heels. The man and the maid were sent thither also to keep her company, and having spoke somewhat too much as well as she, were condemn'd, as she was, to the embraces of the Whipping-post, and there to receive two hundred lashes. *Mendez* dies of it within three days after, as being too old to overcome so rigorous a chastisement, and the man and the maid were banish'd *Sevil* for their lives; so that the prudent *Helenilla*, by her foresight, kept her dear *Montufar* and her self out of the hands of the Magistrate, who sought after them, but in vain, both within and without the City. The people were asham'd they had been so abus'd; and the Ballad-singers, who were grown hoarse in celebrating their commendations at all corners of the streets, set their muddy Poets at work to write as much in dispraise of the counterfeit Saints. These Insects of *Parnassus*, exhausted, upon this occasion, their satyrical vein; and the songs they made, to cry down those whom not long before the people had made their Idols, are to this day sung up and down at *Sevil*.

Montufar and *Helenilla* reflecting on the sad Tragedy of *Mendez*, thought it their best course to take a counter-march to *Madrid*, which they did as soon as they durst venture with safety, bringing thither with them much wealth, and being also

also married together. They immediately made enquiry after what news there might be of the *Sancho de Villefagnan*, and having understood that he was not at *Madrid*, they appear'd publickly; he, as well cloath'd as as any Gentleman about the Court, and she, after the rate of a Lady of quality, and beautiful as an Angel. Before the treaty of marriage was concluded between them, there were certain Articles drawn up, with a mutual promise for the punctual observance thereof; among others, these; That *Momus*, as a husband of much discretion and great patience, should not be any way troubled at such visits as upon the account of her beauty should be made to her; she on the other side being oblig'd not to entertain any but what were beneficial.

They had not been there long, ere those Women, who between the sexes of Mankind are much of the same predicament with Horse-coursers in matter of Horses, such as may otherwise be called the Publick Intelligencers in the affairs of Pleasure; otherwise, Haglers, and Caterers in human flesh; in the vulgar language, Bauds; or, to speak more honourably of them, Women of Designs, began to beat the market about *Helenilla*. They made her appear one day at a Play, another in the Park, and sometimes in the great Street of *Madrid*, seated in the boot of a Coach, whence, looking on some, smiling on others, taking notice of all, she could on a sudden muster such a number of transported Lovers as might pass for a considerable Regiment. Her dear husband very punctually observ'd

observ'd the articles agreed on at the Contract; such as were bashful in their addresses he, by his insinuating behaviour, incourag'd into greater confidence, and did in a manner lead them by the hand to his wife, being so full of compliance and so ready to further their enjoyment, as never to want some urgent occasions, purposely to afford them the freedom of her company alone. He made acquaintances with none but such as had money enough, and car'd as little how they spent it, and never came into his own house ere he had been assur'd by a signal that appear'd in the window, when the Mistress of the house was busie, that he might come in without hindring any sport; and, if the signal were such as forbad him entrance, he went his way as well satisfi'd as a person whose business is done in his absence, and pass'd away an hour or two in some Gaming-house, where all were glad to entertain him for his wife's sake.

Among those whom *Helenilla* had made her tributary vassals, there was a certain Gentleman of *Granada*, who surpass'd all his competitors both in the excess of his love and his expence. He was descended out of so noble a House, that the titles of his Nobility might be found among the Antiquities of the capital City of *Judea*, and those who had a particular knowledge of his race, affirm'd, that his Ancestors had kept the Books for arraignment of Malefactors at *Hierusalem* before and after the time of *Caiaphas*. The love he had to *Helenilla* made him in a short time release a great number of good Pieces which he had imprison'd

prison'd haply one by one. By this means came *Helenilla*'s house to be one of the best furnish'd about *Madrid*. A Coach, whereof she knew neither the price, nor was at the charge of maintaining the Horses that drew it, waited every morning at the door, to receive her commands, and roll'd up and down till night, as she was pleas'd to order it. This prodigal Lover took a box for her at the Play-house by the year, and there hardly pass'd a day but he entertain'd, with some magnificent Collation, her and some others of the sex, in the houses of recreation that are about the City. These entertainments were a certain Paradise to *Montufar*, who accordingly satiated his natural gluttony thereat; and being cloath'd like a Prince, and as full of cash as if he had been a Treasurer, he fed every day like a *French-man*, and drank like a *German*. He had very great compliances for the liberal *Granadine*, and was not sparing of his acknowledgments to Fortune her self.

But the wind turns of a sudden, and brings with it a horrible storm. *Helenilla* entertain'd the visits of a certain young Hector, one of the Danger-fields of the City; who never durst shew their faces in the field; who live at the charge of some wretched Curtezan whom they tyrannize over; who go every day to Plays to make tumults and defeat poor Citizens of hats and cloaks; and who every night beat their innocent swords against the walls, that they may have some colour to swear in the morning, that they had a furious encounter with some enemies. *Montufar* had many

nymes given *Helenilla* notice, that he was not pleas'd with that unprofitable acquaintance of hers. Notwithstanding all his remonstrances, she still kept him company. *Manuſar* was incens'd thereat, insomuch that, to affright her, he gave *Helenilla* the same chastisement, as the deceas'd *Mendez*, and she, had sometimes receiv'd from him in the mountains of *Burgos*. *Helenilla* pretended her self reconcil'd to him upon the first acknowledgments of his passion; but was resolv'd to be reveng'd. To the better to compass her design, she for eight days together treated him with such unusual kindnesses, that *Manuſar* was absolutely satisfi'd: she was one of those Women, who adore their Tyrants, and exercise their cruelty on their adorers. One day, the Gentleman of *Granada* had order'd an excellent Supper to be provided, intending to make the third person at it himself; but some business so fell out, that he could not come. *Manuſar* and *Helenilla* drank hand to hand to the health of their Benefactor. *Manuſar*, according to his ordinary course, made a shift to get drunk; and as they were taking away the cloth would needs taste of a Bottle of perfum'd Hypocras, which the *Granadine* had sent in, as a thing extraordinary. It was never discover'd, whether *Helenilla*, who had open'd it before supper, had put into the bottle a dram of something more than should be: This is certain, that not long after *Manuſar* had taken it off, he felt a strange heat in his intrails, and, presently after, insupportable pains and gripings. He had some suspition of his being poison'd, and ran to

get

get his sword, which *Helenilla* perceiving, got in that interval out of the room to avoid his fury. *Montufar* went to her chamber whither he thought she had been gone to hide her self, and searching after her, in the heighth of his fury, he discovers, as he took up a piece of Tapistry, *Helenilla*'s young Gallant, who immediately run him with his sword through the body. *Montufar*, though half-dead, made a shift to get him by the throat. Upon the shrieks of the servants, who made a hellish noise, the Magistrate comes into the house, just as the Murcherer was in hopes to make his escape, having put *Montufar* out of all pain with a sharp dagger he had.

In the mean time *Helenilla*, who was got into the street, and knew not whether she went, enters the first door she met with open. She perceiv'd a light in a low room, and a Gentleman walking up and down in it. She went and cast her self at his feet imploring his assistance and protection, and was much astonish'd to find him to be *Don Sancho*, of *Villafagnan*, who was no less surpriz'd to meet with in her, the Idol of his heart, which now appear'd to him the fourth time. *Don Sancho* had, some time before, had some differences with his wife, and those were come to such heighth, as that they were thereupon absolutely parted, she finding it impossible to live with him, by reason of his ill treatments of her, and his debauches. He had procur'd from the Court a Commission to plant a new Colony in the *Indies*, and was within a short time to take shipping at *Sevil*. While *Helenilla* entertains him with a thousand

said forg'd stories, and that he is over-joy'd to find her willing to accompany him in his voyage; the Magistrate condemns the young Gallant to be hang'd for the murthering of *Montufar*, makes a search after *Helenilla* all over *Madrid*, and seiz'd on all that was in the house. *Don Sancho* and *Helenilla* had a prosperous voiage to the *Indies*, where there have happen'd to them stranger adventures than any have been related yet. Some particulars have been brought over, but more are still expected. Those that are lately come out of those parts give an account of *Helenilla* as being yet alive, in great prosperity, and Governess of a vast Country; She and *Don Sancho* living as happily and as lovingly as any couple in the world. She engag'd him to marry her ere he could have his desires of her; which when he made some difficulty to do, she satisfi'd him with this, that, in several worlds, it was lawful for a man to have several wives. There are several Booksellers, who with the last Ship that went into those parts, sent over a young man to get the Copy of her and her *Indian* husband's adventure, before it comes to my perusal; but though they do, I do hereby let them know, they must have my hand in it before it be printed, because I have all the stories wherewith she entertain'd *Don Sancho* at her so sudden meeting with him at *Madrid* ready for the Press, which, considering the surprize and confusion she must needs be in at so fatal an accident, and the presence of spirit she had to invent them, will accordingly be thought the greatest miracle of female invention that ever was. I intend to put out all

together, (not including what is already published) under the Title of *THE COMPLEAT CURTEZAN*, or *THE MODERN LAIS*. In the mean time, forbidding all manner of persons to trouble either Book-sellers or Friends to send them Books under such names, till they find these Titles at the beginning of the Book which they now meet with at the end, or hear further from their humble Servant.

THE

THE INNOCENT ADULTERY.

The Third Novel.

THE Court of *Spain* was at *Vailladolid*, and consequently the inconveniencies of those that were oblig'd to attend it, were the greater, (it being a place as famous for the distiness of it as *Paris*, if we may believe an eminent Spanish Poet, who hath given us that account thereof) when in one of the coldest Nights of a Winter that had been more sharp than ordi-

nary, and about the hour that moſt of the Monaſteries toll their Bell to Matins, a young Gentleman, named *Don Garcia*, ſlipt out of the Houſe where he had ſpent the day in ſome Converſation or haply at Gaming, which, however he may be inſenſible of the other loſſes conſequent thereto, makes us little mind that of our Time, though haply the greateſt. Though the night were dark, yet had he not any light with him; whether his Lacquey had through ſleepineſs loſt his Link, or that his Maſter car'd not much whether he had any; and was juſt paſſing into the ſtreet where his lodging was, when, at a door, opened of a ſudden, a certain perſon was thruſt out with ſuch rudeneſs and violence, that the party fell at his feet, on the other ſide of the way, as he walk'd along.

He was much ſtartled at the ſtrangeneſs of the adventure; much more, when going to give his hand to the perſon he thought ſo unworthily treated, he perceiv'd, he was ſtrip't to the Shirt, and heard him ſighing and bemoaning himſelf, without endeavouring in the leaſt to get up. Thence he inferr'd, he had hurt himſelf in his fall, and thereupon, having, with the help of his Lacquey which was come up to him, ſet him on his feet, he ask'd him, Wherein he might do him any ſervice. "You may ſave my Life, and ſecure my Honour, "*replies the unknown Perſon, with a Voice inter-*"*rupted with ſighs, and which convinc'd him of* "*the miſtake he had been in all the while, and that* "*it was a Woman he had found ſo barbarouſly* "*forc'd out of doors at ſo unſeaſonable a time.* I "beſeech you, *added ſhe*, by the ſame generoſity

"which

"which makes you so ready to assist me in my "misfortune, to dispose of me into some place, "where I may remain conceal'd, provided none "know of it but your self, and such as you shall "be confident of their fidelity."

Don Garcias put his cloak about her, and commanding his Lacquey to hold her by the arm on one side as he did on the other, he soon brought her to his Lodging, where all were in their Beds, but one Maid, who opened the door, cursing and bitterly railing at those who made her sit up so late. The Lacquey, whether upon the directions of his Master, or the pleasure those of his quality take in the doing of mischief, made her no other answer than that of blowing out her candle, and while she was gone to light it again, calling him a hundred Rogues and Skip-kennels, *Don Garcias*, conducted, or indeed rather carried to his Chamber, (which was but one pair of Stairs) the distressed Lady, who with much ado kept on her feet.

The Lacquey having brought up a light, *Don Garcias* perceived he had met with a very extraordinary adventure, having brought into his Lodging one of the handsomest Women in all *Spain*, and one who immediately rais'd in him both Love and Compassion. Her hair was black, but without a brightness out-vying that of Jet; her Complexion, a miraculous mixture of Lillies and Roses; her Eyes, to speak modestly of them, so many Suns; her Breast lovely, beyond all comparison; her Arms admirable; her Hands yet much more to be admired; and her Stature such as a Man that were a great Monarch should wish in her whom he

call'd his Queen! But that delicate black Hair was all in disorder; that attractive Complexion was pale and discolour'd; those sparkling Eyes were full of tears; that incomparable Breast all bruised; those Arms and Hands were not in a much better condition; in a word, that lovely Body, of so graceful a proportion, was full of black and bloody places, as if the owner had been beaten with Scirrup-leathers, a Girdle, or something else, no less unfit to be employed on so much tenderness and delicacy. If *Don Garcias* were infinitely pleas'd to look on so beautiful a person, the same beautiful person was no less troubled to see her self reduced to the condition she was in; at the disposal of a Man, she had not the least knowledge of, and one that seem'd not to be five and twenty years of age. He took notice of her disturbance, and did all he could to persuade her, that she should be far from fearing any thing unhandsome from a Gentleman, who would think himself happy to serve her, though with the hazard of his Life.

In the mean time, his Lacquey kindled a little Char-coal fire; for in *Spain* there's but little other Fuel; but for that, all Countries must be content with what provision Nature hath been pleas'd to make them; though she be ever so much a Step-mother, there's no repining at her disposal of things. He also laid clean sheets, or should have done if he had any, on his Master's bed, who, having bidden the Lady good-night, left her in possession of his Chamber, double-locking the door upon her, and went to Bed, I know not upon what presence, to a Gentleman of his acquaintance that had a Cham-

ber

ber in the same House. He slept in all likelihood better in his Friend's, than the Lady he had recommended to his own Bed did in his; he never drew bit, till the cries about the Streets awoke him; she ceas'd not weeping and bewailing her self all night long. *Don Garcias* got up, rubb'd and powder'd, and made himself as spruce and as youthful as he could. Being come to his own Chamber-door, he lay'd his Ear to the Key-hole, and having heard the poor Lady still bemoaning her self, he made no difficulty to go in to her. His presence heightened the violence of her affliction, and not able to look on him with any command of her grief; "You see, *said she to him*, a woman, "who was, no longer since than yesterday, the most "esteem'd of any in *Valladolid*, but at present the "most despicable, and most infamous, and in a "condition now much more likely to raise com-"passion, than she hath sometime been to cause en-"vy. But how great soever the misfortune may be "whereto I am reduc'd, the seasonable kindness "I receiv'd from you, may yet in some measure "remedy it, if after you have afforded me the "Sanctuary of your Chamber till night, you get "me convey'd thence, either in a Sedan or Coach, "to a Convent which I shall name to you. But "may I, *added she*, after all the Obligations you "have cast on me, entreat you to be at the trouble "to go to my House, to enquire what is said and "done there; and, in fine, to inform your self, what "discourse there is about the Court and City, con-"cerning the unhappy Woman, whom you have "so generously taken into your protection.

Don Garcias proffer'd himself to go where ever she pleas'd to desire him, and receiv'd her commands, with that earnestness and alacrity, as a person newly fallen in Love, would do those of the Beauty he was become an adorer of. She gave him such directions, as were necessary; he left her, upon engagement to make a speedy return, and she immediately fell to such lamentations, as if she had but newly begun. It was not an hour ere *Don Garcias* return'd; and upon his coming into the room, perceiving his fair Guest much alarm'd, as if she had had a presentiment of the ill news he brought her; "Madam, *said he to her*, if you are *Eugenia*, "Wife of *Don Sancho*, I have somewhat to tell "you which very much concerns you; *Eugenia* "is not to be heard of, and *Don Sancho* in prison, "charg'd with the death of his Brother *Don* "*Lewis*. *Don Sancho* is innocent, *said she*, but "the unfortunate *Eugenia*, and *Don Lewis* was the "lewdest Man in the world.

Her tears, which thereupon broke their way with too much violence, and her sobbs admitting very little intermission, suffer'd her not to speak any more; and I think *Don Garcias* was not in the mean time a little troubled to compose himself to sadness, and to express how sensible he was of her affliction. At last, as we find that violent things are seldome of long continuance, *Eugenia*'s grief admitted some moderation; she wip'd her eyes and face, and went on with the discourse, which, as I said, her tears and sighs had interrupted. "It amounts not to much, *said she to him*, "that you know the name and quality of the unfortunate

"fortunate Woman, you have in so short a time so "highly oblig'd; you may well expect she should "acquaint you with the particulars of her Life, "and by that confidence repos'd in you, make some "kind of acknowledgement of the extraordinary "obligation you have laid on her? I am come out "of one of the best houses in *Valladolid*. I was born "to a great fortune, and Nature hath been so in-"dulgent to me, as to master of Beauty, that, had "I been proud of it, I needed not to have fear'd "the checks and censures of any. The accom-"plishments of my person brought me more Gal-"lants than the greatness of my Estate; and the "reputation of both together rais'd me Adorers in "the most remote Cities of *Spain*. Among those "who propos'd to themselves the felicity of my "enjoyments, *Don Sanchos* and *Don Lewis*, two "Brothers, equal both as to the goods of Fortune "and Nature, were the most remarkable, as well for "the violence of their passion, as the emulation "they expres'd who should do me the most, and "most considerable services. My Friends counte-"nanc'd the pretensions of *Don Sanchos*, who was "the elder of the two, and my Inclinations were "consonant to their choice, and dispos'd me to a "man turn'd of forty years of age, who, by the "mildness and compliance of his disposition, and "the extraordinary care he took to please me, got "a greater Interest in my soul, than would haply "have done a person whose age had been more suit-"able to mine. The two Brothers, though they "had been Rivals, had nevertheless liv'd so friend-"ly together as never to have any difference; and

"*Don*

" *Don Sancho*, upon his gaining of me, lost my
" the friendship of his Brother *Don Lewis*. Their
" Houses joyn'd together, or rather were but one
" House, since the common Wall that separated
" them, had a Door in it, which, by joynt consent
" was not lock'd of either side. *Don Lewis* was
" not slack, even before his Brother, to make the
" same addresses to me, as he was us'd to do while
" he was his Rival; and *Don Sancho*, whose affe-
" ction was heightened by his enjoyment, and who
" lov'd me beyond his own Life, look'd on his
" Courtships as the expressions of an innocent
" gayness and civility. He call'd me himself his
" Brother's Mistress, who for his part palliated a
" real love with so much elusion and artifice, that
" I was not the onely person deceived in it. In fine,
" having a while accustom'd himself to entertain
" me publickly with his passion, not minding who
" were present, he came at last to make some dis-
" coveries of it to me in private, with so much im-
" portunity, and so little respect, that I was no
" longer to doubt of his unworthy designs upon
" me. Though I was but very young, yet had
" I prudence enough to put him off with such Re-
" torts, as whence he might have taken occasion
" to let all things pass as if he still onely personated
" the passionate Lover. I took in jest whatever he
" said to me seriously, and though to my remem-
" brance I never was more angry than at that time,
" yet I never did my self greater violence, to
" forbear doing any thing inconsistent with the
" ordinary indifferency of my humour. This he
" was so far from making his advantage of, that

" it

"it incent'd him; and giving me a frightful look, "wherein his wicked intentions were but too visi-"ble; No, no, Madam, *said he to me*, Yam not "so much a counterfeit since I lost you, as I was "while I had yet hopes to gain you: and though "your rigour be great enough soon to free you "from a Love and Addresses which you think "troublesome, you have so accustomed me to suf-"fer, that it will be much better done of you to "—— Forbear ever being alone with you, *said I*, "*interrupting him*. Upon which one of my "Women, coming into my chamber, prevented "him, from making further discoveries of his in-"solence, and me, from expressing my resentment "thereof, as highly as the occasion requir'd, and I "found my self inclin'd to do. I was very glad "since, I had not done it, upon this account of my "Husband, and was in hope that wicked Brother "would have afforded me less of his love and "more of his esteem; but he still continued both "his prevarications before people, and his impor-"tunities in private. To elude his Transportations "and serious Addresses, I put on the greatest se-"verity I could, so far as to threaten to give his "Brother notice of his behaviour towards me. I "made use of all the ways I could think on, to "make him sensible of his miscarriage. I entreat-"ed, I wept, I promis'd to love him as a Brother; "but he would needs have that place in my affe-"ction which Lovers onely pretend to. In fine, "sometimes born with, sometimes sharply treated, "and still no less amorous than abhorr'd, he would "have made me the most unfortunate Woman in

"*Spain*,

"*Spain*, if my conscience, which could not upbraid me with any thing, had not establish'd and preserv'd the tranquility of my mind. But at last my vertue, which had stood out the assaults of so dangerous an enemy, forsook me; and I became a prey to one I little thought of, because I forsook it. The Court came to *Vailladolid*, and brought with it that gallantry which makes Ladies that are unaccustom'd to it, entertain other thoughts than they had before. There is somewhat more than ordinary pleasing in all new things; our Ladies thought they saw something in the Courtiers which they observ'd not in those who amongst us went for the greatest Gallants; and the Courtiers on the other side endeavour'd to please our Ladies, and to insinuate into their favour, though they thought them little better than certain Conquests. Among the Gallants that follow'd the Court, in hopes of some preferment in time for their attendance, a *Portuguese*, named *Andrado*, was much taken notice of, for the sharpness of his wit, the gracefulness of his person and countenance, and more particularly for the greatness of his expences, a charm that hath a strange power upon unexperienc'd Ladies, who measure the excellency of the soul, by the magnificence of a man's retinue and his cloaths. Wealth he had not much, but Gaming brought that, which was haply superfluous with others, to further his Accommodations; and the advantages he made of it were so considerable, that he liv'd at as high a rate as the richest and most sumptuous about the Court. I was so unhappy

"as

"as to be thought worth his liking, and when, "through my own vanity and his courtship, I was "perſuaded that he was taken with ſomething in "me, I thought my ſelf the happieſt woman of my "quality in the world. I ſhould find it no ſmall "difficulty to expreſs what artifices he had to "force himſelf into a woman's affections, and an-"ſwerably thereto what an exceſſive love I had "for him. That Husband, whom not long before I "thought ſo kind, ſo dear, and ſo worthy my re-"ſpects, was grown, in my apprehenſion, as deſpi-"cable, as odious. For *Don-Lewis* I had a greater "averſion than ever; nothing pleas'd me but *An-"drado*; I could love no man but him, and where-"ever I came and had not the ſight of him, I aſto-"niſh'd all people with my diſtractions and diſ-"quiets. Nor was *Andrado*'s affection to me leſs "violent. His predominant paſſion of Gaming "gave way to that of his Love; his preſents gain'd "my Women, his Letters and Sonnets took me "infinitely, and the Muſick he was ſomewhat "over-prodigal of, gave all the Husbands that "liv'd in my ſtreet occaſion to be thinking. In fine, "he charg'd me ſo home, or I made ſuch weak re-"ſiſtance, that I was wholly at his devotion. I pro-"miſ'd him all he could deſire, inſomuch that "all the trouble we were at, was about the place "and the time. My Husband was to make one at a "Hunting-match, which was to have kept him in "the Country for ſeveral days together. I ſent "notice of it to my dear *Portuguez*, and we ap-"pointed the execution of our amorous deſigns to "be the very night after my Husband's going out

"of

"of Town. I was, at a certain hour agreed on be-
"tween us, to leave the back-door of our Garden
"open; and, under pretence of passing away the
"part of the night there, by reason of the extraor-
"dinary heat, to set up a field-bed in a little rus-
"tick Bower, open of all sides, and surrounded
"with Orang-trees and Jesseminé. In fine, my
"Husband left *Valladolid* in the morning; but
"from that to night seem'd to me the longest day
"of my life. Night came at last, and my Women
"having set up a bed in the Garden, I pretended
"before them an extraordinary sleepiness, so that
"as soon as they had undress'd me, I bid them go
"to their beds, one onely excepted who was privy
"to my design. I was hardly got into bed, and the
"maid that staid with me, whose name was *Ma-*
"*rina*, had but lock'd that door of the Garden
"which came from the house, and open'd the back-
"door; when my Women came in all haste to tell
"me that my Husband was return'd. I had but so
"much time as to get that door lock'd, which I
"had caus'd to be open'd to let in *Anadrado*. My
"Husband came to me with his ordinary caresses,
"and I leave it to you to imagine how I entertain'd
"them. He told me the occasion of his so sudden
"return, was, that the Gentleman who had invi-
"ted him to Hunting, had been thrown by his
"Horse and broke a Leg; and having added to
"that an account of what else had happened that
"day, he commended my ingenuity in making
"choice of a place to avoid the inconveniencies of
"the heat, and would needs pass away the night
"with me. He immediately put off his cloaths and

"came

"came into bed to me. All I could do was to put "on the best countenance I could, and to smother "the trouble I was in at his return, and to assure "him, by some forc'd caresses of mine, that I was "not insensible of his. *Andrado*, in the mean time, "came according to the appointment, and finding "that door lock'd which he should have found "open, he with the assistance of his Lacquey made "a shift to get over the Garden wall, with hopes, "notwithstanding that obstacle, to pass away the "night with me. He hath avow'd to me since, that "his engaging himself in so presumptuous and "dangerous a design proceeded meerly from a "motive of jealousie, as being in a manner con-"fident, that some Rival, more in my favour "than himself, was admitted to those enjoyments "which he had been put into hopes of. The "imagination he had, that haply I had put a trick "upon him, put him into such a fury, that he was "fully resolv'd to be even with me, in case what "he suspected should prove true, and to exer-"cise the greatest revenge he could think of, up-"on the Gallant he should find possess'd of the "place he had promis'd himself. He made his ap-"proaches to the Bower where we were a-bed, "with as little noise as he could. 'Twas a clear "Moon-shine night, so that I both perceiv'd him "coming in, and knew him. He saw I was "frighten'd, and observ'd the signs I made to "him to withdraw. He could not of a sudden dis-"cern whether the person who lay by me was my "Husband or some other; but perceiving in my "countenance no less astonishment, than confu-

"sion

"sion and shame, and finding upon the Table the "Clourbs and Plume of Feathers, which he had "seen my Husband in that morning, he was sa- "tisfi'd it could be no other than *Don Sancho* who "was a-bed with me, and further confirm'd in "that belief, by finding him sleeping more securely "than a Gallant could have done, had any been in "his place. However he would needs come to "that side of the bed which I lay on, and give me "a kiss, which I durst not deny him for fear of "awaking my Husband. He forbore putting me "into any further fright, but went away, lifting up "his eyes, shrinking up his shoulders, and doing "such actions as betrai'd the regret he conceiv'd "at his being so unhappily disappointed, and im- "mediately got out of the Garden with the same "facility as he had got into it.

"The next morning betimes, I receiv'd a Letter "from him, the most passionate I had ever read, and "an excellent Paper of Verses upon the rytany "of Husbands. He had spent in composing them "the remainder of the night after he had left me; "and for the whole day after I had receiv'd them, I "did nothing almost but read them over and over, "when I could do it without any bodie's observing "it; nay, so far were we either of us from reflecting "on the danger we had been in, that our thoughts "were busi'd to contrive how we might run into "the same hazard again. And for my part, though I "had not of my self been sufficiently enclin'd to "grant him any thing he desir'd of me, nor lov'd "*Andrado* so much as I did, or had not yielded my "self up to the charms of his Letters; yet could

"I

"I not have withstood the persuasions of my Wo-
"man, who perpetually follicited me on his be-
"half. She reproach'd me, that, since I had so
"little confidence, it argu'd I had but little Love
"for *Andrado*, and entertain'd me with stories of
"the passion he had for me, with no less earnestness
"than if she had been to represent to some Gallant
"of her own what she her self had for him. I un-
"derstood by that carriage of hers, that she was as
"perfect as needed in the part she was to act, and
"withall of what importance it was to be careful
"in the choice of such persons as are plac'd about
"those of my age and quality. But I had re-
"solv'd to ruine my self; and if she had been more
"virtuous than she was, I should not have trusted
"her so far. In fine, she got me to consent, that she
"should receive *Andrado* into a Wardrobe adjoin-
"ing to my Chamber where she lay alone: and we
"had ordered things so, as that as soon as my Hus-
"band were fallen asleep, she should go into my
"bed to supply my place, while I pass'd away the
"night with *Andrado*. He was accordingly hid in
"my Wardrobe, my Husband fell asleep, and I
"was preparing my self to go to him, with the
"earnestness usual in persons who are violent in
"their desires, yet have much to fear; when a
"horrid confusion of Voices dolefully crying out,
"*fire, fire*, struck my ear, and awakened my Hus-
"band; and immediately my Chamber was full
"of smoak, and looking towards the Window,
"me-thought the Air was all in a flame. A Negro
"wench that belong'd to the Kitchin had in her

"drink set the House on fire, and being fallen a-
"sleep it was not perceiv'd, till that having made
"its way to some dry Wood, and thence fastening
"on certain Stables, it began to break through the
"floor of my Lodging. My Husband was a Man
"very much belov'd. Of a sudden, the House
"was full of Neighbours, who came to do what
"good they could. My Brother-in-law Don
"*Lewis*, whom the common danger made more
"diligent than any other, came immediately in
"our assistance with all his people, and, animated
"by his passion, makes a shift to come to my
"Chamber, even through the flames; which had
"already taken hold of the Stair-case. He had made
"such haste that he had nothing about him but his
"Night-gown, which having wrapped me in, he
"took me up in his arms, rather dead than living;
"but more out of a reflection on the danger *Al-*
"*drado* was expos'd to, than what I was in my self;
"carried me to his own House through the door
"that was common between us, and having put me
"into his own Bed, left me with some of my Wo-
"men to keep me company. In the mean time my
"Husband, with their assistance, who concern'd
"themselves in the accident happened to us, or-
"der'd things so well, that the fire was extinguish'd
"after it had done much mischief. *Aldrado* found
"it no hard matter to make his escape amidst the
"confusion and thronging of those who were come
"either to help us, or to steal; and you may ima-
"gine to your self, how joyfully I receiv'd that
"good news from *Marina*. He writ to me the

"next

"next day some things that were infinitely inge-
"nious and handsome, upon the strangeness of our
"disappointment, which I answered as I could,
"and so we alleviated, by mutual Letters, the
"trouble we both equally conceiv'd, not to see one
"another.

"The mischief which the fire had done, being
"in some measure repair'd, so that it was thought
"fit I should remove from *Don Lewis*'s Lodgings
"to my own; it prov'd no hard matter for *Andra-*
"*do* to gain my consent to try the same way once
"more, as being confident it would then have
"taken its effect, if by so extraordinary an acci-
"dent it had not been prevented. But it so hap-
"pen'd, that that very night wherein we had ap-
"pointed to recover what such unfore-seen emer-
"gencies had depriv'd us of, a Gentleman of my
"Husband's acquaintance, being in some trouble
"about a Duel he had been engag'd in, and think-
"ing himself not safe at an Ambassadour's where
"he had taken refuge, was forc'd to beshift him
"of some place where he might be in less danger
"of falling into the hands of Justice. My Hus-
"band brought him secretly to our House, and
"commanded the Keys to be carried up to his
"own Chamber after he had caus'd the doors to be
"lock'd in his presence, for fear some treache-rous
"or careless Servant might prove the occasion of
"his Friend's discovery.

"This order, wherein I was both surpriz'd
"and extreamly troubled, was but just put in exe-
"cution, when *Andrado* gave the signal agreed

"on between him and *Marina*, to let her know "he waited in the street for admission. She, much "at a loss what to do with him, made a shift to "signifie to him that he should stay a little. We "consulted together, she and I, and not finding "any possibility to get him into the house or the "door, she went to the window, and speaking as "low as that he could but hear her, acquainted "him with the new obstacle that had intervened, "and propos'd it to him, as the best expedient "she could think on, to expect till all were a-bed, "and then to get in at a little window in the Kit-"chin, which she would open for him. *Andrali*, "to satisfie his love, thought nothing too haz-"dous to attempt. My Husband saw his Friend "a-bed, and upon my persuasion went in very "good time to his own; all the Servants did the "like, and *Marina*, when she thought all out of the "way, set open the little window for *Andrali*, "who immediately got half way in; but with so "little care, and so unfortunately to himself, that "after much striving, which rather hindred than "furthered his getting in, he was so lock'd in "about the middle between the Iron barrs of the "window, that he could get neither forwards nor "backwards. His man, who stood all the while "in the Street, could do him no service; *Marina* "from the place she stood in, as little, without "the help of some other person. She went and got "out of her Bed one of the Maids whom she was "very intimate with, telling her, that being to "receive a kindness that night from a Sweet-

"heart

" heart of hers, one she loved very well, and was " shortly to be married to, she had endeavour'd " to get him in at the Kitchin window, and that " he had fasten'd himself between two Barrs so " strangely, that it was impossible to get him out " without either filing them off, or removing " them out of their places. She desired her " to come and help her, which the other was soon " persuaded to; but wanting a Hammer or some " other Iron-tool fit for such a purpose, the assist- " ance of those two maids had done *Andrado* but " little good, if he had not himself bethought him " of his Dagger, which they made use of so effe- " ctually, that after abundance of pains, the barrs " were got loose out of the wall, and the bold " adventurer put out of the fear he was in of being " found so shamefully fasten'd in a place; where, " to escape best, he could have been look'd on no " otherwise than as a Breaker of Houses. This " could not be done with so little noise, but that " some of our Servants over-heard it, and there- " upon were looking into the street, when *Andra-* " *do*, carrying along with him that piece of the " Grate into which his Body had entred with some " violence, was running away as fast as he could, " follow'd by his man. The Neighbours, and our " people cry'd out, Thieves, and it was taken for " granted, that it was only some Rogues that would " have broken into *Don Sancho*'s House where they " perceiv'd the Grate broken. *Andrado* in the " mean time being come to his Lodging, was forc'd " to get the Iron grate which he had carried away

about him, fled off; he and his man, with all their striving and endeavours, being not able otherwise to shift him of that troublesome guide. This third accident put him out of humour extremely, as I have understood since: but for my part, I entertain'd it otherwise, and while *Marina*, almost frighted out of her little wits, gave me the relation of it, I thought I should have burst with Laughing. Yet upon second thoughts could I not be less troubled than *Andrade* was, at the ill success of our enterprise; but so far were our desires from being cool'd thereby, that they grew the more violent, and permitted us not to delay the satisfaction thereof, any longer than to the next day after this pleasant and unhappy adventure. My Husband was gone into the City, to compose the affairs of his Friend about the Duel, and, in all likelihood, to have been employ'd the remainder of that day. I sent *Marina* to *Andrade*'s Lodging; which was not far from my House. She found him a-bed, having not yet overcome the weariness of his night-adventure, and so discourag'd at the disappointments of his love, that *Marina* was not a little troubled to see, with what indifference he entertain'd my furtherance of his desires, and the little impatience he express'd to come to me; though she sufficiently represented to him the opportunity which then presented it self, and was not to be slighted. At last, after much persuasion and many remonstrances he came to me, and I received him with

"that

"that excess of joy and satisfaction, a person ab-
"solutely at the command of her passion could
"be guilty of. I was so blinded therewith, that
"I observ'd not so much as *Marina* with what
"coldness he took my kindnesses, though it were
"but too too remarkable. At last the importunity
"of my caresses forc'd from him some discoveries
"of his. Our mutual joy was grown to that
"heighth, as not to be express'd otherwise than
"by our silence; and the very thought of what we
"both desir'd with equal earnestness, had rais'd
"in me a bashfulness which made me avoid the
"looks of *Andrado*, and might have given him
"a confidence to do what he pleased with me,
"when *Marina*, who was gone out of the room,
"as well to stand Sentinel without, as to leave us
"to the privacy of our enjoyments, comes in with
"a sudden alarm that my Husband was in the
"House. She dragged *Andrado*, rather dead than
"living, into my Wardrobe, as being, upon a sud-
"den reflection on the precedent dangers he had
"so narrowly escaped, at a greater loss than I was
"who had most reason to be frighted. My Hus-
"band had some business to put his Servants up-
"on, before he came up into my chamber. The
"time that took him up below afforded me the
"leisure to put my self into order, while *Marina*
"was busied in emptying a great trunk to make a
"lodging for *Andrado*. She had hardly lock'd it
"by that time my Husband was come into my
"Chamber, who, having onely kissed me at his
"coming in, without making any stay with me,

"went straight into my wardrobe, and lighting "on a Play-book there, sate down and fell a read- "ing. He pitch'd upon some passage he thought "pleasant, and consequently would have kept "him reading a long time (for he was very Book- "ish) if, by the advice of *Marina*, I had not gone "into the wardrobe, and, obliging him to lay a- "side his Book, brought him thence into my own "Chamber. My misfortune was not at an end "with this; *Don Sancho* taking notice of my being "melancholy and troubled in mind, as indeed "I had reason to be, endeavour'd to put me into a "better humour by the most divertive discourses "he could think on. He never made it so earnest- "ly his business to please me, and never displeas'd "me more, nor was more burthensome to me. I "entreated him to leave my Chamber, pretending "an extraordinary inclination to sleep; but he, on "the other side, out of an excessive desire to see me "out of the sadness he thought me burthen'd with, "kept me company, much against my will, longer "than I could have wished; and though he were "naturally a person the most complaisant of any "in the World, I thought him so importunate "then, that I was forc'd to hunt him out of the "room. He would, out of his kindness, have re- "turn'd into my wardrobe, that he might be near "me, but, upon some private reason I gave him "why it was not convenient, he was perswaded "to go to his Chamber. As soon as I had lock'd "my door, I ran to my Wardrobe to deliver *Al-* "*drado* out of his close imprisonment. *Marina*

"made

"made all the haste she could to open the trunk, "and was little better than dead, as well as my "self; when we found him in a manner breathless, "not discovering either by pulse or stirring any "sign, whence we might think he was alive. Do "but imagine what a terrible loss I must be at, "and what I could bethink my self to do in such "an extremity! I did as women do in such oc"currences; I wept, I tore my hair, I grew despe"rate, and I think I should not have wanted cou"rage enough to run *Andrade*'s dagger into my "breast, if the greatness of my affliction had not "reduc'd me to such weakness as that I was forc'd "to lay my self down on *Marina*'s bed. She for "her part, though troubled as much as any could "be, had a greater command of her judgment in "our common misfortune, and endeavour'd to "find out those remedies, which, weak as I was, I "should never have made use of, though I should "have kept so much discretion about me as to do "it. She told me, that *Andrade* might onely be "in a sound, and that a Chyrurgeon either by let"ting him bloud, or some other way might recover "him into the life he seem'd to have lost. I look'd "on her without making any answer, my grief "having reduc'd me to senselessness and stupi"dity. *Marina* lost no more time in consulting "me any further; she went to put in execution "what she had propos'd to me; but as she open'd "the door to get out, who should meet her but "my Brother-in-law *Don Lewis*, coming after he "had look'd for me in my chamber, to the War-

"drobe,

"drobe, where he concluded I must be, having been "told by my husband that I was in no good ha- "mour. This second misfortune we thought more "terrible than the former. Had not *Andrade* al- "ready been expos'd to his sight, as it unhappily "was, there needed no more than the confusion and "astonishment which he might have observ'd in "our countenances, to raise in him a suspition "that we were upon some strange design, which "no doubt but he would have discover'd, as he "that concern'd himself much in my actions, not "onely as a Brother in Law, but also as a Lover. "Unavoidable therefore it was that I should cast "my self at the feet of a person, whom I had so "often seen prostrate at my own; and that, having "a confidence from the affection he had for me, "and that generosity which ought to be inseparable "from the quality of a Gentleman, recommended "to his absolute disposal what was dearest to "me. He did what he could to raise me up, "but I, on the other side, resolv'd not to rise from "my knees, with all fervency, as well as my tears "and sobs would give me leave, gave him an "account of the cruel accident that had befallen "me, whereat I doubt not but in his soul he con- "ceiv'd an extraordinary satisfaction. *Don Lewis, "said I to him,* I do not implore thy generosity "to prolong my life for some few days; no, my "misfortunes render it so contemptible to me, "that I should not want the courage to be my own "executioner, did I not fear my despair would cast "some blemish on my honour, from which that of

"Don

"*Don Sancho*, may indeed, his life, are haply mi-
"serable. Thou must haply think the disdain
"I have had for thee, were the effects of my
"aversion rather than my vertue; thou mai'st re-
"joice at my disgrace, may haply make it con-
"tribute to thy revenge: but wilt thou have the
"presumption to impute the crime to me which
"thou wouldst have caught me, or wilt thou be
"so ungrateful as not to express some intelli-
"gence towards one that hath had so much for
"thee? *Don Lewis* not suffering me to proceed
"any further, You see, Madam, *said he to me*, how
"just Heaven is in punishing you, for having been
"so indiscreet in the choice of what you should
"have lov'd and what you ought to hate: but I
"have nothing to lose, as being to make it appear,
"by my freeing you out of the present trouble
"you are in, that you have not a better friend in
"the world than *Don Lewis*. He thereupon left
"me, and returns presently again, with two Por-
"ters, whom he had sent one of his servants for.
"*Marine* and I in the interim had made a shift to
"get *Andrado*'s body into the Trunk again:
"*Don Lewis* himself help'd the two fellows to get
"it on their shoulders between them, and caus'd
"it to be carried to a friend of his, whom he
"acquainted with the adventure, having al-
"ready made him privy to the love he had for
"me.

"Having, as soon it was brought in, taken *An-*
"*drado*'s body out of the Trunk, *Don Lewis*
"caus'd it to be laid all along upon a Table, and

"as

"as they were pulling off his clothes, feeling "his pulse, and laying his hand upon that part of "the body where the beating of the heart is felt, "he found him to be not quite dead. With all ex-"pedition a Chirurgeon was sent for, while in the "mean time they put him into bed, and us'd all "the means they could think on to bring him to "life. At last, he came to himself; he was let "blood; a Lacquey was left to wait on him; and "the room was clear'd, that so nature and rest "might perfect what art and industry had be-"gun.

"You may well imagine what astonishment "*Andrado* was in, when, after this long Trance, "he found himself in a bed, not able to call any "thing to mind but the fear he had been in, and "that he had been put into a Trunk, not knowing "where he was, nor what he had either to hope or "fear. He was in this terrible distraction, when "he heard the chamber door open, and after the "curtains were drawn, by the light of the torches "that had been brought in, perceiv'd *Don Lewis*, "whom he knew to be my Brother-in-law, and "who having taken a chair spoke to him in "these tearms: Do you know me, Signior *Andrado*, "*said he to him?* And do you not withal know "I am Brother to *Don Sancho?* I do indeed know "you, *repli'd Andrado*, and withal to be Brother "to *Don Sancho*. And have you any remem-"brance, *says Don Lewis*, of what happen'd to you "this day at his house? But whether you do or "no, *continu'd he*, assure your self, than if ever I hear

"of

"of any further designs you have upon my Sister,
"prate so much as seen in the street where she
"lives, I shall be indebted to you a mischief, and
"will be sure to pay it, notwithstanding all your
"caution: and know, you had been ere this
"among your acquaintances in the other World,
"had I not too much pity and compliance for
"an impudent and unfortunate woman, who
"hath repos'd this confidence in me, and were not
"assured, that the criminal designs you have
"laid together against my Brother's honour, had
"not their effect. I advise you therefore to change
"your lodging, and flatter not your self with
"my hope you can elude my resentment, if you
"perform not the promise I expect you should
"make me to do it. *Andrado* would gladly have
"engag'd himself to much more. He made the
"most unworthy submissions to him he could
"think on, and acknowledged he ought him a life
"which it was in his power to have taken away
"from him. His weakness was such as might well
"confine him to his bed; but the cruel fear he had
"been in, strengthned him to get up. He there-
"upon conceiv'd an aversion for me, greater than
"the love he had sometimes born me, insomuch,
"that it was a horrour to him but to hear me
"nam'd. I was in the mean time in no small
"trouble, to know what was become of him, yet
"had not the confidence to make any enquiry
"after him of *Don Lewis*, nor indeed to look
"with any assurance upon him. I sent *Marina* to
"*Andrado*'s lodging, whither she came, not long

"after

"after he had got thither himself, and while he was "packing up his things to be gone to a lodging "he had taken in another quarter of the City. "As soon as ever he saw her, he told her that if "she had any message from me, she might carry it "to some body else, and having given her a short "account of what had pass'd between him and "*Don Lewis*, he clos'd his relation with this cha-"racter of me, that I was the most ungrateful, and "most perfidious woman in the world; that he "look'd on me no otherwise than as one that "had plotted his ruine, and that I should no more "think of him, than as if I had never seen "him.

"With these words he dismiss'd *Marina*; but "notwithstanding the astonishment she was in "at such a sharp entertainment, she had the wit "to follow him at a distance, and to observe the "place where his things were carried, and by that "means discover'd the new lodging he had ta-"ken. The trouble it was to me to be charg'd "with an act of malice I was no way guilty of, "and to be hated by a person I lov'd so well, and "for whose sake I had hazarded my life and my "honour, suffer'd me not to give way to all the "joy which I should have conceiv'd at his being "out of danger. I fell into a deep melancholy, "which soon turned to a sickness, and that being "such as the Physicians could not well give any "account of, my husband was extremely troubled "thereat. To heighten my misfortune, *Don Lewis* "began to press, and make his advantage of the

"extre-

"extraordinary service he had done me, inces-
"santly importuning me to grant him that which
"I was content *Andrado* should have had,
"and reproching me with the love I had for my
"Gallant, when ever I represented to him the
"duty I ought a Husband, and what he ought a
"Brother. Thus, hated by what I lov'd, lov'd by
"what I hated; depriv'd of the sight of *Andrado*,
"too often troubled with that of *Don Lewis*, and
"tormented with perpetual reflections on my in-
"gratitude to the best Husband in the world,
"who thought nothing too much to please me,
"and was more troubled at my indisposition than
"I was my self, when, had he known the truth,
"he might justly have taken away my life; in-
"cessantly baited with the insupportable remon-
"strances of my conscience, and rack'd between
"the two most contrary passions, Love and Hatred;
"I kept my bed for two months, expecting death
"with gladness: but it was Heaven's pleasure to
"reserve me to greater misfortunes. The strength
"of my age, much against my will, overcame and
"dispell'd the sadness which I thought onely
"death could have put a period to. I recover'd
"my health, and *Don Lewis* renew'd his profe-
"cutions with greater insolence than before. I had
"given my women order, and particularly *Ma-*
"*rina*, that they should never leave me alone with
"him. Being enrag'd at that obstacle, and wea-
"ried out with my perpetual resistances, he resolv'd
"to obtain, by the most horrid piece of treachery,
"that ever came into the mind of a person con-
"summately

"summately wicked, what I had deny'd him with "so much constancy.

"I have already told you that between his house "and ours there was a door, seldom lock'd on "either side, having set a night wherein he thought "to put his damnable design in execution, and "staying till all, as well at our house as his, were "abed, he comes in at the door, open'd that of our "house which was to the street, and going to our "stable let loose all the horses, whereof there was "a considerable number, and drove them into "the court, whence they got into the street. The "noise they made soon awaken'd those who had "the care of them, and their bustling about the "house awakened my husband. He was a great "lover of Horses; and had no sooner heard that "his own were gotten into the streets, but put-"ting on his night-gown, he runs out after them, "very much incens'd at his Grooms, and the Por-"ter, for being so careless as not to make fast the "great gate. *Don Lewis*, who had hid himself in "the room next my chamber, and had seen my "husband when he went out, slipp'd down into "the court some time after him, and having made "fast the street door, and expected some little "while to avoid my suspition had he come im-"diately upon me, he came at last and laid him-"self down by me, acting the part of my husband "in every thing so well, that it is not much to be "wondred at, if I were mistaken in him. His "standing so long in his shirt, had made him very "cold; so that as he came into bed: Good Lord,

"sweet-

"Sweet-heart, *said I to him*, how cold you are!
"How can I be otherwise, *repli'd he*, counter-
"feiting his voice, 'tis cold standing in the streets.
"And for your horses, *said I*, are they taken? My
"people are gone after them, *repli'd he*. And
"thereupon coming close to me, as it were to
"warm himself; amidst his embraces and kind-
"nesses, he had his design upon me, and dishonour'd
"his Brother. That Heaven was pleas'd to per-
"mit it, might haply be, that I should be a future
"instrument to punish so enormous a crime, that
"my honour might be re-establish'd by my self,
"and my innocence publickly acknowledg'd.

"Having done what he came for, he pretended
"to be much troubled about his horses; he got up
"from me, went and open'd the street door, and
"withdrew to his own lodgings: not a little ele-
"vated at the crime he had committed; and beg-
"ging himself haply in the reflection of what was
"to prove the occasion of his ruine. My husband
"comes in presently after, and having cast himself
"into bed, turn'd to me, frozen as he was, and
"oblig'd me by caresses, which I thought extra-
"ordinary, to beg of him, that he would let me
"sleep. He thought it very strange; I wondred much
"he should; and thereupon made no further doubt
"of my being betrai'd. The very thought of it
"would not suffer me to close my eyes till it was
"day. I got up much earlier than I was us'd to
"do. I went to Mass, and there met with *Don*
"*Lewis* dress'd as if he had been for some extra-
"ordinary entertainment, with a countenance as

"chearful as mine was sad and dejected. He pre-
"sented me with holy Water; I receiv'd it
"with much indifference at his hands, which he
"observing, and looking on me with a malicious
"smile; Good Lord, Madam, *said he*, how cold
"you are? At these words, being the same I had
"said to him, and enough to satisfie me who was
"the Author of my misfortune, I grew pale, and
"immediately blush'd, upon thought that I had
"grown pale. He might have observ'd in my eyes,
"and by the disorder into which those words had
"put me, how highly I was offended at his in-
"solence. I went away without so much as look-
"ing on him. What distractions I was in all Mass-
"time, you may easily imagine; as also how infi-
"nitely my husband must needs be troubled, when
"he observ'd that all dinner time, and all day af-
"ter, I minded not what was said or done, and
"could not forbear sighing and discovering the
"disturbance of my mind, though I endeavoured
"all I could to smother it. I withdrew to my
"chamber sooner than I was us'd to do, pre-
"tending to be somewhat indispos'd. I be-
"thought my self of a hundred several ways to be
"reveng'd; but at last my fury suggested one to
"me which I fix'd upon. When bed-time was come
"I went to bed at the same time with my Hus-
"band. I pretended to be asleep, to oblige him to
"do the like; and finding him fast enough, and
"confident all the servants were no less, I got up,
"took his dagger, and (besotted and blinded as I
"was by my passion) it prov'd nevertheless so sure

"a

"guide to me, that through the same door, and "by the same way that my enemy got into my "bed, I got to the side of his. My fury, though "violent, made me not do any thing precipitately; "with the hand I had free I felt for his heart, and "when by the beating thereof I had discover'd it, "the fear of missing my blow made not that hand "to tremble which held the Dagger; but, with all "the circumspection imaginable, I thrust it twice "into the heart of the detestable *Don Lewis*, and "so banish'd him with a gentler death than he had "deserv'd. And doubting those two might not do "my work, I gave him five or six stabs more, and "so return'd to my chamber, with a tranquillity, "whence I infer'd my self, that I had never "done any thing, from the doing whereof I "should derive greater satisfaction. I return'd "my husband's Dagger, all bloudy as it was, "into the sheath; I put on my cloaths with as "much haste and as little noise as I could: I "took along with me what Jewels and Mony I "had: and, no less distracted by my love than "troubled at what I had done, I left a husband "who lov'd me beyond his own life, to cast my "self upon the courtesie of a young man, who not "long before had sent me word that he had not "the least respect for me. The fearfulness incident "to my sex, was so strangely fortifi'd by the im-"petuous passions I was hurried withal: that, "all alone, and in the night time, I walked from "my own house to *Andrado*'s lodgings, with as "much confidence, as if I had done a good action.

that noon day. I knock'd at the door, and was answered, that *Andrada* was not within, being "engag'd at a Play at a friend's not far off. His "servants who knew me, and were not a little sur-"priz'd to see me, entertain'd me with much re-"spect, and got me a fire in their Master's cham-"ber. It was not long ere he came in himself, and "I believe it was the least of his thoughts to find "me waiting for him in his chamber. He no sooner "cast his eye on me, but betraying his astonishment "in the wildness of his looks; *Madam Lucina*, "*saith he*, what business hath brought you hi-"ther? What can you expect more from a per-"son, you would have sacrific'd to the jealousie of "a Brother-in-law you are desperately in love "with? Ah *Andrado*! *reply'd I*, do you make this "construction of an unavoidable accident, which "forc'd me to make submissions to that man "whom of all the world I was most afraid of being "oblig'd to? And should you pass so disadvan-"tageous a judgment on a person that hath given "you such extraordinary demonstrations of her "affection? I expected something else than re-"proaches at your hands. If I am guilty of any "crime, it is not against you that I have com-"mitted it, but against a Husband that should "have been dear to me; proving ungrateful to "him because I would not be so to you, and "forsaking him to come to a cruel man whose "entertainment of me is as unworthy as my "kindnesses to him are great. When your death, "which I thought really so, had put me into that

"de-

"despair, wherein a woman, perpetually expecting "the minute of being surpriz'd by her husband, "might be; and when thereupon *Don Lewis* came "upon me in that deplorable condition, what "could I do less than trust my self to his generosity and the love he had for me? He hath treacherously made his advantages of the confidence, "to the loss of my honour; but 'tis my satisfaction, "that he hath bought his enjoyment with the "price of his life, which I have now taken away "from him; and that, my dear *Andrade*, is the "occasion of my coming hither. I must keep out "of the hands of Justice, till such time as it be "known, what crime *Don Lewis* is guilty of, and "what misfortune hath befallen me. I have money "and Jewels good store, upon which you may live "handsomely in any part of *Spain*, whither you "shall think fit to accompany my misfortune; "while Time shall make all the world sensible, "that I am much more to be pitied than blam'd, "and my future carriage satisfie you in particular, "that it was not without reason I did what I "have done. Very likely, *interrupted he*, you have "great Apologies to make for your self, and I shall "supply the place of *Don Lewis*, till thou art weary of me, and then be kill'd, as he was, to make "way for another. Ah Woman inexorably lustful! "*continu'd he*: What could I expect more than "this last wickedness of thine to be confirm'd in "the perswasion I had, that it was thy design to sacrifice me to thy Gallant? But thou must not "think to escape with bare reproaches; no, I will

"rather be the Executioner to punish thy crime,
"than be thy Complice in it.

With those words he violently tore off my cloaths, and, with a cruelty, which rais'd horror even in his own servants, gave me a hundred blows, naked as I was, and having satiated his rage, till that he was grown weary, he thrust me out into the street, where if you had not fortunately lighted upon me, I should either have been dead, or in their hands who haply are searching after me.

Having given over speaking, she shew'd *Don Garcias* her arms all black and blew, as also her breast, and what other parts of her body civility permitted her to discover, which were in the same condition. Whereupon re-assuming her discourse:

"Thus have you heard, generous *Don Garcias*, said "*she to him*, the deplorable History of the unfortu-"nate *Eugenia*. Let me beg your advice, if so "there be any for an inexpressibly unhappy wo-"man, that hath been the occasion of so many fa-"tal accidents. Ah Madam, *replies Don Garcias*, "were it but as easie for me to advise you what is "to be done, as it will be to punish. *Andrada*, if "you give me leave! Deny me not the honour to "be the Revenger of your quarrel; and be not shie "in employing upon any design you would have "to be undertaken, a person who is no less sensible "of your misfortune, than of the injury hath been "done you.

Don Garcias said this to her, with an earnest-ness, which satisfi'd *Eugenia*, that the Compassion was not so great as the Love he seem'd to have for her.

her. She made the most obliging acknowledgement of his kindnesses which her civility and gratitude could inspire her with: and further intreated him to take the pains to go once more to her house to be more particularly inform'd of what was said concerning her departure and the death of *Don Lewis*. He got thither, as they were carrying to prison *Don Sancho*, his servants, and those of *Don Lewis*, who had taken their oaths that their Master had been in love with *Eugenia*. The common door, which was found open, and *Don Sancho's* dagger still bloody, gave much suspicion of his being guilty of his brother's death, whereof he was no less innocent than troubled at it. The sudden departure of his wife, and her taking away her jewels and money, put him into such an amazement, as out of which he could not recover himself, and troubled him more than his imprisonment and the proceedings of justice against him. *Don Garcias* was in much impatience to give *Eugenia* an account of these things: but it so happened he could not do it so soon as he wished. Meeting in the street with a friend who had some business with him, he kept him a good while in discourse not far from his own lodging: and as unlucky fortune would have it, over against that of *Eugenia*, whence he saw coming out a servant, booted, carrying a Portmanteau. He follow'd him at a distance accompanied by his friend; and having observ'd his going into Post-house, he went in after him, and found him taking up three horses, to be made ready within half an hour. *Don Garcias* suffer'd him to go

his ways, and bespoke the same number of horses to be ready at the same time. His friend ask'd him what he meant to do with them? he promised to tell him if he would go along with him: which to the other consented, without troubling himself any further what his design might be. *Don Garcias* entreated him to go and put on his Boots, and expect him at the Post-house, while he took a turn at his lodging.

They thereupon parted, and *Don Garcias* went to *Eugenia*, to acquaint her with what he knew of her affairs, and to give his Landlady, whom that might safely be trusted with a secret of this importance, order to get *Eugenia* clothes and all things necessary, that she might be conveyed the very night into a Convent, whereof the Abbess was her kinswoman, and very much her friend. Having so done, he whisper'd his Lacquey in the ear, and bid him carry to that friend's lodging whom he a little before parted with, his riding-suit and boots; and having entreated his Landlady to be very careful of *Eugenia*, and to keep her from the sight of all people, he went to his friend, and soon after along with him to the Post-houses, where they had not been long ere *Adorado* came also. *Don Garcias* ask'd him which way he travell'd: he made answer, to *Seville*. Then one Post-boy will serve both, *says Don Garcias to him*. *Adorado* was content, and hugly look'd on *Don Garcias* and his friend, no otherwise than as two simple Gulles, whose mony he thought so far due to him, as that he would not have given much to ensure it. They left

left *Valladolid* all together, and rode on a good while not thinking of any thing but riding, there being indeed but little converſation between people that ride Poſt. At laſt coming into a Champain far from any Houſes, *Don Garcias* thought it a place fit for his Deſign. He rid a little before, and turning about of a ſuddain, he bid *Andrado* ſtand. *Andrado* asked him his meaning. "My intentions are, *replied Don Garcias*, to fight with you, "to revenge, if I can, the quarrel of *Eugenia*, whom "you have injur'd beyond all hope of forgiveneſs, "in treating her after the baſeſt and moſt unwor-"thy manner, that could poſſibly fall into the "imagination of a perſon of quality. I am not "ſorry for what I have done, *replies Andrado with* "*much confidence, not ſeeming to be in the leaſt* "*ſurpriz'd at the accident*; but you may apply re-"pentance your forwardneſs to do what you are now "engag'd in. He was a perſon that had Valour; he alighted at the ſame time with *Don Garcias*, there having no more words paſs'd between them; and they had their Swords ready to fall on: when *Don Garcias*'s friend tells them, they ſhould not fight without him, and profer'd to meaſure his Weapon with *Andrado*'s man, who was a fellow whom his countenance and proportion would not have betray'd for a Coward. *Andrado* proteſted, that though he had to his Second the greateſt Gladiator in all *Spain*, he would not fight otherwiſe than ſingly one to one. His man not much minding the proteſtation of his Maſter, proteſted for his own part, that he would not fight

with

with any man upon any charms at all. So that *Don Garcia*'s Friend was forc'd to be only a Spectator, or God-father to the Combatants, which is no new thing in *Spain*. The Duel lasted not long. Heaven was pleas'd to favour the just Cause. *Don Garcias* was engag'd in, so far, as that his Adversary making at him with greater violence than skill, run upon his Weapon, and fell at his feet with loss of blood and life. *Andrada*'s man, and the Post-boy, as fearful one as the other, cast themselves at *Don Garcias*'s feet, who intended them not any hurt. He commanded *Andrada*'s man to open the Portmantue, and to take out of it all his Master had taken from *Eugenia*. He immediately obey'd, and deliver'd to *Don Garcias* a Mantle, a Gown, and Coat, all very rich, and a little Cabinet, whereof the weight discover'd it was not empty. The fellow found the Key of it in his Master's Pocket, and gave it *Don Garcias*, who thereupon dismissing him, told him he might dispose of his Master's body as he pleas'd, and threatened he would be the death of him, if ever he were seen at *Valladolid*. He commanded the Post-boy not to come into the City till after night, and promis'd him he should find at the Post-house the two Horses he and his Friend had taken up. I am apt to believe he was punctually obey'd by these two persons: who thought themselves very much oblig'd to him, that he had not kill'd them as he had done *Andrada*. It was never heard what his man did with his body; and for his cloaths, and what else he had, there is but too much probability,

bability, he became Master thereof. Nor was it ever known how the Post-boy behav'd himself in the business.

Don Garcias and his Friend made all the speed they could to *Vailladolid*. They alighted at an Embassadours of the Emperour, where they had Friends, and continued there till after night. *Don Garcias* sent for his man, who told him that *Eugenia* was much troubled she could not see him. The Horses were sent to the Post-house by an unknown person, who having deliver'd them to one that belong'd to the Stable, immediately slunk away. There was no more talk in *Vailladolid* of the death of *Andrado* than as of a thing which it was uncertain whether it were so or not; or if any spoke of him, 'twas onely as of a Gentleman kill'd by some secret Enemy, or by High-way-men. *Don Garcias* went to his Lodging, where he found *Eugenia* put into such cloaths as his Landlady had provided for her; such I believe as were taken up at the Brokers; forsin *Spain* persons of very good quality think it no disparagement to take up cloaths, and to furnish their Houses that way, no more than other people of less account. He secretly return'd *Eugenia* her own Cloaths and Jewels, and gave her an account after what manner he was reveng'd of *Andrado*. The Relation he made to her wrought in her a compassion for the unfortunate end of a person whom she had dearly lov'd; and, the thought of her being the occasion of so many Tragical accidents, causing in her no less affliction than the remembrance of her own misfortunes,

fortunes, she fell a weeping as bitterly as at any time before.

But what added not a little to her affliction, was, that Proclamation had been made that day all over *Valladolid*, prohibiting all persons to entertain *Eugenia*, and that whoever brought tidings of her should have two hundred Crowns. This made her resolve to get into a Convent to secure her self if she could. She past away that night in *Don Garcia's* Chamber with as little tranquillity as the precedent. The next morning at break of day she went to that Superiour of the Convent, whom a Kinswoman of *Eugenia's*, who notwithstanding the Proclamation, promis'd to receive her, and to keep her undiscovered as much as lay in her power. Having left her, he went and took up a Coach, and order'd it to wait for him at a place not much frequented near his Lodging, whither he conducted *Eugenia*, accompanied by his Landlady. The Coach brought them to a place they had appointed the Coach-man to stop at, where they alighted, that he might have no knowledge of the Convent, whither *Eugenia* was to retire. She was kindly entertain'd by her Kinswoman. *Don Garcia's* Landlady took leave of her, and went to inform her self what posture the affairs of *Don Sancho* were in. She understood it went hard with him, and that there was some talk of putting him to the Rack. *Don Garcia* gave an account of all passages to *Eugenia*, who was so troubled to see her Husband in danger to suffer for a crime he had not committed, that she took a resolution to cast

her

her self into the hands of Justice. *Don Garcias* perswaded her to forbear a while, and advis'd her rather to write to the Judge, to acquaint him that she onely could give an account of the murther of *Don Lewis*. The Judge, by good fortune chanc'd to be of some Kin to her, came to speak with her, together with others that were to be his Assistants in the trial of *Don Sancho*. *Eugenia* confess'd that she had kill'd *Don Lewis*: gave them a particular relation of the just motive she had to engage her self in an action that seem'd so violent in a Woman, omitting nothing of what had pass'd between *Don Lewis* and her self; what concern'd the love of *Andrado*, onely excepted. Her confession was written down, and a report thereof was made to his Catholick Majesty; who, taking into consideration the greatness of *Don Lewis*'s crime, the just resentment of *Eugenia*, her courage and procedure thereupon, the innocence of *Don Sancho* and his Servants, set them at liberty; and, upon the intreaties of the whole Court mediating on her behalf, granted *Eugenia* her pardon. Her Husband was not displeas'd at her for the death of his Brother, and, it may be, lov'd her the better for what she had done. He went to see her as soon as he got out of Prison, and us'd all the entreaties and perswasions he could to get her home again; but all prov'd ineffectual. She doubted not but that he had conceiv'd such a resentment for the death of *Don Lewis* as he ought to have done; that he had made some discoveries of what had past between her and the Portugueze; and thence concluded, that

that the least suspicion a Woman gives in point of honour may soon be heightened into a jealousie in the apprehensions of a Husband, and will sooner or later dissolve the strictest ties of conjugal Love.

While things stood thus, poor *Don Sancho* visited her often: and, by the tenderest demonstrations of an excessive Love, endeavour'd to get her out of the Convent, to be once more the absolute Mistress of his estate and himself. But she on the other side continu'd constant to her resolution. She got him to allow her a Pension proportionable to her quality, and the fortune she brought; and, abating onely her obstinacy in denying to live with him, she behav'd her self so obligingly towards that kind Husband, that he had all the reason in the world to be satisfi'd with her.

But all she did in the Convent to please and humour him, heightned the regret he conceiv'd that he could not get her thence. He at last took it so much to heart that it brought him into a Sickness, and that sickness prov'd such, as more than threatened the shorning of his days. He sent to *Eugenia*, begging the satisfaction to see her once at his House before he took his final leave of her. She could not deny that fatal kindness to a Husband that had been so dear to her, and whose affection towards her was then no less violent than it had ever been. She went to see him expire, and had almost, out of very grief, died with him, seeing him discover no less satisfaction that he had had but a sight of her, than if she had restor'd him

the

the Life he was upon the point to quit; Nor did this goodness of *Eugenia* go unrewarded; he left her his whole Estate, and consequently, one of the most beautiful and richest Widdows in *Spain*, after her so near being one of the most unfortunate Women in the World. The affliction she conceiv'd at the death of her Husband, was great, and not personated. She gave order for his Funeral Solemnities, possess'd her self of his Estate, and return'd to her Convent, resolv'd to spend the remainder of her Life there. Her Friends propos'd to her the best matches in all *Spain*: She preferr'd her own quiet before their ambition, and troubled no less at their importunate remonstrances than persecuted with the addresses of no small number of Pretenders, which her Beauty and Wealth drew daily to the outer-room of the Convent where she was; She at last would not be seen, nor speak with any but *Don Garcias*. This young Gentleman had done her so seasonable a service, in an emergency so important, and with such earnestness, that she could not see him, without bethinking her self, that she ought him somewhat beyond civilities and acknowledgements. She had observ'd by his Retinue and Equipage, that he was not rich, and she was generous enough to proffer him the assistances which a necessitous person may without shame receive from another that is more wealthy: but in that small time she had spent in his Lodging, and by the frequent discourses he had with her, he had discovered a Noble soul elevated above the common, and absolutely dis-engag'd from all

manner

manner of Interests, those only of honour excepted. This rais'd a fear in her he might take it ill, if she made him a Present not suitable to the greatness of her estate and mind; and she was afraid, on the other side, he should think her wanting in point of gratitude, if she made not some discovery of her liberality.

But if her thoughts were in this distraction for *Don Garcias*, his were in no less, as to what concern'd her. He was insensibly fallen in love with her; but though the respect he had for her, and the lowness of his Fortunes should not have deterr'd him from making any such proposal, what presumption would it have been in him to speak of love to a Woman, whom only Love had expos'd to so great misfortunes? and that, while the sadness of her countenance, and her frequent weeping, argu'd her soul too full of grief to be capable of any other passion.

Among those who visited *Eugenia*, as her most humble Slaves, with design to become afterwards her Masters, and those not easie to please, among those, I mean, who made their addresses to her, and whom she shook off with absolute denial, one *Don Diego* was remarkable for his obstinacy, as having not any thing else in him worth notice. He was as arrant a Coxcomb, as it was possible a young man could be; and, what is consequent to that, fantastick, and, what to that, insufferably humoursome. Besides all this, the imperfections of his body were suitable to those of his mind; and as to the goods of fortune, he was as poor as

greedy

greedy of them; but descending out of one of the best Houses in *Spain*, and being of near Kin to one of the principal Ministers of State, which only made him so much the more insolent, there was a certain compliance had for him where ever he came, upon the account of his quality, though it had not the least recommendation of any thing of worth.

This same *Don Diego*, such as I have described him, thought he had found in *Eugenia*, all he could have wished in a Wife, and imagin'd it no hard matter to obtain her, by the assistances of his Friends at Court, whose encouragements put him into great hopes of it. But *Eugenia* was not so easily persuaded to a business of that importance, as they had flattered themselves she would have been, and the Court would not, to favour a private person, do a violence that should be of ill example to the publick. *Eugenia's* retiring into a Convent, her resolution to continue there, her avoiding of all visits, and the backwardness of those who had encourag'd *Don Diego* in his applications to her, blasted the hopes he had conceiv'd of obtaining her without trouble. He therefore resolv'd to force the Convent, and to carry her away, an attempt the most highly criminal in *Spain*, and such as wherein onely an extravagant fool, such as he was, would engage himself in. He found, for money, people as mad as himself; he gave order for the laying of Horses at several places between *Valladolid* and a certain Sea-port, where a Vessel was to expect him ready to set Sail.

He forc'd the Convent; carried away *Eugenia*; and that unfortunate Lady was to become the Prey of the most worthless person in the World, if Heaven had not strangely reliev'd her, when she least look'd for it: One single person, who upon the cries of *Eugenia*, met the Ravishers, forc'd them to a sudden halt, and charg'd with so much valour, that, upon the first meeting, he wounded *Don Diego* and divers of his Complices, and kept them in action till the Citizens making head, and seconded by the Officers of publick Justice, had reduc'd *Don Diego* and his party to those extremities, that they must either be kill'd or taken.

Thus was *Eugenia* rescu'd; but before she would be conducted back to her Convent, she would needs know who that gallant Person was, who had so generously expos'd his Life to serve her. He was sound, wounded in several places, and, through loss of abundance of blood, in a manner Dead. *Eugenia* desir'd to see him, and had no sooner cast her eyes on his countenance, but she knew him to be *Don Garcias*. Her compassion was great as her astonishment, and she made such passionate discoveries thereof, as might have been interpreted to her disadvantage, if there had not been otherwise a just ground of her affliction. She prevail'd so far, with much intreaty, as that they would not carry to Prison her generous Reliever, whom *Don Diego* expiring, and his complices, acknowledg'd not to be of their party, but the person who had oppos'd their design. He was carried to the next House, which by good fortune happen'd

to be that which had some time been *Don Sancho's* was now *Eugenia's*, and where she had left all her Houshold stuff and some Servants. He was recommended to the care of the best Surgeons of both Court and City. *Eugenia* return'd into the Convent, and the next day was forc'd to leave it, and come to her own House, upon the publishing of a Proclamation, that no secular persons should be entertain'd into Nunneries. The next day *Don Diego* dyes, and his Friends had much ado to hinder a Trial to pass upon him, though Dead; but his Complices were punish'd according to their deserts. *Eugenia* in the mean time was almost out of her self to see so little hopes of *Don Garcias's* recovery; she implor'd the assistances of Heaven; She profer'd the Surgeons to reward them beyond what they would have ask'd her; but their Art was at a loss, and all their hope was in God and the Youthful constitution of the sick person. *Eugenia* stirr'd not from his Bed-side, and her attendances on him day and night were so assiduous, that they might at last have reduc'd her to a necessity of having others besides her self. She often heard him pronounce her name in the transportations of his Feaver, and among things incoherent, which his distracted imagination made him speak, he was often heard talking of Love, and discoursing with himself, as one that were fighting or quarrelling. At last Nature, fortifi'd by remedies, overcame the violence of his disease; his Feaver remitted; his wounds appeared in a better condition; and the Surgeons assur'd

Eugenia of his recovery, provided no other accident happen'd to him. She made them very great presents, and caused him to be pray'd for in all the Churches of *Valladolid*. Then was it that *Don Garcias* understood from *Eugenia*, that it was she whom he had rescu'd; and she was told by him how it came to pass, that he happened to relieve her so seasonably, being upon his return into the City after he had been to see a friend of his out of Town. She could not, even in his presence, forbear acknowledging how highly she thought her self oblig'd to him; and he could as little smother the extraordinary satisfaction he conceiv'd to have done her so considerable a service; but there was yet another thing of greater importance he had to acquaint her withal.

One day, she being alone with him, and intreating him not to suffer her to be any longer ungrateful, but to make use of her in something of consequence, he took that opportunity to discover to her the true sentiments he had for her. The very thought of what he was about to do, made him sigh; he grew pale; and the disturbance of his mind was so visible in his countenance, that *Eugenia* was afraid he was in some great torment. She ask'd him what posture his Wounds were in. "Ah Madam! *repli'd he*, my wounds are not my "greatest affliction. What is it then that troubles "you, *said she to him much frightned*. A misfor-"tune, *says he*, incapable of any remedy. It was "indeed, *replies Eugenia*, a great misfortune to "be so dangerously Wounded for a person you

"neither

"neither knew, nor deserv'd you should hazard "your Life for her; but this is not beyond remedy, "since your Surgeons doubt not but you will soon "recover it. And that is it I am to complain of, "*cries Don Garcias*: Had I lost my Life in your "service, *continued he*, I had brought it to a glo-"rious period, whereas I must now live against my "will, and be a long time the most unfortunate "man in the world. Being a person so excellently "qualifi'd as you are, I think you not so unfortu-"nate as you would make your self, *replies Eu-"genia*. How Madam, *said he*, do you not ac-"count that man unfortunate, who being satisfi'd "of your worth, having a greater esteem for you "than any other whatever, loving you beyond "his own Life, must nevertheless come short of "deserving you, though Fortune should prove "as indulgent to him as she hath ever been ma-"licious? You strangely surprize me, *said she "blushing*: but the obligations you have cast upon "me, give you a priviledge, which, in the con-"dition I am in, I should not grant any other. I "pray you above all things endeavour your own "recovery, and assure your self, your misfortunes "shall not continue long, when it shall come "into the power of *Eugenia* to put a period there-"to.

She stai'd not to hear what Reply he would make, and by that means spared him abundance of complements, which haply he would but poorly have acquitted himself of, because he would have over-strain'd himself to make them very good ones.

She

She call'd those Servants of hers who were to attend him, and went out of the room just as the Surgeons were coming in to visit him. The satisfaction of the mind is the sovereign remedy to recover a sick body; *Don Garcias* deriv'd such hopes of the advancement of his Love, from what *Eugenia* had said to him, that his soul, which before, as that of a Lover without hope, was oppress'd with sadness, dilated it self for the entertainment of joy, and that joy contributed more to his recovery than all the remedies of Chirurgery. He came to perfect health. He out of civility went from *Eugenia*'s house, but carried with him, and continu'd, the pretensions he had to her affection. She had promis'd to love him, provided he made no publick discoveries thereof, and it may be she lov'd him no less than he lov'd her: but having so lately lost a Husband, and been engag'd in adventures, which had made her the Table-talk of all Companies in Court and City, she thought it no prudence so soon to expose her self to rash censures, by running upon a marriage with too much precipitation. At last *Don Garcias*, by the excess of his merit and constancy, overcame all these difficulties. He was, as to his person, so accomplish'd, as might make a Rival run mad to think on't. He was a younger Brother of one of the best Houses of *Arragon*, and though he had done no great things in the Wars, he might justly, from the long services his Father had done *Spain*, derive some hopes of a recompence from the Court, as advantageous as honourable. *Eugenia* could

could no longer hold out against so many excellent qualities, nor be longer oblig'd to him for all he had done and suffered upon her account. She was married to him. Court and City approved her choice; and that she might not have the least occasion to repent her of it, it happened, that, not long after their marriage, the King of *Spain* bestowed on *Don Garcias* one of the Commanderies of St. *James*. Another thing which had already happened, was, that he had satisfied his dear *Eugenia* the very first night of their marriage, that he was much another Bed-fellow than *Don Sancho*, and that she had found in him, what she would not have met with in the Portuguez *Andrado*. Children they had many, because they took more than ordinary pains to get them: and the History of their Loves and Adventures is to this day related at *Vailladolid*, not only among those that knew them, but to Strangers who occasionally Travel that way. For my part, I travelled not thither for it, but finding it Printed, made no doubt of the Truth of it, and expect the same confidence in those who shall receive it from me.

FINIS.

could no longer hold out against so many excel-
lent qualities, more than I was obliged to him for all
he had done and suffered upon her account. She
was married to him. Cæsar and Cleer approved
her choice; and that thereby not only the jeal-
ousies to expect from it, disappearing, but
long absence their marriage, the King being be-
loved on Don Garcia's one of the Commande-
ries of Zamor. Another thing which already
happening was, that the Island of Cleer Ex-
ceedingly very little of their money, their
was much another but fallow than Don Sancho,
and this he had found in him, who he would
not have once with in the Portuguese adventu-
Children they had many, because they took more
than ordinary pains to on them; and the History
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ted at Valladolid, not only among those that know
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SCARRON's NOVELS.

The Judge in his own Cause.

The Fourth Novel.

Prince *Muley*, son to the King of *Morocco*, having lost the company with whom he had spent the day in hunting, was got alone, and that in the night-time, among certain rocks on the Sea-side, not above an hours gentle walking from the City of *Fez*. The sky was not over-cast with the least cloud; the Sea glaz'd up

 in

in an undisturbed calm, and so might serve for a Mirrour to the Moon and Stars, [illegible] to sparkle no less there, than in their proper [illegible]: in fine, it was one of the pleasantest [illegible] those warmer Countries, which exceed the [illegible] days of our colder Regions. The Prince, [illegible] gently along the River side, diverted himself in considering the emulation between the Constellations above in the Firmament, and those which seem'd to be on the surface of the Water, when the sad accents of some doleful shrieking piercing his ears, rais'd in him a curiosity to go to the place whence he conceiv'd it might proceed. After a little riding, he found, among the rocks, a woman, who, as much as her strength would permit, made her party good against a man, who violently endeavour'd to bind her hands, while another woman was emploi'd to stop her mouth with a linnen cloath.

The arrival of the young Prince prevented the Actors of that violence to proceed any further therein, and gave her a little respit, whom they intended to treat so unworthily. *Mulei* ask'd her, what might occasion her crying out, and the others, what they would have done to her? But instead of any reply, the man comes up to him with his Cimitar drawn, and would have dangerously wounded him, had he not, by the nimbleness of his horse, avoided the blow. How now, impious wretch, says *Mulei* to him, darest thou offer violence to the Prince of *Fez*? I know thee very well to be my Prince, *replies the Moor*: nay it is because thou art my Prince, and that it is in thy power to punish me, that I must either have thy life, or lose my own.

With

With those words he made at *Mulei* with such a desperate fury, that the Prince, though much fam'd for his valour, was reduc'd to a necessity not so much of assaulting, as securing himself against so dangerous an enemy. The two women in the mean time were very seriously engag'd, and she who a little before gave her self over for lost, kept the other from running away, as if she doubted not but her Champion would obtain the victory. Despair sometimes heightens a man's courage, nay sometimes derives it to those who have least of it. Though the Prince's valour was incomparably beyond that of his Adversary, and maintain'd by a more than ordinary skill and vigour; yet the punishment, which the Moor's crime deserv'd, made him hazard all, and gave him so much courage and force, that the victory was a great while in suspence between the Prince and him; but Heaven, which commonly protects those it raises above others, fortunately directed the Prince's retinue, which he had lost the evening before, to pass so near the place, as to hear the noise of the Combatants, and the cries of the women. They make all the speed they could thither, and came in just as their Master having worsted his bold Adversary, had laid him on the ground, where he would not kill him, but reserve him for a more exemplary punishment. He thereupon order'd some of his people to bind him to a horse-tail, so as that he might not attempt ought against himself or any other. Two Gentlemen took up the two women behind them, and so *Mulei* and his retinue got to *Fez*, just with the break of day. This young Prince govern'd as absolutely in *Fez*, as if he had been already King

of it. He order'd the Moor to be brought before him, his name was *Amet*, and he was son to one of the wealthiest Inhabitants of *Fez*. The two women were not known by any, in regard the Moors, the most jealous of all mankind, are extremely careful in keeping their wives and slaves from the sight of all others.

The woman, whom the Prince had reliev'd, surpriz'd both him and all his Court with the transcendency of her beauty, which was such as had not been seen before in *Africk*, and also with a Majestick air, which the wretched habit of a slave could not hide from their eyes who admir'd her. The other was clad as those women of the country are, whose quality is somewhat above the ordinary rate, and might pass for handsome, though much less than the former. But though she might enter into competition with her as to beauty, yet the paleness which through a certain Fear had settled in her countenance depriv'd it of so much of its lustre, as that of the former receiv'd advantage from that lively redness, which a modest blush had gently spread over it. The Moor appear'd before *Mulei* with the countenance and deportment of a Criminal, having his eyes continually fasten'd on the ground. *Mulei* commanded him to acknowledge his crime, or expect to die in the greatest torments. "I know well enough what is pre-
"par'd for me, and what I have deserv'd, *replies*
"*the undaunted Moor*, and as it will be of little
"advantage to me to confess any thing, so are
"there not any torments that shall make me do it.
"I cannot avoid death, since I would have given
"it thee, and I would have thee know, that the
"rage

stage I am in, that I could not dispatch thee, torments me beyond all that can be inflicted on me by the most inventive executioners. These women, *Spaniards* by descent, were my Slaves; one of them hath done as I wish'd her, and compli'd with her fortune, by marrying my Brother *Zaïdes*; the other would never change her Religion, nor make the least kind return to the love I had for her.

This was all could be gotten out of him. *Muley* order'd him to be put into a Dungeon loaden with chains. The Renegado wife of *Zaïdes* was dispos'd into another prison, and the beautiful Slave was conducted to a Moor's house named *Zulema*, a person of quality, originally a *Spaniard*, who had left *Spain*, because he could not find in his conscience to embrace the *Christian* Religion. He was descended of the illustrious House of *Zegris*, heretofore so famous in *Granada*, and his wife *Zoraida*, who was of the same House, had the reputation to be the fairest, and withal, the wittiest woman in *Fez*. She was immediately taken with the beauty of the Christian Slave, and, upon the first conversation they had together, was no less with her ingenuity. Had this fair Christian been capable of consolation, she would have found it in the caresses of *Zoraida*; but as if she purposely avoided whatever might alleviate her grief, she endeavour'd as much as she could to be alone, that she might afflict her self the more, insomuch that, when she was in company with *Zoraida*, she did her self no small violence, to smother her sighs, and keep in her tears before her.

Prince *Muley* in the mean time was extremely

desirous to have an account of her adventures; she had discover'd so much to *Zulema*, who being a person he much confided in, he withal acknowledg'd, that he had some inclinations for that fair Christian, and that he had made a discovery thereof to her, had he not inferr'd, from her extraordinary affliction, that he might have an unknown Rival in *Spain*, who, though at a great distance, might prevent his being happy, even in that Country where he was an absolute Prince. *Zulema* thereupon gave his wife order to enquire of the Christian the particulars of her life, and by what accident she came to be Slave to *Amet*. *Zoraida* was as desirous to do it as the Prince, and found it no hard matter to induce the *Spanish* Slave to satisfie her; the other not knowing how to refuse any thing to a person, from whom she had receiv'd so many assurances of tenderness and friendship. She told *Zoraida*, that she would satisfie her curiosity when she pleas'd, but that, having onely misfortunes to acquaint her with, she fear'd the account thereof would be very tedious to her. "You "will find it otherwise, replies *Zoraida*, by the "attention I shall give you, and my concern "therein will satisfie you, that you may safely en"trust the secret thereof to a person who infi"nitely loves you. Embracing her with these words, she entreated her not to put off any longer the satisfaction she desir'd of her. They were all alone, and the fair Slave, having wip'd off the tears which the memory of her misfortunes drew into her eyes, she thus began the relation thereof.

"My name is *Sophia*, said she, I am a *Spanish*, "born at *Valentia*, and brought up with all the

"care

"ease and tenderness which persons of quality, "such as were my Father and Mother, could ex-"press towards a Daughter who was the first "fruits of their marriage, and soon appear'd wor-"thy of their affection. I had a Brother, younger "than my self by some years, as lovely a child as could "be seen; he lov'd me as much as I lov'd him; and "our mutual friendship grew up to such a height, "that when we were not together, there might be "observ'd in our countenances, such sadness and "disquiet, as the most pleasant diversements of "persons of our age were not able to disperse. "Order was thereupon taken that we should not "be asunder: we learn'd together whatever is "commonly taught children, well descended, of "both sexes, and so it happen'd, to the great sa-"tisfaction of all, that I came to be as skilful and "dextrous as he, in all the violent exercises of a "Gentlemen, and he as ingenious in whatever is per-"formed by young Gentlewomen. This extra-"ordinary kind of education took so much with a "Gentleman, an intimate acquaintance of my Fa-"ther's, that he desir'd his children might be "brought up with us. The business was propos'd "to my Friends, who approved thereof, and the "nearness of their house promoted the design of "both parties. That Gentleman was not inferiour "to my Father, either as to quality or wealth. He "had also onely a Son and a Daughter, much about "my Brother's age and mine, insomuch that it was "not doubted, but that two Houses would be "united one day by a double marriage. *Don Carlos* and *Lucia* (so were the Brother and Sis-"ter call'd) were equally amiable: my Brother

"lov'd *Lucia*, and She him; *Don Carlos* lov'd me; "I, him, as much. Our Parents knew it, and were "so far from being displeas'd thereat, that had we "not been too young, they would then have "us married together.

"But the happy state of our innocent Loves was "disturb'd by the death of my lovely Brother, a "violent Feaver snatch'd him from hence in eight "days, and this was the first of my misfortunes. "*Lucia* was so troubled thereat, that no per- "suasions could keep her from embracing a Reli- "gious life. I was sick to death, and *Don Carlos* "was so far given over, as that his Father began "to fear he should see himself without Issue; so "great a grief did he conceive, at the loss of my "Brother, whom he lov'd, the danger I was in, and "his Sister's resolution. *Don Carlos*'s Father di'd "soon after, leaving his Son a vast estate. Now "was he in a condition to discover the noblenes "of his nature; the gallantries he invented to "please me prevail'd on my vanity, made his "love more publick, and added much to mine. "*Don Carlos* often addres'd himself to my Pa- "rents, desiring them to consummate his happi- "nes by bestowing their Daughter on him. He "in the mean time continu'd his extraordinary "expences, which my Father perceiving, and "considering his estate could not hold out long "at that rate, resolv'd we should be married. He "therefore put *Don Carlos* in hope, that he should "ere long be his Son-in-law; at which News he "discover'd such an extraordinary joy, as would "have perswaded me that he lov'd me above his "own life, though I had not been so fully assur'd of

"it

"it as I was. He appointed a Ball for me, and "invited all the Gallantry of the City to it: but "to his misfortune and mine, there happen'd to "be at it a *Neapolitan* Count, whom some affairs "of importance had brought into *Spain*. He "thought me handsome enough to fall in love "with; and having enquired what quality my Fa-"ther was of, he went and, without any other "ceremony, demanded me of him in marriage. "My Father, dazled at the wealth and quality of "this Stranger, promised him what he desir'd, "and that very day sent *Don Carlos* word, that "he might forbear all further addresses to his "Daughter, forbad me to receive his visits, and "commanded me to look on the *Italian* Count, "as the person I should be married to, as soon as "he were return'd from *Madrid*. I dissembled "my affliction before my Father; but as soon as "I was got alone, *Don Carlos* presented himself "to my imagination, as the most amiable person "in the world. I reflected on all could be quar-"rel'd at in the *Italian* Count; I conceiv'd an "implacable aversion against him, and I felt my "self so possess'd with the love of *Don Carlos*, "that it was equally impossible for me to live with-"out him, and to be happy with his Rival. My "recourse was to my tears; but what remedy were "they in so great a misfortune.

"While I was in this distraction, *Don Carlos* "comes into my chamber, without first demand-"ing any permission, as he was wont to do. He "found me as it were dissolv'd into tears, nor "could he forbear his, though he seem'd willing to "conceal what lay heavy on his soul, till he had

"dis-

"discovered the true sentiments of mine. He "cast himself at my feet, and taking me by the "hands, which he bedew'd with his tears, I must "then loose you *Sophia*! and a stranger, whom "you hardly know, shall be happier than I, because "he is somewhat richer. He will be possess'd of "you, *Sophia*! and you consent thereto; you, "whom I have so infinitely lov'd; you, who "would persuade me that you lov'd me, and were "promis'd me by a Father, but alas! an unjust "Father, an interess'd Father, and one that hath "basely recoyl'd from his word! If you are, "*continu'd he*, a Jewel that may be sent at any "price, 'tis onely my fidelity that can purchase "you, and it is upon the account of that, you "should be yet mine rather than any Mortal; if "you have not forgotten that you have promised "me the like. But, *cries he*, do you imagine that "a person who had the courage to raise his desires "to you, wants it to be reveng'd of one you "prefer before him; or will you think it strange, "that a Wretch who hath lost all should not un-"dertake any thing? If you are content that I "alone should perish, this fortunate Rival shall "live, since he is so happy as to please you, and "you think him worthy your protection: but *Don* "*Carlos*, who is now become odious to you, and "whom you have given over to his despair, will "dye of a Death cruel enough, to satiate the hatred "you have for him.

"*Don Carlos*, *reply'd I*, do you joyn forces "with an unjust Father, and a person whom I "never could fancy, to persecute me, and im-"pute to me, as a particular crime, a misfortune

"which

which is common to us both? You may rather bemoan than accuse me, and bethink your self of the means to preserve me yours, than pierce my soul with undeserv'd reproaches. I could make more just ones to you, and force you to acknowledge, that you never sufficiently lov'd me, since you never sufficiently knew me. But we have no time to loose in fruitless remonstrances. Carry me where you please, I'll follow you, and therefore I give you leave to attempt any thing, and promise to second you in it, so that I may ever be yours.

Don Carlos was so revi'v'd at these words, that he was as much transported with joy, as he had been before with grief. He begg'd a thousand pardons for his having charg'd me with the injustice he thought done him, and having satisfy'd me, that unless I were remov'd thence, it was impossible I should avoid complying with my Father's will; I referr'd my self wholly to his disposal, and promis'd him, that the second night after, I would be ready to go along with him. Don Carlos spent the next day in setting his affairs in order, made provision of Money, and a Bark, which was to set sail, whenever he sent orders to that purpose. In the mean time I made up all my Jewels, and what Money I had, and, being a person so young as I was, so well dissembled my design, that no body had the least suspicion of it. I was not observ'd by any, so that I might safely take my way out at the Garden-door, where I found Claudio, a Page, whom Don Carlos had a kind of fondness for, upon the account of his skill in Singing,

"which

" which was as excellent as his Voice, and that
" in his manner of speaking, and all his actions,
" he discover'd a greater pitch of ingenuity, under-
" standing, and gentileness of cartiage, than the
" condition of a Page is commonly observ'd to
" have. He told me, that his Master had sent him
" before, to conduct me to the Bark, and that he
" could not come himself, for some reasons I
" should know when I saw him. A Slave of *Don*
" *Carlos*, whom I also knew very well, soon after
" came to us. We got out of the City without
" any trouble, and were not gone far from it ere
" we perceiv'd a Vessel in the Road, and soon
" after a Shallop that waited for us at the Water-
" side. They told me, that my dear *Don Carlos*
" would come very suddenly, and that in the mean
" time, I should go to the Vessel. The Slave
" carry'd me into the Shallop, and several Men,
" whom I had observ'd on the shore, and took for
" Mariners, forc'd *Claudio* also to get into the
" Shallop, who seem'd to make some resistance,
" to avoid coming into it. This added to the
" trouble I was already in, for the absence of *Don*
" *Carlos*. I ask'd the Slave where he was; he
" roundly answer'd, I was not to expect any *Don*
" *Carlos* there.

" In the mean time, I could hear *Claudio* cry-
" ing out as loud as he could, and bursting forth
" into tears, saying to the Slave, Treacherous
" *Amet!* is it thus thou keep'st thy promise with
" me, and, by removing my Rival out of the way,
" leav'st me with my Lover? Imprudent *Claudio*!
" replies the Slave, is a Man oblig'd to keep his
" word with a perfidious person, or could I expect,
" that

"that one that hath betray'd his own Master, "should not ſerve me the like trick, by giving "notice to thoſe who have the over-ſight of the "Coaſts, to make out after me, and deprive me "of *Sophia*, whom I love beyond my own Life?

"Theſe words ſpoken to a Woman, whom I "took all the while to be a Man, and whereof I "could not underſtand the meaning, caus'd me ſo "great an affliction, that, I fell down in a manner "dead in the arms of the perfidious Moor, who "had not ſtirr'd from me. I continu'd a good "while in the ſwound, which, when I had reco-"ver'd, I found my ſelf in one of the Cabbins of "the Veſſel, which was now got a good way to "Sea. Imagine to your ſelf what deſpair I muſt "be in, finding my ſelf without my *Don Carlos*, "and among the profeſſed enemies of my Reli-"gion, for I ſoon perceiv'd that I was in the "power of the Moors; that the Slave *Amet* had "abſolute power over them, and that his Brother "*Zaides* was Maſter of the Veſſel. The inſolent "Villain no ſooner ſaw me in a condition to hear "what he might ſay, but, in few words he told "me, that he had a long time had an affection for "me, and that his paſſion forc'd him to carry me "thus away by violence, and to bring me to *Fez*, "where it ſhould be my own fault, if I were not "as happy as I might be in *Spain*, as it ſhould be "his, if I there had any occaſion to regret the loſs "of *Don Carlos*. I made a ſhift to cloſe with "him, notwithſtanding the weakneſs I was in by "reaſon of my former ſwounding, and, by a vi-"gorous attempt, which he thought not off, and "which, as I told you before, I had learnt when I

"was

"was a child, I drew out his Cymitar, and had "punish'd him for his perfidiousness, if his Bro- "ther *Zaidos* had not seasonably laid hold on my "arm, and so sav'd his Life. It was no hard mat- "ter to disarm me, for, having miss'd my blow, "I forbore making any further vain attempts, "against so great a number of enemies. *Amet*, "who had been frightnest at my resolution, or- "der'd all to withdraw out of the room where he "had dispos'd me, and left me in an affliction not "easily to be imagined, after the cruel change "which had happened in my fortunes. I spent "the whole night in bemoaning my self, nor did "the next day bring any remission of my grief. "Time, which many times alleviates such trou- "bles, could do nothing on mine; insomuch that "the second day after our setting out to Sea, I "was in a greater distraction, than I had been that "unlucky night, when, with my liberty, I lost the "hope of ever seeing *Don Carlos* again, and ever "having a minute of enjoyment while I liv'd. "*Amet* had found me so terrible, when ever he "presum'd to appear before me, that he came no "more into my sight. At certain times, some- "what was brought me to eat, but I so obstinate- "ly refus'd it, that the barbarous Moor began to "fear he had brought me away to no purpose.

"In the interim, the Vessel had pass'd the "Streight, and was not far from the Coast of *Fez* "when *Claudio* comes into my Cabbin. As soon "as I perceiv'd him, unhappy miscreant, who hast "thus betray'd me, *said I to him*, what had I "done to thee, that thou should'st make me the "most wretched person in the world, and deprive

"me

"me of *Don Carlos*? You were too much "belov'd of him, *replied he*, and since I lov'd "him as well as you did, I have committed no "great crime, in endeavouring to remove a Rival, "as far as I could from him: but if I have be-"tray'd you, *Amet* hath also betray'd me, and I "should haply be no less troubled than you are, "did I not find some comfort in this considera-"tion, that I am not miserable alone. Prethee, "let me understand these riddles, *said I to him*, "and know who thou art; and, consequently, "whether I have, in thee, a Friend or an Ene-"my.

"Know then, *Sophia*, said he to me, that I am "of the same Sex as your self, and, as well as "you, I have also been in love with *Don Carlos*; "but if we have suffer'd by the same flame, it "hath not been with the same success. *Don* "*Carlos* hath ever lov'd you, and hath ever be-"liev'd, that you lov'd him; whereas, on the con-"trary, he never lov'd me, nor could ever ima-"gine that I should love him, as having not known "me to be what I truly was. I am of *Valentia*, "as you are, and my quality and fortunes are "such, that if *Don Carlos* had married me, he "needed not to have fear'd the reproaches made "to those who under-ally themselves. But the "affection he had for you wholly took him up, "and it seems he had eyes onely for you. Not "but that mine did what they could, to save my "mouth the labour of making a shameful dis-"covery of my weakness. I went to all places "where I thought to meet him; I plac'd my self "where he might see me, and I did all things for

"him,

"him, which he should have done for me, had he "lov'd me, as I lov'd him. I had the disposal of "my self and estate, as having been left an Or-"phan while I was yet very young; and there "were often propos'd to me matches equal to my "condition, but the hope I still cherish'd, that I "might at length engage *Don Carlos* to love me, "hindred me from complying with any. Instead "of being discourag'd by the unhappy fate of my "love, as any other would, who, as I, had suffi-"cient perfections not to be slighted, I was the "rather excited to the Love of *Don Carlos*, by "the difficulty I found to insinuate my self into "his affections. In fine, to avoid the self-re-"proach, that I should neglect any thing which "might promote my design, I caus'd my hair to "be cut, and having disguis'd my self in Men's "cloaths, I got my self presented to *Don Carlos* "by an old menial Servant of my own, who went "under the name of my Father, a poor Gentle-"man of the Mountains of *Toledo*. My coun-"tenance and Meen your Lover lik'd so well, "that he was soon induc'd to take me into his "service. He knew me not again, though he "had seen me so many times, and he was as soon "satisfy'd with my ingenuity as taken with my "voice, and my skil in singing, and playing on all "those instruments, on which persons of Quality "may, without disparagement, divert themselves. "He soon found in me those endowments which "are not commonly seen in Pages, and I gave "him so many demonstrations of my fidelity and "discretion, that he treated me rather as a Con-"fident, than a Domestick servant. You know

"best

"best of any, whether I am to be credited in what
"I say. You have a hundred times commended
"me to *Don Carlos*, even in my presence, and
"done many good offices, but what vex'd me to
"the heart, was, that I receiv'd them from a Ri-
"val, and while they made me more acceptable
"to *Don Carlos*, they render'd you the more hate-
"ful to the unhappy *Libaldia*, (for so I am called.)
"In the mean time the treaty of your marriage
"went forward, my hopes backward; that was
"concluded, these were lost. The *Italian* Count,
"who about that time, fell in love with you, and
"whose Titles and Estate as much dazled your
"Father's eyes, as his warp'd countenance and his
"imperfections gave you occasion to slight him,
"procur'd me at least the pleasure, to see you a
"little travers'd in your loves, and my soul began
"to flatter it self with those fond hopes, which
"the unfortunate are over-apt to derive from vi-
"cissitude. In fine, your Father preferr'd the
"Stranger, whom you fanci'd not, before *Don*
"*Carlos* whom you did. So I saw her, who caus'd
"my unhappiness, in her turn, unhappy her self,
"and a Rival whom I hated, more unfortunate
"than my self, since I lost nothing in a man, who
"had never been mine, whereas you lost *Don Car-*
"*los*, who was wholly yours, and yet that loss, how
"great soever it might be, was haply to you a les-
"ser misfortune, than to have, for your perpetual
"Tyrant, a man, whom you could not love.

"But my prosperity, or, to say better, my hope,
"prov'd not long-liv'd. I understood from *Don*
"*Carlos*, that you were resolv'd to follow him,
"and I was employ'd to set things in order to

"the design he had to carry you to *Barcelona*, and
"thence to cross over into some part of *France* or
"*Italy*. All the force I had had till then to endure
"my cross fortune, left me upon this so sharp an
"assault, it being a resolution I was the more sur-
"priz'd with, the less I had apprehended any such
"misfortune. The trouble I conceiv'd thereat cast
"me into a sickness, and that confin'd me to my
"bed. One day, as I was bemoaning my sad de-
"stiny, and that my presumption of not being
"overheard by any made me break forth into a
"loud expostulations, as if I had spoken to some
"Confident, who knew the secret of my sufferings, I
"perceiv'd standing before me the Moor, *Amor*,
"who had heard me. Having recover'd the trouble
"his unexpected presence had put me into, he ad-
"dress'd himself to me in these words.

"I know thee very well, *Claudia*, and that
"even before thou hadst disguis'd thy sex, to be-
"come a Page to *Don Carlos*; and that I never
"discover'd this my knowledge of thee, proceeded
"hence, that I had a design as well as thou hadst.
"I have heard what desperate resolutions thou art
"ready to take; thou wilt discover thy self to thy
"Master to be a young Maid deeply in love with
"him, and yet hopest not any from him, and then
"thou wilt kill thy self in his presence, so to de-
"serve the regrets of him, whose love thou couldst
"not gain. Wretched Lass! what will be the
"effect of thy own self-murther, but to give *So-*
"*phia* a further assurance of her *Don Carlos*? I
"have a better advice for thee, if thou art able to
"to take it. Deprive thy Rival of her Servant; it
"may easily be done, if thou credit me, and though

"it

"it requires much resolution, yet no more than "thou hast already express'd, in puting on man's "habit, and hazarding thy honour, to satisfie thy "love. Hear me then attentively, *continu'd the "Widow*, I will acquaint thee with a secret, which "I never discover'd to any, and if thou likest not "what I shall propose to thee, it will be at thy "own choice, whether thou follow it or not. I "am of *Fez*, a person of quality in my Country; "my misfortune made me flave to *Don Carlos*; "and *Sophia*'s beauty, hers. I have told thee "much in few words. Thou think'st thy misery "remediless, because thy Lover carries away his "Mistress, and is bound for *Barcelona*. 'Tis both "my happiness and mine, if thou canst make thy "advantage of the opportunity. I have treated "about my ransome, and paid it. A Galeot of "*Africk* waits for me in the road, not far from "the place where *Don Carlos* hath one ready for "the execution of his design. He hath put it off "to one day; let us prevent him with as much "diligence as subtilty. Go and tell *Sophia* from "thy Master, that she should make ready to come "away this night, at the time thou shalt come for "her; conduct her to my Vessel, I will carry her "into *Africk*, and thou shalt continue alone at "*Valencia*, to enjoy thy Lover, who haply would "have lov'd thee as soon as *Sophia*, had he but "known that thou hadst lov'd him.

"At these last words of *Claudia*, I was so over-"come with grief, that with a deep sigh, I fell in-"to another swound, without any signs of life. "The out-cries of *Claudia*, who haply then began "to repent her that she had made me so unfortu-

"nate, yet was nevertheless such, brought *Amet* "and his Brother into the room where I was. "They appli'd all the remedies they could, till at "last I recover'd, and might hear *Claudia* still "reproaching the Moor with his perfidiousness. "Infidel Dog! *said she to him*, why hast thou ad-"vis'd me to reduce this Beauty to the deplorable "condition thou see'st her in, if thou hadst no "mind to leave me with the person I lov'd? and "why hast thou caus'd me to commit against a "person so dear to me, a treachery which proves "as hurtful to me as to him? How dar'st thou say "thou art of noble birth in thy Country, when "thou art the most perfidious and basest of all "men? Hold thy peace, simple Maid, replies "*Amet*, reproach me not with a crime, wherein "thou art my Complice. I have already told thee, "that he, who could betray a Master as thou hast "done, very well deserv'd to be betray'd, and for "taking thee along with me, I onely secure my "own life, and haply *Sophia's*, since she might "have di'd of pure grief, upon the knowledge of "thy staying behind with *Don Carlos*.

"At these words, the noise made by the Ma-"riners, who were ready to enter into the Port of "*Salley*, and the shooting off of some Guns, "which were answered by the Artillery of the "Port, interrupted the reproaches reciprocally "made to one the other, by *Amet* and *Claudia*, "and for a while eas'd me of the sight of those two "odious persons. We got a-shore, *Claudia* and "I had veils put over our faces, and were "lodg'd with the perfidious *Amet*, at a Moor's, "one of his kindred. The next day, we were

"dis-

"dispos'd into a close Chariot, and conducted to "*Fez*, where, if *Amet* were receiv'd by his Fa- "ther with much joy, I came in, the most afflict- "ed and most desperate person in the world. For "*Claudia*, she soon provided for her self, re- "nouncing Christianity, and marrying *Zaides*, "brother to the treacherous *Amet*. The wicked "woman us'd all the artifices imaginable to "induce me to change my Religion, and to "marry *Amet*, as she had done *Zaides*, and so "she became the most cruel of my Tyrants, even "while, after they had in vain tri'd to draw me in "by kindness, fair promises, and treatments, "*Amet* and all his people exercis'd on me all the "barbarism they could. My constancy was suffi- "ciently exercis'd against so many enemies, and "I was more able to endure my troubles than I "could have wish'd my self, when I began to ima- "gine that *Claudia* repented her, that she had "been so wicked. Before others she seem'd to "persecute me with greater animosity than any, "but privately she did me some good offices, "which made me look on her as a person who "might have been virtuous, had her education been "accordingly.

"For one day, while all the rest of the women "were gone to the publick Baths, as your *Mahu- "metans* are wont to do, she came to me, and "finding me very sad, she spoke to me to this "purpose. Fairest *Sophia*! I have heretofore "thought I had some reason to hate you, but now "that hatred is at an end, since I have lost the "hope of ever enjoying him, who lov'd not me "enough, because he lov'd you too much. It

"grieves me to the soul, that I have occasion'd "your misfortune, and forsaken my God, for fear "of men. The least of these things were enough "to make me undertake things beyond my sex. "I can no longer live at this distance from *Spain*, "and all the Christian part of the world, with "these Infidels, among whom I know it is im- "possible I should ever work out my salvation "either here or hereafter. You may assure your- "self of my repentance by the secret I shall ac- "quaint you with, which putting my life at your "disposal, you may revenge your self of all the "mischiefs I have been forc'd to do you. I have "corrupted fifty Christian Slaves, most *Spaniards*, "and all persons fit to undertake some great en- "terprise. With the mony I have secretly given "them, they have secur'd a Bark ready to waft us "over into *Spain*, if it please God to favour "so good a design. All you have to do is to join "fortunes with me, and so escape if I do, or, pe- "rishing with me, get out of the hands of your "cruel enemies, and put a period to so unfortu- "nate a life as yours is. Resolve therefore, *Sophia*, "and while we cannot be suspected guilty of any "design, let us, without loss of any time, consider "of the most important action of your life and "mine.

"I cast my self at *Chudin*'s feet, and mea- "suring her by my self, I never question'd her "sincerity. I was at a little loss to give her suf- "ficient thanks, and assure her of the great resent- "ments I had of the favour which I conceiv'd she "would do me. We appointed a day for our "escape, towards a place on the Sea-side, where

"she

"she told me that our Bark lay under certain "Rocks. The day which I thought would prove "so happy, came, we very happily got out of the "house and City. I admir'd the goodness of Hea-"ven in the easiness we found in compassing our "design, and I incessantly bless'd God for it. But "the end of my misfortunes was not so near as I "thought it. *Claudia* did all this by order from "the perfidious *Ames*, may, exceeding him in "perfidiousness, the end of her bringing me to "such a solitary place, and that in the night time, "was onely to leave me to the violence of the "Moor, who durst not have attempted ought "against my chastity in his Father's house, who, "though a *Mahometan*, was yet a morally honest "man. I innocently follow'd her, who led me "to destruction, and I thought I should never be "sufficiently thankful to her, for the liberty I was "in hope ere long to obtain by her means. I could "not be weary of giving her thanks, not yet of "going a good pace, in rough ways encompass'd "with rocks, where she told me that her people "expected her, when hearing a certain noise be-"hind me, and turning my head, I perceiv'd *Ames*, "with his Cymitar drawn. You infamous Slaves, "*said he*, is it thus you run away from your Mas-"ster? I had not the leisure to answer him. *Claudia* "held my hands fast behind, and *Ames* letting "fall his Cymitar, came up to the Renegado, and "both of them together did what they could to "bind my hands with cords, which they had pro-"vided for that purpose. Having a greater strength "and activity than women commonly have, I a "good while resisted the attempts of those two

"wicked persons: but at length I grew weary, and "my onely recourse was to my cries, which might "draw some passenger into that solitary place, "where I rather hoped not for any relief, than "Prince *Muley* came in to my refcue. You have "heard how he sav'd my honour, nay I may say my "life, since I had assuredly died of grief, if the de- "testable *Amet* had had his desires on me."

Thus did *Sophia* conclude the relation of her adventures, and the amiable *Zoraida* encouraged her to expect from the generosity of the Prince, that some course would be taken for her return into *Spain*; whereupon she acquainted her husband with all she had heard from *Sophia*, whereof he afterwards gave Prince *Muley* an account. Though all that had been related to him of the fortunes of the fair Christian, flatter'd not the passion he had for her, yet was he glad, being a person nobly inclin'd to vertue, to receive some knowledge thereof, and find that her affection was engag'd in her own Country, that so he might not attempt a censurable action out of a vain hope of finding it easily compass'd. He had an esteem for the vertue of *Sophia*, and was inclin'd, by his own, to endeavour a remission of her misfortune. He sent her word by *Zoraida*, that he would give order for her return into *Spain*, when she pleas'd, and, having once taken that resolution, he forbore to visit her, out of a distrust of his own vertue, and the beauty of that amiable person. She was not a little troubled to find out a secure way for her return. 'Twas somewhat a tedious voiage into *Spain*, whose Merchants traded not to *Fez*, and though she might have met with a Christian vessel, at

being

being fair and young, as she was, she might find, among those of her own Religion, what she had been afraid to meet with among the Moors. Honesty is not often found aboard a Ship; sincerity is as little observ'd there as in War; and where-ever beauty and innocence are at the weakest, the insolence of the wicked will not fail to take its advantage to thrust them to the wall. *Zuraida* advis'd *Sophia* to put on Man's cloaths, since her advantageous Stature, beyond that of other Women much further'd her disguise. She told her it was the advice of Prince *Mulei*, who knew not any person at *Fez*, to whom he might safely trust her, and she told her withall, that he had had the goodness to provide for the safety of her Sex, by assigning her a companion of the same, of her own faith, and disguis'd as her self, and that so she might avoid the disquiet it would be to her, to see her self alone, aboard a Vessel, among Souldiers and Mariners.

Prince *Mulei* had bought of a Pyrat a Prize which he had taken at Sea; 'twas a Vessel belonging to the Governour of *Oran*, which had aboard her the whole family of a Spanish Gentleman, whom the Governour, upon some disgust, sent over a Prisoner into *Spain*. *Mulei* had heard that the said Gentleman was one of the best Huntsmen in the world, and Hunting being an exercise the Prince was most of any inclin'd to, he would needs have him to be his Slave, and to make the more sure of him, would not have him separated from his Wife, his Son, and Daughter. In the space of two years that he liv'd at *Fez*, in the Prince's service, he taught him how he might take any thing

with

with a Gun, whether it were on the Earth, or in the Air; and shew'd him several other Games unknown to the Moors. By these ways he had so insinuated himself into the Prince's favour, and was become so necessary in his divertisements, that he would not hear of any Ransome for him, but endeavour'd by all the obligations he could lay on him, to make him forget his own Country. But the regret he conceiv'd, that he should not once more see it, put him into a melancholy, which soon after ended in his Death, to which it was not long ere his Wife follow'd him. *Muley* felt a certain remorse, that he had not set him at Liberty, together with his relations, since they had by their Services deserv'd it, and so resolv'd to repair, towards their Children, the injury he thought he had done the Parents. The Daughter was named *Dorava*, much about the same Age with *Sophia*, handsome and witty. Her Brother was not above fifteen years of Age, and his name *Sancho*. *Muley* pitch'd on them to accompany *Sophia*, and took that opportunity to send them together into *Spain*. The business was kept very secret. Men's cloaths, according to the *Spanish* mode were made for the two Gentlewomen, and little *Sancho*. *Muley* shew'd his magnificence in the great quantity of Jewels he bestow'd on *Sophia*. He also bestow'd very noble Presents on *Dorotea*, which, added to those her Father had receiv'd from the Prince's liberality, made her a very considerable fortune.

About this time, *Charls* the Fift was engag'd in a war in *Africk*, and had besieg'd the City of *Tunis*. He had sent an Ambassadour to *Muley* to treat about the ransome of certain Spaniards, pos-

sons

sons of Quality, who had been cast away on the Coast of *Morocco*. To this Ambassadour did *Muley* recommend *Sophia*, under the name of *Don Fernand*, a Gentleman of quality, who desir'd not to be known by his own name; and *Don Fernand* and her Brother were to be his retinue, one as a Gentleman waiting on him, the other as Page. *Sophia* and *Zoraida* could not part without regret, and many tears were shed on both sides. *Zoraida* bestow'd on the fair Christian a Necklace of Pearl, so rich, that she would not have receiv'd it, if the obliging Moor, and her Husband *Zuleema*, who had as great a kindness for *Sophia* as his Wife, had not assur'd her, that she could not disoblige them in any thing so much, as the refusal of that pledge of their friendship. *Zoraida* made *Sophia* promise, that she should hear from her, by the way of *Tangier*, *Oran*, or some other places which the Emperour was possess'd of in *Africk*.

The Christian Ambassadour took Shipping at *Salley*, having along with him *Sophia*, whom we must henceforth call *Don Fernand*. He came to the Emperour's Army, while it was yet before *Tunis*. Our disguis'd Spanish Lady was presented to him as a Gentleman of *Andalusia*, who had some time been a Slave to the Prince of *Fez*. She had no great reason to be so fond of her Life, as to be afraid of engaging in the War, and being now to act the part of a Cavalier, she could not, in honour, avoid the performance of duty, as other gallant Persons did, whereof the Emperour's army was full. She thereupon listed her self among the Volunteers, miss'd no design that was under-

undertaken, and signaliz'd herself upon all occasions, so as the Emperour came to hear much of the counterfeit *Don Ferdinand*. Nay, such was her good Fortune, that she happen'd to be near him, when, in the heat of an engagement, wherein the disadvantage was on the Christian side, he fell into an ambuscado of Moors, was forsaken by his party, and encompass'd by the Infidels, and in all probability he had been kill'd there, his Horse having already receiv'd that fate under him, if our Amazon had not mounted him on hers, and, seconding his Valour with unexpressible effort, given the Christians time to see their error, and to come into the relief of that Valiant Emperour. So signal an action was not unrecompensed; the Emperour bestow'd on the unknown *Don Ferdinand* a Commandery of Saint *James*, of a vast Revenue, and the Regiment of Horse of a certain Spanish Lord, who had been kill'd in the last engagement. He also bestow'd on him the equipage of a person of Quality, and from thence forward, there was not a Person in the whole Army more highly esteem'd or more considerable than this Valiant *Virago*. All the actions of Man were so natural to her; her Countenance was so fair, and made her seem so young; her Valour was so admirable, considering her youth; and her Prudence and Conduct so remarkable, that there was not any Person of quality or command in the Army, but courted her Friendship. It is not therefore much to be admir'd, if, all pleading for her, but especially her noble and heroick Actions, she came in a short time to be her Master's greatest Favourite.

About

About this time, there came over some Recruits from *Spain*; in those Vessels which brought over Money and Ammunition for the Army. The Emperour would needs see them himself in their Arms, accompany'd by the chiefest Commanders, among whom was our Amazon. Looking very earnestly on these Recruits, she imagin'd that she had seen *Don Carlos*, nor was she mistaken. She could not be at rest all that day; she fears to find him out among the new Levies, but he could not be found, in regard he had chang'd his name. She slept not all night, got up with the Sun, to find out, her self, that dear Lover which had cost her so many tears. She found him, and was not known by him, she being grown somewhat Tallar, and the sultry heats of *Africk* having a little chang'd the Complexion of her Countenance. She pretended to take him for another of her acquaintance, and ask'd him what news from *Sevil*, and how such a person did, naming the first came into her mind. *Don Carlos* told her she had mistaken him, that he had never been at *Sevil*, and that he was of *Valentia*. "You are extremely like a "person I love dearly well, *says Sophia, I would* "*say Don Fernand*, and for that resemblance I "will be your friend, if you find in your self no "aversion to become mine. The same reason, "*replies Don Carlos*, which obliges you to proffer "me your friendship, had already ensur'd mine to "you, if it be worth your acceptance. You are "somewhat like a person I have a long time been "in love with; you have her Countenance and "Voice, but you are not of the same Sex, and "certainly, added he, with a deep sigh, you are

"not

"not of her Humour. *Sophia* could not forbear blushing at those words of *Don Carlos*, which he took no notice of, haply by reason his eyes, which began to be moistened with tears, could not well perceive the alterations of *Sophia*'s countenance. She was troubled, and not able at the present to dissemble it, she desir'd *Don Carlos* to come to her Tent, where she would expect him, and to tell him, after he had describ'd his Quarter, and told him that he was known in the Army by the name of *Don Ferrand*, one of the

At the hearing of that, *Don Carlos* was afraid he had not remarked him the respect due to his Quality. He had already heard what esteem he was in with the Emperour, and that he was as much in favour with him as any about the Court. He soon found out his Quarter and Tent, which any one could direct him to; and he was as well receiv'd by him, as a simple Gentleman could expect to be, by one of the chiefest Fields Officers. He again imagin'd he discovered *Sophia*'s countenance, in that of *Don Ferrand*; was more astonish'd at it, than he had been before; and that much more at the sound of his Voice, which entred into his very Soul, and there found the remembrance of that person, for wholly of all the world, he had had the greatest affection.

In the mean time, *Sophia*, undiscover'd by her Lover, entertains him at dinner, which done, she commands all the Servants to withdraw, and having given order that none should visit her, was told a second time, by that Gentleman, that he was of *Valentia*, and afterwards very patiently heard him relate what she knew as well as himself

of their common adventures, to the day that he intended to have carried her away. "Could you "imagine, Sir, *said Don Carlos to her*, that a "Gentlewoman of such Quality, who had re-"ceiv'd so many assurances of my Love, and had "given me as many of hers, should be wanting "in point of fidelity and honour; should have "the subtilty to smother such great failings, and "be so blinded in her choice, as to prefer, before "me, a young Page I had, who carried her away "from me, the day before I should have done it. "But are you fully convinc'd, it is so, *says Sophia* "*to him.* All things are in the disposal of "Chance, which sometimes is in an humour to "confound our ratiocinations, by such effects, as "we least expect. 'Tis possible, your Mistress "may have been forc'd to that separation from "you, and, it may be, is rather unfortunate, than "chargeable with any miscarriage. O that it were "the pleasure of the Gods, *replies Don Carlos*, I "would make the least question of it, I should "comfortably endure all the losses and misfor-"tunes it hath caus'd me; nay, I should not think "my self unfortunate, could I but imagine that "she were still faithful to me; but she is onely "such to the perfidious *Claudio*, and never pre-"tended love to the wretched *Don Carlos*, but to "ruine him. Me-thinks, *he may be inferr'd from* "what you say, *replies Sophia*, that you never had "any great affection for her, when your charge "against her is without your hearing what she "may have to alledge for her self, and you repre-"sent her, not onely as an unconstant, but also as a "wicked person. And could any one have been

"more

" more wicked than she hath prov'd, *cries Don*
" *Carlos*, when, to elude the suspicion of having
" been carried away by the Page, she left in her
" Chamber, the very night she vanish'd from her
" Father's, a Letter, writ with the greatest malice
" imaginable, which hath reduc'd me to more
" sensible miseries, than that it should ever get out
" of my memory. When you have heard it, you
" will haply be able to judge what Sycophancy so
" young a Thing could be guilty of.

THE LETTER.

Sir,

YOu should not have forbidden me to love Don Carlos, *after you had once laid your commands on me to do it. A merit so great as his must needs have rais'd in me an affection for him proportionable thereto; and when the mind of a young Person is pre-possess'd with such a passion, it is so fill'd, that there is no place for interest. Know then, that I go hence with him, whom you were pleas'd I should affect, even from my Infancy, and without whom it were as impossible for me to live, as it would be, not to dye a thousand times a day, with a Stranger, whom I cannot any way fancy, even though he were much richer than he is. Our offence, if it be any, deserves your pardon; which if you grant us, we will re-*

turn

turn to receive it, with greater speed, then we are now fort'd to, to avoid the unjust violence you would do us.

SOPHIA.

"You may easily imagine, *continu'd Don Carlos*, "the extreme grief which *Sophia's* Parents con-"ceiv'd at the reading of this Letter. They were in "hopes I might be still with their Daughter, either "in *Valentia*, or not far from it. They discover'd "not their loss to any but the Vice-roy, who was "their kinsman, and it was hardly light the next "morning, when some Officers coming into my "room found me asleep. I was, as well I might, "very much startled at such a visit, and when, af-"ter they had ask'd me where *Sophia* was, I also "made the same question to them, my adversaries "were incens'd, and violently dragg'd me to pri-"son. I was examin'd, and could make no plea "for my self against *Sophia's* Letter. It was clear, "that I had a design to have carried her away; but "it appear'd withal, that my Page had vanish'd at "the same time with her. *Sophia's* Parents sent "people to find her out, and my friends, on the other "side, made diligent search where the Page might "dispose of her. This was the onely means to "clear me; but we never could hear any thing of "these fugitive Lovers, whereupon my enemies "charg'd me with the death of them both. At "last, injustice, back'd with power, carri'd it "against oppress'd innocence. Notice was given "me that I should soon receive my sentence, and "that it would be that of death. I hoped not that

"Heaven would do any miracles on my account,
"and so I thought it my best way to endeavour
"the recovery of my liberty by an act of despair.
"I join'd my self to certain Bandits, who were
"prisoners as well as my self, and all persons of
"resolution. We forc'd the Prison-doors, and,
"assisted by our friends, got into the Mountains
"about *Valentia*, ere the Vice-roy had any notice
"of our escape. We continu'd a long time Masters
"of the Field. *Sophia's* inconstancy, the prose-
"cution of her friends, the injustice I thought done
"me by the Vice-roy, and, in fine, the loss of my
"estate, put me into such despair, that I hazarded
"my life in all the engagements wherein my Ca-
"merades and my self met with any resistance,
"and by that means I got into such reputation with
"them, that they made me their Chief. I behav'd
"my self in that charge so successfully, that our
"Party became dreadful to the Kingdoms of
"*Arragon* and *Valentia*, and we grew so insolent,
"as to impose a Contribution on those Countries.
"I here make a dangerous discovery to you, but
"the honour you do me, and my own inclination
"do so far enslave me to you, that I am willing
"to put my life into your hands, by acquainting
"you with the greatest secrets of it. At last, I
"grew weary of that lewd course of life; I got
"away from my Camerades, when they least sus-
"pected I should, and took my way to *Barcelona*,
"where I was entertain'd onely as a private Gen-
"tleman, in the Recruits ready to be transported
"into *Africk*, which have since joyn'd with the
"Army. I have no great reason to be in love with
"my life, and having been guilty of such a mis-

"expence

expence thereof. I cannot employ it better, than against the enemies of my Religion, and to serve you, since the goodness you are pleas'd to express towards me, hath given me the onely joy, my soul hath been capable of, ever since the most ingrateful woman in the world hath made me the most unhappy of all men.

Sophia, undiscover'd, took the part of *Sophia* unjustly accused, and omitted nothing that might induce her Lover to forbear judging his Mistress so rigorously, till he were more fully satisfi'd of her innocence. She told the unfortunate Cavalier, that she concern'd her self very much in his misfortunes; that she wish'd it in her power to alleviate them, and to give greater expressions thereof than words; that she desir'd him to accept of a retirion to her, and when occasion serv'd, she would employ all the credit she had with the Emperour, and the interest of all her friends, to rescue him from the prosecution of *Sophia*, and the Vice-roy of *Valentia*.

Don Carlos would not admit of any thing urg'd by the counterfeit *Don Fernand*, in the vindication of *Sophia*, but accepted of the entertainment he proferr'd him. That very day, that constant Mistress spoke to the Commander, under whom *Don Carlos* was, that, being a kinsman of hers, he might be under her command. Thus is our unfortunate Lover received into the service of his Mistress, whom he thought, either dead, or had forsaken him. He finds himself, as soon as entertain'd, very highly in his favour whom he thought his Mistress, and wonders how he comes so suddenly to be so much lov'd. He is immediately made his

Treasurer, Secretary, and Confident. The rest of the servants respect him little less than *Don Fernand* himself, and no doubt he might be happy in the love of a Master that seems so amiable to him, and whom a secret instinct forces him to love, if lost *Sophia*; if unconstant *Sophia*, did not perpetually present her self to his imagination, and give him a sadness, which the caresses of so dear a Master and his better'd fortune were not able to smother. Though *Sophia* had a tenderness for him, yet was she not displeas'd to see him troubled, not doubting but she was the cause of his affliction. She often discours'd with him concerning *Sophia*, and sometimes with so much earnestness, nay indignation and bitterness, vindicated her whom *Don Carlos* charg'd with no less a crime than a forfeiture of faith and honour, that at last he imagin'd, that *Don Fernand*, who would be still harping on the same string, had sometime been a Servant to *Sophia*, and haply was still.

The war in *Africk* came to the period mention'd in the History thereof. The Emperour carri'd it on afterwards in *Germany*, *Italy*, *Flanders*, and other places. Our Female Warriour, under the name of *Don Fernand*, added to the reputation she had before of a valiant and experienc'd Commander, by many gallant encounters, wherein she shew'd no less valour than conduct, though the latter of those qualities be seldom found in a person so young, as her sex made her appear. The Emperour was oblig'd to go into *Flanders*, and, to that end, to desire the King of *France* to give him passage through his Countries. The great Monarch who then reign'd, would needs, in generosity and con-

confidente, surpass a mortal enemy; who had ever surpass'd him in good fortune, whose he had not all times made good use. *Charls* the Fifth was receiv'd into *Paris*, as if he had been King of *France*. The fair *Don Fernand* was one of the small number of persons of quality, who accompanied him; and as his Master had made a longer stay in that gallant Court, the beautiful *Spanish* Lady, taken for the man, had rais'd love in many of the *French* Ladies, and jealousie in some of the most accomplish'd Courtiers.

In the mean time, the Vice-roy of *Valentia* dies in *Spain*. *Don Fernand*, encourag'd by the affection his Master bore him, and the services he had done, presum'd to demand that important charge; and obtain'd it, without much envy. He first acquainted *Don Carlos* with the good success, and put him in hopes, that, as soon as he had taken possession of the Government of *Valentia*, he would accommodate the difference between him and the Relations of *Sophia*; procure his pardon from the Emperour for having been chief Commander among the Bandits, and endeavour to put him into possession of his Estate.

Don Carlos might have deriv'd some comfort from all these noble promises, had not the misfortune of his Love made him absolutely disconsolate. The Emperour came into *Spain*, and went streight to *Madrid*, and *Don Fernand* went to take possession of his Government. The next day after his arrival at *Valentia*, *Sophia's* Relations presented a Petition against *Don Carlos*, who was Steward and Secretary to the Vice-Roy. The Vice-Roy promis'd them justice, and *Don Carlos*,

that he would protect his innocence. A new indictment was put in against him; the Witnesses were examin'd a second time; and, in fine, *Sophia* Relations, exasperated at the loss of her, and out of a desire of revenge, which they conceiv'd just, solicited the business so earnestly, that, in five or six days, it was ready for judgment. They desir'd that the person indicted might be sent to prison; the Vice-roy gave them his word, that he should not stir out of his house, and set down a day to pass judgment on him.

The eve of that fatal day, which held the whole City of *Valentia* in suspence, *Don Carlos* desir'd a private audience of the Vice-Roy, which was granted him. Casting himself at his feet, "May it "please your Highness, *said he to him*, to me, now "is the time, that you are to satisfie all the world "of my innocency. Though the witnesses I have "produc'd absolutely clear me of the crime laid "to my charge, yet I now come to assure your "Highness with as much sincerity, as if I were in "the presence of God, that I had not onely no "hand in the carrying away of *Sophia*, but without, "that, the day before she was carried away, I did "not so much as see her, nor ever heard of her "since. True it is, that I should have carried her "away, but a misfortune, to me yet unknown, re-"mov'd her hence, either to my ruine, or her "own.

"No more, no more, *Don Carlos*, *says the* "*Vice-Roy to him*, go thy ways, and take thy rest "securely; I am thy Master and Friend, and better "inform'd of thy innocence than thou dost ima-"gine; nay, though I might doubt of it, yet should

"I

"I not be oblig'd to be too exact to satisfie my "self, since thou art in my house, and of my house, "and that thou camest not hither with me, but "upon the promise I made to protect thee. *Don Carlos* rendred his thanks to so obliging a Master with all the eloquence he was master of. He went to bed, and the impatience he was in to see himself clear'd, would not suffer him to sleep. He got up at the break of day, and having dress'd himself somewhat above his ordinary garb, waited at the rising of his Master. But hold a little, I am mistaken, he went not into his chamber till all his cloaths were on; for from the time that *Sophia* had disguis'd her sex, onely *Dorotea*, the confident of her disguise, lay in her chamber, and did all those services, which done by another might have discover'd what she would have kept conceal'd. *Don Carlos* therefore entred into the Vice-Roy's chamber, as soon as *Dorotea* had open'd it for all visitants; and the Vice-Roy no sooner saw him, but he reproach'd him with his early rising, being a person accus'd, who would have himself thought innocent, and told him, that a person who could not sleep betrai'd something that lay heavy on his conscience. *Don Carlos* a little troubled, made him answer, that it was not so much the fear of being found guilty, as the hope of defying the further prosecutions of his enemies, by the justice he expected from his Highness, that had hindred him from sleeping. "But you are very neatly "dress'd, and gallant, *says the Vice-Roy to him*, "and I find you very calm, considering your life "is in so great a hazard. I am now at a loss what "to think of the crime wherewith you stand

 "charg'd.

"charg'd. As often as we fall into discourse con-
"cerning *Sophia*, you speak of her with less ear-
"nestness and more indifference than I do; and
"yet I am not charg'd, as you are, to have ever
"been lov'd by her, and to have murther'd her,
"and possibly young *Claudio* too, on whom you
"would cast the charge of her conveyance away.
"You affirm'd that you have lov'd her, *continu'd*
"*the Vice-Roy*, and yet you live after you had lost
"her, and you have omitted nothing that could
"be done in order to your discharge and quiet,
"you, who should rather be weary of your life,
"and have whatever might tend to the preserva-
"tion of it. Ah! unconstant *Don Carlos*, it must
"needs be that some other Love hath induc'd you
"to forget the inclinations you had for lost *So-*
"*phia*, if so be you ever truly lov'd her, when
"she was wholly yours, and durst do any thing for
"your sake.

Don Carlos, half dead at these words of the
Vice-Roy's, would have made some reply there-
to, but he would by no means permit him.
"Come, come, hold your peace, *said he to him*
"*with a severe countenance*, and reserve your
"eloquence for your Judges; for my part, I shall
"not be surpriz'd therewith, nor on the account
"of one of my menial servants, raise in the Em-
"perour an ill opinion of my integrity. And there-
"fore in the mean time, *added the Vice-Roy*,
"*turning to the Captain of the Guard*, let him be
"secur'd; he, who broke prison, may much rather
"his promise, when he finds there are no other
"hopes of impunity, than what may be had by an
"escape.

Imme-

Immediately *Don Carlos*'s Sword was taken from him, which rais'd a great compassion in all those who saw him encompass'd by the Guards, cast down and discourag'd, and having much ado to keep in his tears. While the poor Gentleman was repenting himself, that he had not been sufficiently distrustful of the inconstant humour of Grandees; the Judges, before whom he was to be tried, entered the room and took their places; after the Vice-roy had taken his. The *Italian* Count, who had continu'd all this time at *Valentia*, and the Father and Mother of *Sophia* appear'd, and produc'd their witnesses against the Prisoner, who was now at such a loss, that he hardly had the courage to plead for himself. They shewed him the Letters which he had sometimes written to *Sophia*, the Neighbours were brought in, and the Domesticks of *Sophia*'s house, and at last there was produc'd against him the Letter he had left in her Chamber, the day he had design'd to carry her away. The Prisoner brought in his Domesticks, who deposed, that they had seen their Master in Bed; but he might have got up after he had made them believe he was asleep, for his own part, he swore very liberally, that he had not carried away *Sophia*, and represented it to the Judges, that it was the most improbable thing in the world, that he should carry her away, soon after to be separated from her; but a further charge against him was, that he had murther'd her, and also the Page, the confident of his Loves. There remain'd only to pass the Sentence, and no doubt it would have been that of death, when the Vice-roy order'd him to approach, and spoke to him in these words. "Unfor-

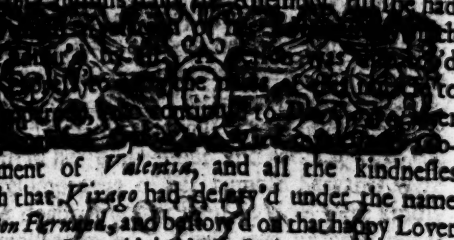
"Unfortunate *Don Carlos*! Thou maist well "conclude, after all the demonstrations of affe- "ction thou hast received from me, that, if I "could have but suspected thee guilty of the "crime laid to thy charge, I should not have "brought thee to *Valentia*. There's no way for "me but to condemn thee, unless I would begin "the exercise of my charge by an Injustice; and "thou maist judge how much I am troubled at thy "misfortune, by the tears I shed for thee. I were "possible thy adversaries might be satisfy'd, were "they of a lower quality, or less resolv'd upon "thy destruction. In a word, if *Sophia* appears "nor her self to vindicate thee, prepare thy self "for death.

Don Carlos, at this, despairing of all safety, cast himself at the Vice-roy's feet, and said to him, "Your Highness may be pleas'd to remember, "that, in *Africk*, even from the first time I had "the honour to be entertain'd into your service, "and whenever your Highness engag'd me in the "tedious relation of my misfortunes, I ever re- "lated them in the same manner; and you might "presume, that, in those Countries, and all other "places, I should not have affirm'd to a Master, "who so highly honour'd me with his affection, "what I should here deny before a Judge. I ever "told your Highness the naked Truth, as sincerely "as to my God, and I tell you still, that I lov'd, "that I ador'd *Sophia*. How? say that thou "ador'st her, ungrateful Man? *says the Vice-roy* "*to him, surprising all the Assembly by his Action.* "Yes, I do adore her, replies *Don Carlos*, *very* "*much astonish'd at what the Vice-roy had* "*spoken.*

[illegible] Diploma to [illegible] her, [illegible] and [illegible] agreed together, that I should marry her [illegible] two Rivals: And that by this effectually [illegible] her thereby, I [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

on the other, *Sophia* dis-engag'd her self from her Father, to go to the relief of the two persons who had swounded, but soon recover'd themselves, while she was in suspence to whether of the two she should run. Her Mother wept over her, she did the like over her Mother. She embrac'd, with all the tenderness imaginable, her dear *Don Carlos*, who had almost fallen into another swound. But with much ado he kept upon his feet, and not presuming yet to kiss *Sophia's* lips, as he could have wish'd, he reveng'd himself on her hands, which he kiss'd a thousand times one after another. *Sophia* was hardly able to remain all the embraces she receiv'd, and all the complements that were made to her. The *Italian* Count, making his among the rest, would have entertain'd her with the pretensions he had to her, as having been promis'd him by her Father and Mother. *Don Carlos*, who heard him, quitted one of *Sophia's* hands, which he was then greedily kissing, and drawing his Sword, which had been delixer'd to him, set himself into such a posture, as put the whole assembly into a fright, and swearing after the rate of millions, made it appear, that no human force should deprive him of *Sophia*, if she her self forbad him not to think of her. But she declar'd, that she would never have any other Husband than her dear *Don Carlos*, and entreated her Father and Mother to consent thereto, or resolve to see her shut up in a Monastery for the remainder of her Life. Her Parents gave her liberty to make her own choice, and the *Italian* Count took Post that very day, for *Italy*, or some other place where he had a mind to go.

Sophia



Sophia dismiss'd not the Assembly, till she had [illegible] which [illegible] 'd [illegible] to [illegible] er [illegible] co-vernment of *Valentia*, and all the kindnesses which that *Virago* had desery'd under the name of *Don Fernand*, and bestow'd on that happy Lover a Principality, which his Posterity enjoys to this day. The solemnities of the Nuptials were extraordinary, discharg'd by the City of *Valentia*: and *Dorotea*, who put on Mars cloaths at the same time as *Sophia*, was also, at the same time, married, to a Cavalier, a near Kinsman to *Don Carlos*.

The

The Rival-Brothers.

The Fifth Novel.

Orothea and *Felicia* were the two most beautiful and most amiable Ladies of any about the famous City of *Sevil*; but though they had not been such, their quality and great fortunes were so considerable as might well engage all those, who were desirous to be advantageously match'd, to make their addresses to them.

[illegible] is not then to be doubted, but that, of [illegible] there was a pretty Catalogue, yet had not *Don Manuel*, their Father, declar'd himself in favour of any man's pretensions, and *Dorothea*, who, being the elder, should, by the course of the Cards, be married first, had, as well as her sister, been so reserv'd in her demeanour and actions, that the most presumptuous of her humble Servants were in some doubt, whether their services were kindly or unkindly received. These two Beauties never went publickly to Mass, but they were attended by a number of the greatest Gallants about the City, wherein the Miracle was, that so many different pretensions should agree so well, and that in a superstitious Country young Gentlemen should be guilty of any devotion, besides what they have for their Mistresses. Before they could get off their gloves to take a little Holy-water, other hands, some fair, some otherwise, bestow'd on them more than they needed. Their fair eyes were no sooner off their Prayer-books, but they were the centre of I know not how many immodest looks: and every step, as they went out of the Church, they had salutations to return.

But if they were thus importun'd with courtship in Churches, and publick places, where people conceive themselves oblig'd to observe some reservedness, they wanted it not at home. For their Father's house being in the midst of a spacious plain, there pass'd not a day without some of those divertisements, whereby Lovers would insinuate themselves into the favour of their Mistresses. And these our young Ladies took the more kindly, in that they made that restraint, which the tyran-

nical

litical custom of the Country imposes on their Sex the more supportable to them. In the day-time Cavalcades, Tilting, and such exercises were their entertainment, every night several sorts of Musick. One day above the rest, there came in an unknown Person who did such things as astonish'd all the beholders, and had been particularly observ'd by the two fair Sisters, to be one so neatly made, as if nature had intended him for a person. Several Gentlemen of *Sevil*, who had known him in *Flanders*, where he had the command of a Regiment of Horse, invited him to make one at their Sport of Tilting, which he did, habited as a Soldier.

Not long after, there happened to be at *Sevil*, the ceremony of the Consecration of a Bishop. The Stranger we spoke of before, who went under the name of *Don Sancho de Sylva*, came into that Church where it was to be performed, with several others the greatest Gallants about the City, and the two fair Sisters *Dorothea* and *Felicia de Monsalvo* were also there among divers Ladies, all disguis'd, according to the mode of *Sevil*, with mantles of a thick stuff, and hats with plumes of feathers in them. It was *Don Sancho*'s fortune to stand between the two Sisters, and another Lady, with whom he would have enter'd into some discourse, but she civilly intreated him, to forbear speaking to her, and to resign the place he was in, to a person she expected, to meet her there. *Don Sancho* compli'd with her desires, and thereupon turning about, he makes towards *Dorothea de Monsalvo*, who stood nearer him than her Sister, and had observ'd what complements had pass'd between

between him and the other Lady. "I was in "hopes, Madam, *says he, addressing himself to her,* "that, being a stranger in this place, the Lady to "whom I would have spoken, would have vouch-"safe'd me her conversation; but she hath punish'd "the confidence I had to think that mine was not "to be slighted. I acknowledge my oversight, and "I shall be more distrustful of my self another "time. And therefore, be you pleased, Madam, "to express less rigour towards a Stranger, whom "you have seen treated with so much disrespect, "and, for the honour of the *Sevillian* Ladies, to "give him occasion to make some acknowledg-"ment of their kindness. You rather give me "occasion to treat you with as much contempt as "the other Lady did, *replies Dorothea,* since your "applications to me are the effects of her refusal "of them: but that you may not have too great "cause to complain of the Ladies of this Country, "I am content to discourse onely with you, as "long as this Ceremony shall last, and thence, "besides the kindness you may conceive done to "your self, you may infer, that I have not appoint-"ed any one to meet me here. Being so excel-"lent a person as I imagine you to be, *says Don* "*Sancho,* I cannot forbear wondring at it, but "must withal conclude, that you are much to be "fear'd, or that the Gallants of this City are ve-"ry timorous, or rather that he, whose place I have "taken up, may be absent. And do you think, "Sir, *says Dorothea to him,* that I am so ignorant "in the matter of loving, that, in the absence of "a Gallant, I could not forbear going to an As-"sembly, where I should not fail meeting with

"some other? Take heed another time how you "pass so rash a censure, of a person you know "not. You would find, Madam, *replies Don Sancho*, that what you call my Censure is more to "your advantage than you think, if you permit me "to serve you answerably to the inclinations I have "for you. Our first motions are violent, and there- "fore not always to be follow'd, *says Dorothea to "him*; besides there is a great difficulty in what "you propose to me. Not any so great, *replies "Don Sancho*, but I shall be able to overcome, "when the reward of it is to become your Ser- "vant. 'Tis not a design to be compassed in few "days, *says Dorothea*; I find you a person will be "easily transported, in that you seem to have for- "gotten, that you onely take *Sevil* in your way "to some other place, and perhaps are yet to learn, "that I should not take it kindly any man lov'd "me, *en passant*, that is, by the way. Be you but "pleased, Madam, *said he*, to grant me what I "desire, and I promise you not to go any further "than *Sevil* while I live. There is a great deal of "spirit and gallantry in what you say, *replies Do- "rothea*, and thence I wonder much, that a per- "son who is able to say such things, hath not al- "ready made choice of a Lady, on whom he might "bestow his gallantries. Proceeds it hence that he "thinks them not worth his trouble? No, but ra- "ther out of a distrust of his own strength, *says "Don Sancho*. Answer me precisely to what I "ask you, *says Dorothea*, and confidently tell me, "which of our Ladies is Mistress of those charms "that might force your stay at *Sevil*. I have al- "ready told you, that it is in your power to do it

"if

"if you please, *replies Don Sancho*. You never "saw me, *says Dorothea*; it must needs be some "one that you have seen, therefore name some "other. Since you press so much upon me, *says "Don Sancho to her*, I must acknowledge, Ma"dam, that if the Lady *Dorothea Monsalvo* were "as ingenious as you are, I should account that "man happy, whose merit she might value, and "whose services she might allow of. There are in "*Seuil* many Ladies as handsome as she is, nay "many exceed her, *says Dorothea*, both in beauty "and wit; but since you are pleas'd to pitch upon "her, pray tell me seriously, did you never hear it "reported, that she favour'd any one of her Gal"lants particularly above all the rest? Finding my"self at a great distance from deserving her, *says "Don Sancho*, I never made it my business to en"quire. And why do you think you might not de"serve her as well as another, *says Dorothea*? I "take you to be a person of greater courage than "to betray so great a distrust of your self. Had you "found Ladies as much as I imagin'd you might "have done, you would have found them mighty "humourisome and fantastick, and that many times "the first onset of a new comer makes a greater "progress in their affections, than several years "of services rendred by those Gallants, who are "never out of their sight. From the character you "give those Ladies, Madam, *says Don Sancho*, I "may infer you would be loath to be included in "the number, and so you take an ingenious way "to rid your hands of me, by encouraging me to "love some other Lady, and I clearly see, you "would have but little regard for the services of a

"fresh Gallant, to the prejudice of one to whom "you had been long before engag'd, though 'twere "out of no other reason than that you would not "be thought humorous or fantastick. Take heed "how you entertain any such thing in your ima- "gination, *replies Dorothea*, but rather perswade "your self, that I am not so easily induc'd to re- "ceive a witty complement for an assurance of a "growing inclination towards me, from a person "who never saw me. If there wants only that to "make way for the amorous inclination I have for "you, *replies Don Sancho*, conceal not your self "any longer, from a person, who, though a stranger "to you, is already infinitely taken with your wit. "It's possible you might not be so much with my "countenance, *says the Lady*. Ah Madam, *says* "*Don Sancho*, it's impossible you should be other- "wise than very beautiful, when you so ingeni- "ously acknowledge that you are not; and now I "am fully satisfi'd you would be rid of me, either, "because you think me troublesome, or that your "heart is already taken up. 'Twere therefore "unjust, the goodness oblig'd you to bear with me "thus far, should be any longer press'd upon, only "be pleas'd to assure your self, that what I have "said was not merely to pass away the time with "you, but to make a sincere proffer of that of my "whole life to serve you. To satisfie you, Sir, re- "*plies Dorothea*, that I would not have that "thought lost which I have spent in discoursing "with you, I shall be glad, ere we part, to know "who you are. I can do no less than obey you, "*replies he*; know then, Madam, whom I think "so amiable, though I have not seen, that I am

"known

"known by the name of *Sylva*; that my Father "is Governour of *Quitto* in *Peru*; that by order "from him I am come to *Sevil*; and that I have "spent most part of my Life in *Flanders*, where "I have, by my Services, attain'd to the highest "Commands in the Army, and gotten a Com-"mandery of Saint *James*. This is a short ac-"count of what I now am, what I would be while "I live, it lies on you, Madam, to give me leave, "in some less publick place than this is, to assure "you. That shall be as soon as I may conveni-"ently do it, *replies Dorothea*; in the mean "time, trouble not your self to get any further "knowledge of me, unless you will run the ha-"zard of never knowing me for your friend: "onely take this for your present satisfaction, that "I am a person of quality, and that my face is "such as will not frighten any body.

Don Sancho was satisfy'd, and having, with a low Congee, taken his leave of her, he thrust him-self in among a great number of fine Gallants, who were very seriously discoursing together. There are a sort of severe Ladies, who may be more particularly known by the character I shall here give of them, to wit, such as extremely con-cern themselves in the conduct and demeanour of others, and are very secure as to their own; who imagine themselves the onely fit Judges of what is well or ill done, though there may be good wa-gers laid of their virtue, as a thing whereof there is no great certainty, and think that upon the dis-covery of a little brutish rudeness, they may pre-tend to supererogation in point of Honour, though the miscarriages of their greener years gave more

ſcandal, than their wrinkles will ever good example; theſe Ladies, I ſay, who are very ſhort-ſighted in the ordinary occurrences of humane Life, will take occaſion to quarrel at the Author, and affirm, that *Madam Dorothea* was guilty of a great want of reſervedneſs, and indiſcretion, not onely in being ſo over-free to favour a perſon whom ſhe onely knew by ſight, but alſo in permitting him to ſpeak to her of Love, and that if a young Gentlewoman, over whom they had any power, had done as much, ſhe ſhould make no long aboad in this world. But let theſe yet-to-be-taught Ladies learn from me, that every Country hath its particular cuſtoms, and that if in *France*, *England*, and ſome other parts, married Women and Maids, who are truſted to go any where upon the ſecurity of their own good behaviour, are offended, or at leaſt ſhould be ſo, at any the leaſt expreſſion of Love; in *Spain*, where they are kept in as Nuns, they take it not amiſs that any one ſhould tell them they love them, though the perſon that ſhould tell them ſo, had not any thing for which he might expect a return of his Love. Nay, they do much more, they are the Ladies commonly that make the firſt overtures, and are firſt taken, inaſmuch as they are the laſt ſeen, by their Gallants, whom they have the advantage to ſee daily, in Churches, and other publick places, and ſometimes from their Balconies and Chamber-windows.

Dorothea acquainted her Siſter *Feliciana* with the diſcourſe had paſs'd between her and *Don Sancho*, and made no difficulty to tell her, that ſhe was more taken with that Stranger, than with all the

the Gallants of *Sevil*, and her Sister approv'd the design she had upon her Liberty. Thereupon the two fair Sisters had a great deal of serious discourse together, concerning the advantageous priviledges which the Men have above the Women, who were seldome married without the consent of their Friends, which many times happen'd contrary to their liking, whereas the Men were at liberty to make choice, where they best fancied. "For my "part, *says Dorothea to her Sister*, I am confi- "dent, Love shall never be able to make me do "any thing contrary to my duty; but I am on the "other side fully resolv'd never to be married to "a Man, who shall not alone be possess'd of what- "ever I could wish in several others, and I had "rather spend my Life in a Monastery, than in the "company of a Husband I could not affect. *Felicians* told her Sister, that she had taken the same resolution, and they confirm'd one the other therein, with all the fine arguments, which their ingenuity could furnish them with, upon that occasion. *Dorothea* found it some difficulty to make good the promise she had made *Don Sancho*, of discovering her self to him, and acquainted her Sister how much she was troubled thereat: but *Feliciana*, who was very fortunate in finding out expedients, put her Sister in mind, that a certain Lady, a Kinswoman of theirs, and one of their most intimate friends (for all of ones Kindred are not such) would do her all the service lay in her power, in a business wherein her quiet was so much concern'd. "You know, *says this best-* "*natur'd Sister to the world*, that *Marina*, who "hath liv'd with us so many years, is now married

"to a Surgeon, who hath taken of our Kinswoman "a little House adjoyning to her own, and the "there is a common Entry between both. The "place where they stand is a remote street not "much frequented, and though it should be ob"serv'd, that we visited our Kinswoman oftener "than we had been wont, there would be no no"tice taken of *Don Sancho*'s going into a Sur"geons, besides that the business may be so con"triv'd, that he may come thither onely in the "night, and disguis'd.

While *Dorothea*, with the assistance of her Sister, was contriving how to compass this amorous interview, while she was disposing her Kinswoman to serve her, and preparing Instructions for *Marina*, *Don Sancho*'s thoughts were wholly taken up with the unknown Lady. One while he is in suspence whether the promise she had made him, that he should hear from her, were not an abuse; another, he imagin'd, that there was somewhat in her last words which discover'd a certain kindness towards him. He saw her every day, though he knew her not, in the Churches or some other publick places, receiving the adorations of her Gallants, who were all his intimate acquaintances, and the greatest friends he had in *Sevil*. He was one morning putting on his cloaths, his thoughts full of his unknown Mistress, when a message was brought, that there was a woman desir'd to speak with him. Being conducted to his chamber, he receiv'd from her, this

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LETTER.

That you heard not sooner from me, attribute not to any remission of that kindness I express'd to you at our first meeting, but purely to want of convenience. If you still persist in a desire to be better known to me, receive directions from the Bearer, where you are to meet her in the evening, and she will conduct you to the place, where I shall be ready to receive you.

It may be easily imagin'd how gladly he entertain'd this message, His transportation was such, that he could not forbear embracing that happy Ambassadress, and he presented her with a Gold chain, which, after some ceremony, she receiv'd from him. She appointed him to meet her at a certain place in the dusk of the Evening, leaving him the most satisfy'd, but withall the most impatient man in the world. At last night came; he went to the place where the morning Ambassadress expected him, trick'd up and perfum'd as if he had spent the whole day about it. He was conducted by her to a little obscure House, which look'd somewhat suspitiously, and thence into a noble large Room, where he found three Ladies, all veil'd. He discover'd his unknown Mistress by her Stature, and immediately broke forth into complaints, that she would not vouchsafe to unveil her self. She staid not for any further intreaties,

ties, whereupon she and her Sister uncovering their faces, *Don Sancho* knew them to be the fair Sisters, *Dorothea* and *Feliciana de Monsalvo*. "You are now convinc'd, *says the Elder to him, a taking off her Veil*, that I told you the truth, "when I assur'd you, that a Stranger might some- "times obtain that in a minute, which those Gal- "lants whom a Lady sees every day, should not "deserve in many years: but I would have you "withall consider with your self, that you will be "the most ungracefull of all Men, if you do not "highly esteem the favour I shew you, or pay any "tenute of it to my disadvantage, though I tell "you such things might be the effect of a fan- "tastick humour. I shall ever value what I re- "ceive from you, as if it were sent me from Hea- "ven, *says the passionate Don Sancho*, and you "shall find, by the care I shall take to preserve "the kindness you do me, that if I ever lose it, "it will not be my negligence, but my misfor- "tune.

This sharp onset was as eagerly pursu'd on both sides, to the mutual satisfaction of the two Lovers; which the Mistress of the house and *Feliciana* perceiving, took occasion to stand at a considerable distance from them, and so they had all the convenience they could have wish'd, to counter-charge one the other with amorous complements, and heighten the flames they had already rais'd in each other; nay, though the Love there was between them, might be accounted, considering the little time of their acquaintance, very great, yet would they appoint another day, to make some additionals thereto, if any might be admitted.

ded. *Dorothea* promis'd *Don Sancho* that she would endeavour to see him as often as she could: he return'd her his most humble thanks, with all the Rhetorick he was master of.

Upon this cessation of discourse, the two other Ladies came up to them, and they fell into it afresh, and continu'd the kind engagement, so long, that *Marina* thought it time to mind them of their departure. *Dorothea* was troubled at that alarm, and *Don Sancho* grew pale and silent; but there was a necessity of parting. The transported Cavalier took occasion the next day, to write a Letter to his Mistress, and sent it by the common Ambassadress *Marina*, and she return'd him such an Answer thereto, as he could have wish'd. I shall forbear inserting their amorous Epistles here, because there never came any of them to my hands, and I am loath to foist in any of my own dressing, out of a fear they might not prove as good as theirs. They had many interviews afterwards at the same place, and they spent the time, as they had done at the first, and so by a continu'd progress, their Loves came up to that fervency, that, abating their not shedding their blood as *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* are recorded to have done, they were not behind them, as to a violent tenderness one for another. 'Tis commonly said, that Love, Fire, and Money cannot be long conceal'd. *Dorothea*, who was in a manner transported with continual thoughts of her lovely Stranger, could not speak of him with any moderation, nay, she commended him so highly beyond all the Gentlemen of *Sevil*, that some Ladies, who would have carried on their designs secretly as she did, hearing

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her incessantly speaking of *Don Sancho*, and preferring him so as to cast a certain contempt on those they fancied, took notice of it, and were offended. *Feliciana* had often privately advis'd her to speak of him with more caution and reserv'dness; nay, many times, in company, when she saw her transported with the pleasure she took in discoursing of her Gallant, had trod on her foot so hard as to make her cry out, and find somewhat else to talk of.

These discoveries were at last so observ'd, that a certain Cavalier, a Suitor of *Dorothea's*, had notice given him thereof, by a Lady he was intimately acquainted with. He was the more easily induc'd to believe, that *Dorothea* had a more than ordinary kindness for *Don Sancho*, when he consider'd, that ever since the coming of that Stranger to the City, those who accounted themselves the Slaves of that fair Lady, of which number he thought himself the most heavily chain'd, had not receiv'd the least favourable look from her. This Rival of *Don Sancho's* was a person of great wealth, descended of a noble House, and much in favour with *Don Manuel*, who yet was the more backward to press his Daughter to marry him, in regard that when ever he spoke to her of it, her answer was, that she wanted two or three years of being ripe for that state.

This same young Gentleman (now his name comes into my head, *Don Diego*) before he engag'd himself in an action which might be charg'd with imprudence, thought it requisite to be fully assur'd of a thing, which yet he did onely suspect. He had a very spruce fellow that waited on him in

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the Chamber, one of those insolent attendants who think it is for their Master's credit that they wear as good Linnen as themselves, or at least wear theirs; and all, that they may be the more gracious in the eyes of the waiting women. This Servant's name was *Guzman*, he pretended much to ingenuity, out of a conceit that it had been deriv'd to him from that Country-man of his, whose adventures are so famous; but having among other endowments, a stammering in Poetry, he employ'd his Talent in composing such Romances as in other Countries are known by the name of Ballads. He sung them playing on his Gittar, but so wretchedly, that his wry mouth and the stretching out of his tongue, spoil'd the discord, at least to those that look'd on him. He had also the graceful knack of dancing a Sarabad, and never went without his Castagnets. He had once some intentions to turn Comedian, but somewhat in his humour was not lik'd, for he was very much addicted to Vapouring and Hectorship, and to give you a true character of him, there was some suspition of his nocturnal atchievements, as being one who would bid people stand with as much confidence as a Constable, but with this greater civility, that he would dismiss their persons, and secure onely what he found about them.

All these excellent Talents, heighten'd by a little eloquence, which reach'd onely so far as he had read, and what he heard from his Master, made all the Waiting-women, even those who pretended to somewhat of Beauty, look on him as the blink (if I may make that comparison) of their amorous desires. *Don Diego* gave him instructions to

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go and court *Isabella*, a young Maid who waited on the two beautiful Sisters. He went, and insinuated himself so far into *Isabella*'s favour, that she thought her self the happiest creature in the world, to be lov'd by *Guzman*, nay, the kindness they had one for another grew to such a degree, that he became very earnest in the continuance of what he had begun onely to obey his Master. *Isabella* had so well feather'd her Nest in her service, that she might well be accounted a good fortune, for the proudest attendant of any in *Spain*. Her Mistresses treated her very kindly, and were very liberal to her, besides somewhat she had to expect from her Father, who was an honest Tradesman. In fine, *Guzman* thought it his best course to make sure of her, by proposing a match; she was as willing as he was, and took him at his word; they made one another mutual promises of marriage, and ever after liv'd together as if the ceremonies had pass'd between them.

Things standing thus, *Isabella* began to conceive an extream indignation against *Marina*, the Surgeon's wife, at whose house *Don Sancho* and *Dorothea* had their private meetings, and it troubled her much, that though she had liv'd with her Mistress before her, she should still be her Confident in a business of that nature, wherein the liberality of a favour'd Lover is very considerable. She had heard of the Gold chain which *Don Sancho* had bestow'd on *Marina*, as also of several other presents he had made her, and imagin'd she might have receiv'd many more, which she knew nothing of. This rais'd a deadly hatred in her against *Marina*, which makes me think, that the pretty

pretty Gentlewoman was not a little troubled. It is not therefore to be wondred, if, upon the first Interrogatories which *Guzman* made to her, and particularly this, whether it were true that *Dorothea* was in love with any one, she should discover the secrets of her Mistress, to a person, whom she look'd on as part of her self. She acquainted him with all she knew of the designs of our young Lovers, *Don Sancho*'s liberality to *Marina*, whom he enrich'd by his continual presents, till at last she broke forth into down-right railing at her, as one that made those advantages, which should rather have been receiv'd by a Servant that liv'd in the house. *Guzman* intreated her to give him notice of the next meeting they were to have there. She did so, and he fail'd not to give his Master an account of it, as also of all had been told him by the perfidious *Isabella*.

Upon this intelligence *Don Diego* put himself into the habit of a Begger, and laid himself down in the street not far from *Marina*'s door, into which he saw his Rival enter, and not long after came a Coach, out of which alighted *Dorothea* and her Sister, and went into the same House, leaving *Don Diego* in a great rage, to see what he could not then remedy. He went home, and resolv'd to rid himself of so formidable a Rival. Having hir'd some of those, whose profession it is to murther any they are set upon, (a sort of people may be as easily procur'd in *Spain*, as Porters in other places) he expected *Don Sancho* several nights together, and at last meeting with him, he set upon him, seconded by two of those mercenary Hectors, as well arm'd as himself. *Don Sancho*,

Sancho, on the other side, was reasonably well provided for them, as having about him, besides Sword and Poniard, a case of Pistols charg'd. He defended himself at first as a Lion, and found that his enemies had this advantage of him, that they defi'd any thing he could do with his Sword. *Don Diego* prefs'd upon him more than the others, who, being hir'd men, behav'd themselves accordingly. He retreated still all he could, to remove the noise of the engagement farther from the house where his *Dorothea* was; but at last fearing to engage himself too far, and finding *Don Diego* still violently pursuing him, he discharg'd one of his Pistols, upon which he fell down half dead, and call'd as loud as he could for a Confession, and the two Hectors immediately vanish'd. *Don Sancho* got to his own lodging, and the neighbours came out into the street and found *Don Diego*, whom they knew, ready to depart this life, and charging *Don Sancho* with his death. He had soon notice of it by his friends, who told him, that though he might clear himself upon the judicial proceedings which might be brought against him, yet *Don Diego*'s friends would be sure to revenge his death, and find out some way or other to kill him. He retir'd into a Monastery, whence he gave his Mistress an account how his affairs stood, and set all things in order to his departure from *Sevil*, as soon as he might do it safely. A strict search was made for *Don Sancho*, but he could not be found. The heat of it being over, and all perswaded that he had made an escape, *Dorothea* and her Sister, under pretence of some Devotion, were conducted by their Kin woman, at whose house they had met, to

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the Monastery, where *Don Sancho* was, and there, by the means of one of the Religious men, the two Lovers had an enterview in a private Chapel. After some discourse, they made mutual promises one to the other of a constant fidelity, and parted with so much regret, and such melting expressions, that her Sister, her Kinswoman, and the Religious man, who were witnesses thereof, not onely wept then, but could never since think of it without tears.

Having deliver'd certain Letters to his Father's factor, to be sent to him to the *Indies*, he left *Seville* in a disguise. In those Letters he acquainted him with the accidents which had occasion'd his departure from *Seville*, and that he intended for *Naples*. He got well thither, and was nobly entertain'd by the Vice-Roy, who, among the many favours he did him, honour'd him with a near relation to his person. But the main satisfaction was wanting, that of hearing from his dear *Dorothea*, so that within a year he grew weary of the kindness of his entertainment, and wish'd for some opportunity to leave *Naples*. He expected not long; for the Vice-Roy being to send out a small Squadron of six Gallies against the *Turk*, *Don Sancho's* courage would not let slip so fair an occasion to exercise it self. He was receiv'd, to the great satisfaction of the Commander, who was glad to have a person of his worth and quality aboard him. This Squadron of *Naples* met with eight *Turkish* Gallies, almost in sight of *Messina*, and engag'd them. After a long fight, the Christian Gallies took three of the enemies, and sunk two. The Admiral of the *Christian* Gallies was engag'd against that of

the *Turks*, which being better arm'd and man'd than any of the rest, had accordingly made the greater resistance. In the mean time, the wind began to rise, and the sea to grow rough, so that both *Christians* and *Turks* thought it concern'd them more to secure themselves against the Tempest, than any further to prosecute the Engagement. They jointly loos'd the Grapling-irons, whereby the two Gallies were fastned together, and the *Turkish* Admiral parted from the *Christian*, just as *Don Sancho* had cast himself into it, not follow'd by any body. Finding himself all alone amongst his enemies, he thought death to be preferr'd before slavery, and, what ever might be the consequence of it, cast himself into the Sea, hoping to recover the Christian Gallies by swimming. But the weather prov'd such, that he could not be perceiv'd, though the Christian General, who had been witness of *Don Sancho*'s action, and was extremely enrag'd at his loss, which he thought unavoidable, caus'd the Gallie to tack about towards the place where he had cast himself overboard. In the mean time *Don Sancho* made his way through the waves, and having swum a good way towards the shore, assisted by the wind and tide, he fortunately lighted on a plank of one of the Turkish Gallies, and with the help of it got to land on the coast of *Sicily*. Having return'd God his humble thanks for so great a deliverance, he made towards a little hamlet inhabited by some poor Fisher-men, who gave him the best entertainment they could. The extraordinary actions he had done in the engagement, what he had suffer'd in the Sea, and the cold he endur'd, and his walk-

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ing afterwards in his wet cloaths, brought him into a violent feaver, which forc'd him to keep his bed for many days; yet at last, without any trouble of Physicians he recover'd his former health. During his sickness, he made a resolution to continue the world in the persuasion of his death; as well that he might be in less fear of his enemies, the Relations of *Don Diego*, as make a further trial of the fidelity of his *Dorothea*.

During the time of his abode in *Flanders*, he had contracted an intimate friendship with a *Sicilian* Marquess, of the house of *Montalto*, whose name was *Fabiano*. He sent one of the Fishermen to *Messina*, where he liv'd, to enquire whether he were then in the Country; and answer being brought him, that he was there, he went thither, habited as a Fisher-man, and, in the night, goes to the Marquess's house, who, with all others to whom he was known, bewail'd his death. The Marquess was over-joy'd to meet with a friend, whom he had given over for lost. *Don Sancho* gave him an account how miraculously he had escaped, also of his adventures at *Sevil*, and particularly the violent passion he had for the Lady *Dorothea de Monsalvo*. The *Sicilian* Marquess proffer'd to go along with him into *Spain*, and to bring away *Dorothea*, if she would consent, into *Sicily*. *Don Sancho* was extremely well pleased with the proposal, yet would not receive from his friend so dangerous demonstrations of his friendship, telling him, that he would be infinitely glad of his company into *Spain*, but for what might be the consequence of it, he would remit all to fortune.

Don Sancho had a servant, of whose fidelity he

had had many years experience. This fellow, whose name was *Sanchez*, took his Master's loss so heavily, that when the *Christian* Gallies, which had been in the former Engagement against the *Turks*, put in at *Messina*, to refresh themselves, he came ashore and got into a Monastery, with a resolution to spend the remainder of his days there. The Marquess *Fabiano* having heard of the relation he sometimes had to *Don Sancho*, sent to the Superiour of the Monastery, (who indeed had entertain'd him upon the recommendation of that *Sicilian* Lord) desiring he might be dismiss'd, which was easily granted, in regard he had not yet put on the habit of the Religion. *Sanchez* not knowing what might be the occasion of his dismission, made some difficulty to come out; but when he was brought into the presence of his dear Master, his soul was too narrow for his joy, for having cast himself at his feet, there was a necessity of some assistance to help him up again.

Some days after, he was sent by *Don Sancho* into *Spain*, to make preparations for his coming thither, and particularly to give him an account of *Dorothea*, who, in the mean time, was perswaded, with all others, that *Don Sancho* was dead. Nay the report of his death soon flew into the *Indies*. *Don Sancho*'s father di'd out of grief, not long after he had receiv'd that sad news, and left another Son he had four hundred thousand Crowns, conditionally, that his Brother should have the one moiety of that summe, in case the news of his death should prove false. This Brother of *Don Sancho*'s was called *Don Juhan de Peralto*. He took shipping for *Spain*, with this vast sum of mony,

mony, besides abundance of rare *Indian* commodities, suitable to the magnificence of a person, who had been Governour of a considerable place in those parts, and arrived safely at *Sevil*, about a year after the accident, which had happened to *Don Sancho*. Going under a name much different from his Brother's, it was easie for him to conceal the relation he had to him, besides the particular concernment he had to keep it secret, by reason of the long stay his occasions might oblige him to make in a City, where his Brother had so many enemies. He chanc'd to have a sight of *Dorothea*, and fell in love with her, as his Brother had done, but with this difference, that she made him no return of his love. That afflicted Beauty could fancy nothing after the loss of her dear *Don Sancho*: whatever was done by *Don Juhan de Peralto*, instead of pleasing, was the greatest trouble in the world to her, nay she daily refus'd the best Matches about *Sevil*, which were earnestly propos'd to her by her Father *Don Manuel*.

Much about that time *Sanchez* comes to *Sevil*, and, according to the instructions he had receiv'd from his Master, secretly made the best enquiry he could, how the Lady *Dorothea* had behav'd her self, since their departure thence. He was soon inform'd by common report, that a young Gentleman, of very great wealth, lately come from the *Indies*, was fallen in love with her, and made the most magnificent discoveries of his affection that a passionate Suitor could imagine. He writ to his Master, representing things much worse than they were, and his Master imagin'd them yet worse than his Man had represented them. He

communicated the whole busineſs to the Marqueſs, expreſſing ſo great a diſtraction at the account he receiv'd of his Miſtreſs, that he was in ſome ſuſpence whether he ſhould ſee her any more. His friend comforted him the beſt he could, telling him, that it was not impoſſible but his man might be mis-inform'd, and that the affairs of his love might be in a much better poſture than he expected. The reaſons urg'd by the Marqueſs, together with his own reflections on the mutual promiſes of fidelity that had paſs'd between them, eſpecially the endearing expreſſions at their parting, diſpell'd thoſe clouds of ſuſpition, and repreſented his *Dorothea* as faithful and conſtant to him as ſhe had engag'd to be. They thereupon reſolv'd for *Spain*, and embark'd themſelves at *Meſſina* in ſome *Spaniſh* Gallies, and in a ſhort time happily arrived at St. *Lucar's*, whence they took poſt for *Sevil*. They came into the City after night, and alighted at the houſe which *Sanchez* had taken for them. They ſtirr'd not out all the next day, but as ſoon as it was night, *Don Sancho* and the Marqueſs went their rounds, about the place where *Don Manuel* liv'd. They heard ſome people ſetting their Inſtruments in tune, under *Dorothea's* windows, and ſoon after very excellent Muſick, and that having ceas'd, a ſingle Voice join'd to a Theorboe, made heavy complaints of the cruelty of a Tygreſs diſguis'd into an Angel. *Don Sancho* felt ſome temptations within himſelf to ſpoil all the harmony of the Serenade, and to ſend away the Muſicians with fleas in their ears: but the Marqueſs prevail'd with him to forbear, repreſenting to him that he could have done no more,

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if his Mistress had appear'd in the Balcony, to assure his Rival, that she was not displeas'd with his Courtships or the words of the Air, which had been sung, were acknowledgments of kindnesses receiv'd, rather than complaints of a dis-satisfi'd heart. The Author of the Serenade, and his Company, went away in all probability, not over-satisfi'd with what they had done, as having not so much as the barking of a dog, to assure them that anybody regarded their Musick: and *Don Sancho* and the Marquess, finding the coast clear, return'd to their quarrels, wherein they had a long debate what construction they should make of the pretensions of this new Suitor. *Don Sancho* was inclin'd to perswasion, that his *Dorothea* might have some secret kindness for him, though for some reasons which hindred her from making any shew of it at that time, she seem'd to take no notice of his Courtship, especially when he consider'd, that she might, with all others, be assur'd of his death. On the contrary, the Marquess entreated him to suspend his belief of her being engag'd to any other, till he had made some fuller discoveries thereof.

Don Sancho submitted to the remonstrances of his friend, and that the rather, when it came into his mind, that the greatest expressions of courtship made by one, whose person is not affected, are so much the more importunate. And indeed so were those of the *Indian* Cavalier, to the fair *Dorothea*, who was so far from giving him any encouragement by her acceptance, that he could not but perceive they were more and more troublesome to her. Her Father *Don Manuel* was extremely de-

sirous to see her disposed in marriage, and she doubted not, but that if the *Indian* Cavalier, *Don Juhan de Peralto*, being a person so well descended, and so wealthy, should proffer himself, for a Son-in-law, he would be preferr'd before all others, and she more earnestly press'd by her Father, to accept of him than she had been.

The next day after the Serenade, whereof the Marquess *Fabiano* and *Don Sancho* had had their part, *Dorothea* took occasion to confer notes with her Sister, concerning *Don Juhan*, and his courtship, and told her, that she could not brook the gallantries of that conceited *Indian*, and thought it the strangest thing in the world, he should make such publick demonstrations of his love to her, before he had made any overtures thereof to her Father. "'Tis such a kind of procedure, *says Fa-*
"*liciana to her*, as I should never approve of, and if
"your case were mine, I should give him such an
"entertainment, upon the first opportunity that
"presented it self, as might immediately dash all
"the hopes, he had conceiv'd of ever pleasing you.
"For my own part, *continu'd she*, I could never
"fancy his person; he has not that delicacy, and
"insinuation of carriage, which is acquirable one-
"ly at Court, and the vast expences he is at here
"in *Sevil*, argue not so much the nobleness of his
"disposition, as the extravagant and salvage hu-
"mour of that yet unciviliz'd part of the world
"whence he came. It is observ'd, that those parts
"of the world which supply us with gold and silver,
"are most barren as to the other productions of
"nature; so those people that inhabit them, think
"they need no other recommendation, than what

they

"they derive from the entrails of certain almost "inaccessible Mountains, created onely for the "punishment of Slaves and Malefactors. All your "Servant's actions smell so strongly of the *Indian*, "that he must be allow'd some years, to refine the "barbarism of the Climate he hath liv'd in so long, "before he can be reduc'd to the civility of this, "wherein we have had our education. If ever you "grant him the favour to speak to you, advise him "to study the courting of a Lady after another "manner then he hath been taught among the *Ta-* "*pinambous*, and then you may promise to hear "what he shall have to say for himself."

This was partly the character she gave *Don Juhan de Peralta*, which she deliver'd with such bitterness and derision, that *Dorothea* could do no less than wonder at it. It seems the scornful young Lady had clearly forgotten, that upon his first appearance at *Sevil*, she had confess'd to her Sister, that she lik'd him well enough, and when ever she had occasion to speak of him, she was as liberal of her commendations, as she was now of her reproaches. *Dorothea* observing her Sister so much chang'd, or at least seeming to be, as to the sentiments she sometimes had for the *Indian* Cavalier, immediately imagin'd, that her inclination towards him might be the greater, the more earnest she seem'd to have it thought, that she had not any. To be more fully assur'd of it, she told *Feliciana*, that she was not displeas'd with the gallantries of *Don Juhan*, out of any aversion she had for his person, nay, on the contrary, observing in his countenance somewhat of the air of *Don Sancho's*, she might prefer him before any other

Cavalier.

Cavalier about *Sevil*; besides she doubted not, but that, having all the advantages of birth and fortune, he would easily get her Father's consent. "But to what end, *continu'd she*, should I fancy to "my self these imaginary pleasures? I have lost "*Don Sancho*, and since it was not my fortune to "be his wife, I am resolv'd never to be any other "man's, and therefore, to avoid all future ad-"dresses, my onely course will be to spend the "rest of my days in some Monastery. Ah Sister, "*says Felicianna*, though you were not fully re-"solv'd upon so strange a design, yet could you "not give me a stranger affliction than by telling "me of it. That I am so resolv'd, Sister, you may "be assur'd, *replied Donathea*; but for your part, "you have the less reason to be troubled at it, in "regard it will be to your advantage; for, by that "means, you will be the most considerable Fortune "about *Sevil*. Upon this account it was, that I "had a desire to see *Don Juhan*, that I might per-"suade him, to address that courtship to you, which "he vainly bestows on me, after I have convinc'd "him of the impossibility there is, that we should "ever be married together. What may be the "consequences of his applications to you, Time "onely can discover; Love is full of vicissitudes, "and there is not so great a distance between af-"fection and aversion, but that one of them may "tread on the heels of the other. Nay, to deal "sisterly, that is, freely, with you, I am not a little "troubled, to find you express so much of the lat-"ter, towards a person, who is so far from de-"serving it, that he might justly expect somewhat "of kindness from you, both as a Stranger, and

"one

"one that hath not run the the hazard of displeasing you, by any presumptuous demonstration of his love. Think what you please of my judgment in this case, but this is it, that I do not see any person about *Seville*, with whom you might be more advantageously match'd than with him. I must confess, I look on him, rather with a certain indifference than aversion, says *Felician*, and when I told you, that I could not fancy him, it was more out of complaisance to you, than any real prejudice I had against him. Nay if it be so, Sister, replies *Dorothea*, you are rather to acknowledge, that you deal not ingenuously with me, and that when you express'd the little esteem you had for *Don Fabian*, it was clearly out of your mind, that you had sometime very highly commended him to me; or I am to conclude, that what you have said since, betrai'd not so much your own dislike of him, as your fear of his being too well lik'd by me.

Felician blush'd at these last words of her Sister, and was vex'd to the heart. Her thoughts were in such a distraction, that she spoke abundance of things, which rather betrai'd her guilt, then contributed ought to her vindication; so that at last she was forc'd to confess, that she had a more than ordinary kindness for *Don Fabian*. *Dorothea* encourag'd her to continue it, and promis'd to assist her all she could in the prosecution of her love. Having thus brought her to acknowledge what she before but suspected, she took compassion of her, and forbore all further reproaches.

That very day, *Isabella*, who had discarded her beloved *Guzman*, ever since the unhappy accident that

that had happen'd to *Don Sancho*, receiv'd orders from her Mistress *Dorothea*, to go to *Don Juan de Peralta*, deliver him the key of one of the garden doors of *Don Manuel*, and to tell him, that she and her Sister would expect him there, with a charge, that he should not fail to be at the place appointed, at mid-night, before which time, it was likely their Father would be abed. *Isabella*, who had been already corrupted by *Don Juan*, and done all lay in her power, to bring him into her Mistress's favour, but to no purpose, was extremely surpriz'd to see her humour so chang'd, and not a little glad, to be the messenger of such good news to a person, of whom, though she had not brought him any before, she had yet receiv'd many great presents. No doubt then but she made all the haste she could to the lodgings of the amorous Cavalier, who had receiv'd so little encouragement before, that he could hardly have believ'd his own good fortune, had it not been for the convincing assurance of the key, which she deliver'd him. That key open'd a place it was never intended it should, I mean the breast of the amorous Gallant, who presented his faithful Sollicitress with a perfum'd purse lin'd with a hundred good yellow pieces, which glorious sight rais'd in her as much satisfaction as she had brought him.

Were there a constant current of good fortune, that is, no vicissitude in humane affairs, and that what ever were fortunately begun might, without any rub or disaster, be brought to its period of happiness, there should be much less work for those who write Romances and Novels, and so the world would be depriv'd of a great deal of that

pleasure

pleasure which is deriv'd from endeavours of that kind. But their delight wholly consisting in a certain conflict, and interfering of unexpected accidents, 'tis likely there will be a constant supply of such things, as long as mortals shall walk on this Mole-hill, as on a Chess-board, perpetually contriving how to cross the designs of one another.

Whoever shall seriously consider this grave advertisement, will not think it strange, that, the very same night, *Don Juhan* was to come into *Don Manuel's* Garden, to meet with the two Sisters, *Don Sancho*, accompany'd by his friend, the Marquess, should be walking their rounds about *Dorothea's* Lodgings, to be more fully satisfy'd of the designs of his Rival. It was no otherwise, and it will ever be a maxim, That one man's misfortune makes another man's sport. About eleven that night, the Marquess and he being gotten into that street, where *Dorothea* liv'd, four men well arm'd came up and posted themselves close by them. The jealous *Don Sancho* presently imagin'd it was his Rival, whereupon coming nearer them, he told them that the Post they had taken up, was very convenient for him, in order to the compassing of a design he was then engag'd in, and so desir'd them to quit it. "We should do it, Sir, *reply*'d "*one of them*, without much intreaty, if the same "Post, you are so desirous of, were not absolutely "necessary for the carrying on of a design that "we also have, and will be so soon dispatch'd, "that it will not much retard the execution of "yours.

Don Sancho was as much enrag'd at this, as if it

it had been the most uncivil answer that could have been given upon such an occasion: to draw therefore, and so charge persons, whom he thought to disobliging, was the same thing with him. That unexpected assault of *Don Sancho*'s, surpris'd and put them into disorder; and the Marquess behaving himself no less gallantly than his Friend had done, they defended themselves so poorly, that they were in a trice beaten out of the street. *Don Sancho* receiv'd a slight wound in his arm, and run him who had given it him so heartily through the body, that it was a good while ere he could get out his Sword again, and doubted not but he had dispatch'd him. The Marquess in the mean time was in pursuit of the others, who ran away as fast as they could, as soon as they saw their Camerade laid on the ground.

Having rid themselves of those spies, *Don Sancho* look'd about him, and perceiv'd at one end of the street some people with a Light, coming up towards them, upon the noise of their engagement. He was afraid it might be the Magistrate with his Officers, and it was no other. He made all the haste he could into the street, where they began to fight, and thence into another, in the midst whereof he met full but with an old Gentleman, who had a Lantern with him, and had drawn his Sword upon the noise which *Don Sancho* made by running towards him. The old Gentleman was *Don Manuel*, who had been at a Neighbour's house at play, as he was wont to do every day, and was then going to his own, by the Garden-door, which was not far from the place where he met *Don Sancho*. He call'd out to the amorous Cavalier,

hers. Who goes there? "A man, *replies Don* "*Sancho*, whom it concerns to make all the haste "he can away, and therefore desires you would "not hinder him. It may be, *says Don Manuel*, "there is some accident happen'd, which obliges "you to seek out for sanctuary; fear nothing, my "House, which is here hard by, may serve your "turn. 'Tis very true, *replies Don Sancho*, I am "somewhat at a loss how to avoid the pursuit of "the Magistrate, who it may be is now making a "search for me; but since you are so generous as "to proffer me, though a Stranger to you, a re-"ception upon so dangerous a score as this, I ac-"cept of your kindness, and entrust you with my "safety, with this promise, never to forget the "favour you do me, and to press it no farther, "than till such time as those who look after me "are pass'd by.

They were by this time come to the Garden-door; *Don Manuel* open'd it with a Key he had about him, and having brought in *Don Sancho*, he dispos'd him into a close Arbour, while he went into the House to take order for his more secret retirement, so as that none might know of his being there. *Don Sancho* had not been long in the Arbour, when he perceives coming towards him a Woman, who approaching spoke softly to him, "O Sir, are you come, my Mistress *Dorothea* "stays for you. From that word *Don Sancho* imagin'd that he might be in the house of his Mistress, and that the old Gentleman, who had brought him in thither, was her Father. He presently suspected that *Dorothea* had appointed his Rival to meet her there, and follow'd *Isabella*,

more

more tormented with jealousie, than troubled about the pursuit of the Magistrate.

In the mean time *Don Juhan* came, according to his appointment, precisely at the hour assign'd him, opened the Garden-door with the Key he had receiv'd from *Isabella*, and went into the same Arbour, out of which *Don Sancho* was but newly gone. He had not been there long, ere he perceives a Man coming streight towards him; he put himself into a posture of defence, for fear he might be assaulted, and was not a little surpriz'd, when he found that Man to be *Don Manuel*, who bid him follow him, assuring him he should be so dispos'd of, as that he need not fear being discover'd. *Don Juhan* concluded from *Don Manuel's* words, that he might possibly have receiv'd into his Garden some Gentleman pursu'd by the Officers of Justice. He could do no less than follow him, giving him thanks all along as they went for the favour he shew'd him: but it may be withall conjectur'd, that he was not so much troubled, at the hazard he was running into, as the obstruction whereby his amorous design was disappointed. *Don Manuel* brought him into his own Chamber, and, having left him there, went out, and ordered a Bed to be made for himself, in another room.

We will leave him lock'd up where he is, extremely troubled, yet not daring to make the least discovery of it, and see, what is become of his Brother *Don Sancho de Sylva*. *Isabella* brought him into a Ground-room, which look'd into the Garden, where the two Sisters *Dorothea* and *Feliciana* expected *Don Juhan de Peralta*; one, as a Lover,

Lover, whom she was very desirous to please; the other, to assure him that she could not have any kindness for him; and to perswade him he would do better to make his applications to her Sister. *Don Sancho* enters the room where the two fair Sisters were; they were frightned at his appearance. *Dorothea* stood like a statue, as if she had not been able to stir from the place; but her Sister, fearing she could not continue long in that posture, dispos'd her into a Chair, lest she might have fallen down all along. *Don Sancho* when he had fix'd his Eyes on them, stuck to the place he was in. *Isabella* was ready to sink into the ground for fear, and imagin'd it might be the Ghost of *Don Sancho*, that appear'd to them, to revenge the injury his Mistress did him. *Felina*, though much startled to see him risen from the dead, was yet more troubled at what had happened to her Sister, who being come to her self, *Don Sancho* took her by the hand, and made this discourse to her.

Ungrateful *Dorothea*, if the Report which had been spread of my death did not in some measure excuse your inconstancy, the affliction I conceive thereat, would not allow me Life enough to upbraid you the deserv'd reproaches of your wrongs. I was willing the world should be perswaded that I was dead, that I might be forgotten by my enemies, not by you, who had engag'd your self not to love any other besides me. But how have you broken that promise? I see there needs onely but a common Report of some unfortunate accident, to make a Woman forget all engagements of fidelity, even to that person,

"whom, of all the world, she onely pretended to "fancy, I might eafily be reveng'd, and make "so great noise by my complaints and expostula- "tions, as should awake your Father, and give "him directions how to find out the favour'd "Gallant, whom you have dispos'd into some "secret place about his House: but, beloved "Man that I am! I feel in my self still a certain "fear to displease you, and am more troubled at "the necessity you give me, not to love you any "longer, than at the discovery I have made of "your being in love with another. Make much "of your dear Lover, O as false as fair Woman! "make much of him I say, and fear no more di- "sturbances in your enjoyments, for you shall ere "long be rid of a Man, who might, while you "liv'd, have reproach'd your proving treacherous "to him, even while he hazarded his Life to save "you.

With these words *Don Sancho* would have quitted the room: but *Dorothea* stays him, and was going to vindicate her self, when *Isabella* comes running in to tell her, that her Master, *Don Manuel*, was coming after her. *Don Sancho* had onely time enough to get behind the door, and, while the Old man was chiding his Daughters that they had not been a-bed, and had his back towards the Chamber-door, made a shift to get out, and going back the same way into the Garden, went into the same Arbour where he had been before, and where preparing himself for what ever might happen, he expected a favourable opportunity to make his escape thence.

There are, no doubt, those, who think Love the plea-

pleasantest thing in the world. But far is it from their imagination, that a Lover's constant courtships and adorations may at last be requited with contempt, scorn, frowns, and elusions, which require an extraordinary measure of patience and good nature to endure them. Little do they apprehend, that a young Spark, after many years contin'd addresses, even when he thinks himself at a score within a hairs length of felicity, may, by some unexpected obstructions and disappointments, be tumbled into eternal disgrace, and all the occasion'd, not so much by any backwardness of his Mistress, as his own unhappy misapprehensions.

Those were the reflections of the unfortunate *Don Sancho*, while *Don Manuel* was gone into his Daughter's chamber, to fetch a Light, to bring in the Officers who were imperiously knocking at the Garden-door, upon the information they had receiv'd, that *Don Manuel* had entertain'd into his house one of those who had been fighting in the lists. *Don Manuel* made no difficulty to let them in, to search his House, out of an assurance that would be so civil as not to look into his own Chamber, and that the Gentleman whom they expected to find, was safely lock'd in there. *Don Sancho* perceiving out of the Arbour, that it was impossible for him to escape the search of so many Officers as were scatter'd up and down the Garden, comes out to *Don Manuel*, and whispers him in the ear, that a person of Honour would be more tender of his promise then to abandon one whom he had taken into his protection. *Don Manuel*, who was much surpris'd to find him there, entrea-

ted the chief Officer, to leave *Don Sancho*, in his custody, till the next morning; which request was soon granted him, as well out of respect to his quality, as for that the party, whom *Don Sancho* imagin'd he had kill'd, was not very dangerously wounded.

The Officers, having receiv'd somewhat towards a morning's draught, took their leave, and departed; and *Don Manuel*, having discover'd by the same discourse which had pass'd between him and *Don Sancho*, when he first met him, that he must needs be the person whom he had receiv'd into his Garden, doubted not, but that the other was some Gallant, brought into the House, either by *Isabella*, or his Daughters. To be more fully satisfy'd of it, he conducted *Don Sancho* before into a room by himself, and desir'd him to stay there till he return'd again. He went to that place where he had left *Don Juhan de Peralta*, to whom he told a feign'd story, that his man was come into the House along with the Officers, and waited below to speak with him. *Don Juhan* knew that his man lay very sick at that time, and not in a condition to come to him, though he had known where he was, which he did not. He was therefore somewhat troubled at what *Don Manuel* had said to him, and to be had no other answer to make him, than that his man should go and stay for him at his Lodging.

By this discourse and some others *Don Manuel* found him to be that young Gentleman lately come from the *Indies*, who was so much talk'd of about *Sevil*, and, being sufficiently inform'd as to his quality and estate, resolv'd, he should not go

out

out of the House ere he had married that Daughter of his, to whom he had ever so little addreſs'd himſelf. He ſpent ſome further time in diſcourſe with him, to be more fully ſatisfy'd as to ſome doubts, which then burthen'd his mind. *Iſabella* ſtood all the while at the door, and over-heard them, and gave an account of all to her Miſtreſſes. *Don Manuel* had a glimpſe of her, and imagin'd ſhe was come with ſome meſſage to *Don Juhan*, from one of his Daughters. He left him, to run after her, juſt as the Wax-light, which was in the room, being at an end, went out of it ſelf. While the Old man is groping to find out *Iſabella*, ſhe acquaints *Dorothea* and *Feliciana*, that *Don Sancho* was in their Father's chamber, and that ſhe had ſeen them talking together. The two Siſters ran thither upon her word, *Dorothea* being not afraid to find her dear *Don Sancho* with her Father, reſolv'd, as ſhe was, to acknowledge, that ſhe lov'd him, and that ſhe had been lov'd by him, and withall to tell him, upon what motives ſhe had appointed *Don Juhan* to come thither that night. She therefore goes into the room, which was without any light, and having met with *Don Juhan*, juſt as he was coming out, ſhe took him for *Don Sancho*, and having him faſt by the arm, ſhe thus expoſtulated with him. "Why doſt thou avoid "me, tygre-hearted *Don Sancho*! and why "wouldſt thou not hear what anſwer I ſhould "make to the undeſerv'd reproaches thou haſt "made me! I muſt confeſs, thou could'ſt not "bethink thy ſelf of any too great for me, if I "were as guilty as thou haſt ſome grounds to "imagine: but thou art not to learn, that there

" are some false things, which have many times
" more likelihood of truth than truth it self, and
" that this latter is ever discover'd by time. Al-
" low me but so much, as may shew thee that
" which will recover thee out of the confusion
" in which thy own misfortune, and mine, and
" haply that of divers others, hath involv'd us
" both. Assist me to vindicate my self, and run
" not the hazard of being unjust, by an over-
" hastiness to condemn me, before thou hast found
" me really guilty. 'Tis possible thou maist have
" heard, that a certain Gentleman loves me; but
" hast thou heard that I made any return to his
" love? Thou maist have met him here; for it
" is true, that his coming hither was by my ap-
" pointment; but when thou shalt understand
" what design I had in it, I am confident thou
" wilt have a cruel remorse, that thou should'st
" injure me, while I give the greatest assurance of
" fidelity I could. O that this importunate and
" troublesome Servant of mine were here before
" thee! thou shouldst find by the treatment I gave
" him, whether he ever had any ground to affirm,
" that I lov'd him, nay, whether he could ever so
" much as tell me that he lov'd me, or that I ever
" vouchsaf'd even the reading of any Letter that
" came from him. But that misfortune of mine,
" which always procur'd me the sight of him,
" when it should prejudice me, will not permit
" me to see him, when he might help to undeceive
" thee.

Don Juhan had the patience to suffer *Dorothea* to speak, without offering to interrupt her, that he might learn somewhat more than she had yet discover'd

discover'd to him. But perceiving she had given over, and expected some return from him, he was going to give her a sharp answer, when *Don Sancho*, who was looking for the way into the Garden, and heard *Dorothea* speaking to *Don Juhan*, comes up close to her, making the least noise he could, yet not to as but that he was perceiv'd by *Don Juhan* and the two Sisters. They had not the time to speak one to another, ere *Don Manuel* comes into the room with a Light, which some of his Servants carried before him. The two Rival-Brothers look'd one on the other, and were observ'd to be in a posture ready to fall one upon the other, as having their hands on the hilts of their Swords. *Don Manuel* steps in between them, and commanded his Daughter to make choice of one of them for her Husband, that he might fight with the other. *Don Juhan* told him, that for his part he was ready to quit all manner of pretensions, if he might have any, and submitted himself to the Cavalier he saw before him. *Don Sancho* said the same thing, with this addition, that since *Don Juhan* had been brought into *Don Manuel*'s house by one of his Daughters, it was probable they had a mutual affection one for the other, and that for his part, he would rather dye a thousand times, than enter into the state of Matrimony with the least scruple. *Dorothea* cast her self at her Father's feet, beseeching him to give her audience, and he should know how all things stood. She related to him all that past between her and *Don Sancho de Sylva*, before he had, in her quarrel, kill'd *Don Diego*. She acquainted him that *Don Juhan de Peralto* fell afterwards in love

with her; as also with the design she had engag'd her self in, to undeceive him, and to advise him to demand her Sister in marriage, and at last concluded her discourse with this protestation, that if she could not satisfie *Don Sancho* of her innocency, and the continuance of her affection to him, she would that very day enter into a Monastery, whence no perswasions in the world should ever get her out again.

Don Sancho was soon satisfy'd with the account *Dorothea* had given of her fidelity towards him, and immediately demanded her in marriage of *Don Manuel*. By some passages of her discourse concerning *Don Iohan*, particularly by the time of his first appearance at *Segul*, the place whence he came in the *Indies*, and the Relations he had there, the two Rival-Brothers came to know one the other. *Don Iohan* finding also by some circumstances of *Dorothea*'s discourse, the affection which her Sister *Feliciana* had for him, humbly address'd himself to her, assuring her that if she still persisted in the same sentiments, he should think himself the happiest man in the world. He thereupon demanded her in marriage of *Don Manuel*, who receiv'd them both for his Sons-in-law, with a satisfaction that cannot well be expres'd.

As soon as it was day, *Don Sancho* sent for the Marquess *Fabiano*, who came to participate of his friend's joy, after he had spent the night in distracted thoughts what should have become of him. The whole business was kept secret, till *Don Manuel* and the Marquess had dispos'd a Cousin of *Don Diego*, to whom his Estate, upon

the

the other's Death, had fain, to forget his Kinsman's [illegible] and accommodate himself with *Don Sancho*. During this negotiation, the Marquess fell in love with a Sister of that Gentleman's, and demanded her of him in marriage. He gladly entertain'd a proposal so advantageous to his Sister, and thereupon was content to accept of any thing they could offer on the behalf of *Don Sancho*. The three marriages were solemnized the same day, with so great content of all parties, as was not onely remarkable at that time, but continu'd many years after.

The

SCARRONS NOVELS.

The Invisible Mistress.

The Sixth Novel.

DON Carlos of *Arragon* was a young Gentleman of an illustrious Family, well known in *Spain* under that name; his person such, that a curious eye might have observ'd somewhat in him transcending all descriptions of the most elaborate Romances, yet not comparable to the noble accomplishments of his mind. But

But what comes more particular to the character we have to give of him, is that, at certain Shows, wherewith the Vice-Roy of *Naples* entertain'd the populace, upon occasion of the Nuptial Solemnities of *Philip*, the second, third, or fourth, of *Spain*, (I cannot now well call to mind) he did things beyond their belief, who onely receiv'd them by relation. The next day after a famous Tilting, at which he had behav'd himself with such gallantry, as rais'd no less admiration in the beholders, than indignation and shame in those who ventur'd at a trial of their address in the same exercise, the Ladies obtain'd a permission of the Vice-Roy, to go about the City disguis'd, and mask'd after the *French* mode, for the convenience of such Strangers as those magnificencies had brought thither from all parts of the Kingdom. That day, *Don Carlos* put on the richest cloaths he had, and went, among many others, who, as so many Cockatrices, intended to murther all the Ladies they look'd on, to a Church, where most of the Gallantry were to meet. Where be it observ'd by the way, that *Christian* Churches may be prophan'd, as well in those Countries which profess most obedience to the holy See, as in others, and instead of being us'd as the Temples of God, become a Rendezvous for those who have not the opportunities so well to meet else-where. The onely remedy I can at present think of to prevent this scandal, is, that there be a new Officer created in every Parish, whose charge it shall be, to mark what persons come to those Sacred places upon Love-appointments, and if they will not depart the place by fair means, to drive them thence with

with as little regard, as they would do those snarling creatures, which many times fall out to quarrel there, to the great distraction of people's devotion.

But some busie-body will happily be so impertinent as to ask, why I should trouble my head with these abuses, as if I were some Master of a Parish, or Lay-Elder, that had a Maid who should exercise his dog at home? I would have the fool that is scandaliz'd at it, know, that in this lower part of the world, all men are fools, as well as liars, some more, some less, and perhaps I who now speak, a greater fool than any, though it might abate somewhat of my folly, that I am so free to acknowledge it, and withal that this Book of mine, and all others of this kind, being but so many collections of fooleries, I hope, every fool in his quality and degree, will some-where, or other light upon a little description of himself, if he be not too much beforted with self-conceit.

But let the Reader take it as he will, Let me go on with my story. *Don Carlos*, as I told you, was gotten into a Church, with divers other Gentlemen, *Italians* and *Spaniards*, who were strutting up and down in their feathers, like so many Peacocks, and making reverences to more persons than they were known to, (a vanity practis'd sometimes in Churches as well as *Hide-Parke*) when three Ladies, all close mask'd, singl'd him out from among the rest, and having led him a little aside, one of them address'd her self to him either in these words, or others to the same effect.

"Signor *Don Carlos*, said she to him, I have a "business to impart to you, whereof perhaps you

"little

little thought either before or at your devotions, which is, that there is in this City a Lady to whom you are extremely oblig'd. She was present at the Tilting, and all those other exercises, wherein you have lately been engag'd, and always with'd you might come off with honour, as you have done. She is not so vain to think your success wholly the effect of her wishes, but leaves it to your self to consider, what degree of kindness you will allow her good wishes, and what a Ladie's concerning her self so particularly in your good fortune may signifie; if it were express'd in other terms.

The young Gallant was a little surpriz'd at the singeness of the adventure; but having recover'd himself, he made this Reply. "The greatest advantage I can make to my self of what you tell me, Madam, is, that I receive it from you, who seem to be a Lady of quality, and I am to assure you, that could I have imagin'd any Lady had had such tender wishes for me, I should have endeavour'd to do more than I have done to deserve her approbation. And therefore, I am to account the obligation she hath put on me the greater, in that it proceeds from a person, to whom I have not the honour to be known.

The disguis'd Lady told him, that he had not omitted any thing which might render him, even in the judgement of persons less prejudic'd by kindness than that Lady, one of the most accomplish'd men in the world. But another thing she had taken particular notice of, was, that it might be presum'd, by his Liveries of black and white, his affection was not any where engag'd. "I never "un-

"understood, Madam, *replies Don Carlos*, what "colours signifi'd in such a case, but thus I know, "that it is not so much out of any insensibility, or "indifference I have towards your fair self, that "I have not made my addresses to any one of it, as "an apprehension of my own manifold merits.

There pass'd abundance of other ingenious complements between them, for their discourse continu'd a long time, but I shall forbear the communication of them, not only because they never came to my knowledge, and that I am loath to make others out of a fear it might be to the disadvantage of *Don Carlos* and the unknown Lady, who were infinitely more witty than I am, as I have been since inform'd by an honest Gentleman of *Naples*, who was intimately acquainted with them both. The result was this, that the mask'd Lady declar'd her self thus far to *Don Carlos*, that she her self was the person who had this inclination for him. He desir'd to see her; she desir'd him to excuse her for the present, telling him she would endeavour to satisfie him some other time, and assure him that she was not afraid to give him a meeting, at which there should be none but themselves, she would give him a pledge. With that she discover'd to the gentile *Spaniard* the fairest hand he had ever seen, and presented him with a Ring, which he made no difficulty to receive, but with such distracted reflections on the odness of the accident, that he had almost forgotten to make her a conge, when she took leave of him.

The other Gentlemen, who had at a distance observ'd what had pass'd between *Don Carlos* and the

the Lady, though not over-heard their discourse, seeing they were parted, came up to him, very desirous to know what might occasion so long a converse in so publick a place. He freely told them what had happened, and shew'd them the Ring, wherein was a Diamond of very great price. Whereupon every one pass'd his judgment on the adventure, and the result of the whole debate was, that *Don Carlos* found himself seiz'd by as violent a passion for the unknown Lady, as if he had seen her face. Such an inevicable influence hath Wit over those that have any. Eight tedious days, and those attended by ten times more tedious nights, pass'd away ere he heard any further account of the Lady: which that he was extremely troubled at, I should easily have believ'd, though I had never been told so much.

During that time, his divertisement was to go every day to an acquaintance of his, a Captain of Foot, at whose house several persons of quality met to spend some few hours and pieces at play. One night, that *Don Carlos* was not in an humour to venture any thing, but was going home much sooner than he was wont, he was call'd by his name, from a ground-room belonging to a house, which seem'd to be some persons of great quality. He comes up close to the window, which had a grate before it, and presently found by her voice, that she was his invisible Mistress, who presently said to him: "Come as near as you can to the "window, *Don Carlos*, I have been here a good "while expecting you, that we may decide a diffe-"rence there is between us. I have some appre-"hension of your impatience, and must permit

"you

" you to expostulate, though you have not so great
" reason to complain, as you imagine to your self.
" What construction, Madam, *replies Don Carlos*,
" can I make of all these bravadoes of yours, when
" in the mean time you dare not trust me with the
" sight of your face, nay, after my so long expe-
" ctation, think it a signal favour to me, to make
" your appearance at a grated window, and that in
" the night. No more of your censures, *Don Carlos*,
" *says she to him*, be satisfi'd, that I think it not
" yet time we should be fully known one to an-
" other, and imagine it not want of any confi-
" dence in me, that I have been so backward to
" meet you, but impute it to a curiosity I had to
" know you, before I suffer'd you to see me. I
" need not tell you, that in appointed combats
" there should be an equality of arms. If your
" heart should not be as free and disengag'd as
" mine, the advantage would be of your side, and
" thence it came, that I was desirous to be in-
" form'd concerning you. And what account have
" you receiv'd of me, *says Don Carlos*? The world,
" Madam, is full of flattery and calumny, it con-
" cerns you to examine well the credit of your in-
" formation. But may you communicate what
" you have found out by an enquiry which hath
" been so long a making as it is since I had the ho-
" nour first to meet you? I have as much as I am
" satisfi'd with, *replies the discreet Lady*, and it
" is onely this, that we are free enough to become
" one anothers. No, Madam, *says Don Carlos*, there
" is a great inequality in the case; for you see me,
" and know who I am, nay you acknowledge your
" self, that you have particularly enquir'd of me,

" where

"whereas I never saw you, nor know who you "are, nor where to be inform'd. What judgment "do you conceive I should make of this shiness, "and the earnest care you take to keep your self "from my knowledge. These mysterious pro- "ceedings are seldom us'd by those, whose de- "signs are just and generous; and it is no hard "matter to deceive a person who mistrusts no trea- "chery; but he is not so easily deceiv'd twice. If "you think to make use of me, to raise a jealousie "in some other, give me leave to tell you before- "hand, that you will not find me for your purpose, "and that I am not to be drawn into any other "plot than that of being your most humble and "most faithful Servant.

The invisible Lady suffer'd him to go on in his discourse, out of an expectation, that, among the many things he said, he might let fall somewhat, which might contribute to the further discovery she was desirous to make of him. But at last finding nothing to fasten on but his distrust of her, she made him this Reply; "Well, *Don Carlos*, have "you been sufficiently censorious, or am I yet to "tell you, that your assurance of my sincerity, "must be the issue of your own belief of it, and "that your hastiness will rather retard than hasten "the accomplishment of your desires. Assure your "self therefore, without any further reflections on "the grounds you have to suspect me, that I am "very real and sincere, and that you shall find "me no less in all that shall happen between us, "and I expect you should be the like to me. That "were but just, *replies Don Carlos*; but if were "requisite I should see you, and know who you

"are. It shall not be long ere you do, *replies the* "*Lady*, and therefore, in the mean time, receive "this Antidote against impatience, that onely by "the trial I shall make of your constancy, you may "attain what you pretend to from me, who now "assure you, (to the end your courtship may not "be without some encouragement and hope of "requital) that I am equal to you as to Quality; "that I have an Estate plentiful enough to main- "tain you in as much splendour as the greatest "Prince in the Kingdom; that I am young; that "I may challenge somewhat of beauty; and for "matter of wit, you are better stor'd your self, then "to be doubtful whether I have any or not.

With these words she shut to the window, leaving *Don Carlos* with his mouth open, ready to make her some Answer, so surpriz'd at the smartness of her expressions, so passionately in love with a person he had never seen, and so distracted at the strangeness of the procedure, that, not able to stir from the place, he stood still for a good quarter of an hour, making several reflections on so extraordinary an adventure. He knew there were many Princesses and Ladies of great quality then at *Naples*; but he knew withal, that there were many subtil Curtezans, eagerly bent to trapan Strangers, greet cajollers of such as were ignorant of their impostures, and so much the more dangerous, by how much they were the more beautiful.

Having recover'd his astonishment, he went very disconsolately to his lodging, but resolv'd to prosecute the design wherein he was engag'd, with all the caution he could, out of a fear it might prove a cheat put upon him. I shall not tell you exactly

exactly whether he supp'd, or not, nor yet whether, in case he went to bed supperless, he slept, or not, and yet there might be much probability of the latter. These considerable circumstances of a *Hero*'s life, I seldom trouble my self or my Reader with, though it be very much practis'd by the Authors of much greater Romances, than the world is ever like to have from me. For those Gentlemen give such a punctual account of all their *Hero*'s do, and regulate their employments according to the several parts of the day, appointing them to do such a thing first, and then some other, as if they were shut up in some place of spiritual Retreat. For example, they must rise betimes in the morning, and having met with some-body, though they had never seen the party before, entertain him or her, with the History of their adventures, till they be call'd in to dinner: dine very lightly, and, as soon as they have din'd, retire into some arbour, to proceed in the continuation of it, or spend the afternoon in reading some Romance; when-ever they drink, take as many go-downs as there are letters in their Mistress's names, in commemoration of them; and if the clock strikes, make so many ejaculations for the good success of their loves. If the weather be inviting to go abroad, they are led into some Grove, where they are to acquaint the Trees and Stones with their misfortunes, till their supper-time calls them home, at which having, instead of eating, spent the time in sighes and reveries, go and build Castles in the air upon some Turret, that looks towards the Sea, while some Squire or Servant discovers that his Master is such a one, the Son of such a King, and

that there is not a better natur'd Prince in the world; and though he be then one of the handsomest men in the world, that he was quite another person, before Love had disfigur'd him. And thus they make those whom they would represent for exemplars of all the great and heroick Vertues, in many things no better than so many *Extravagant Shepherds* and *Don Quixots*.

But to return to my Story. *Don Carlos* came the night following to the same post, where he found his invisible Mistress ready to entertain him. She ask'd him whether he had not been much troubled at the former converse they had together, and whether it were not true, that he had entertain'd some distrust of what she had told him. *Don Carlos*, without answering her question, entreated her to satisfie him, what danger or inconvenience there might be, in discovering her self, since things were upon even terms on both sides, and that they propos'd to themselves no other ends in their gallantries, than such as might be approv'd by all. "In "that lies the whole danger of it, *says the invisible* "*Lady*, as you shall find in time; be you there- "fore assur'd, that I am real, and, in the relation "I gave you of my self, I have been so modest, "that, without injury to truth, I might have told "you much more. Their discourse lasted a long time. They made some advance in the mutual love they had rais'd in one another, and at last parted, after a reciprocal promise to meet there every night, at the time they had agreed on.

The next day, there was to be an extraordinary Ball at the Vice-Roy's Palace. *Don Carlos* with hopes to make a discovery there of the person, who would

would be invisible to him in all other places. In the mean time he made enquiry, whose house that was, where he had receiv'd such favourable audiences. He was told by the neighbours, that there liv'd in it an ancient Lady, the Relict of a certain *Spanish* Captain, that she liv'd very private, and had neither Daughters nor Nieces. He knock'd at the door, and desir'd to see the old Lady; answer was brought him, that since the death of her Husband, she admitted no visits from any person whatsoever; which added not a little to the disturbance of his thoughts.

Don Carlos went at night to the Vice-Roy's, where you may imagine there was a noble Assembly of Gallants. He very exactly observ'd all the Ladies, to find out her whom he so much desir'd to know. He fell into discourse with those he met; but without any satisfaction. At last he singl'd out the Daughter of a certain Marquess, where his Title lay I know not, nor care much, especially now we are come to an age wherein people are too forward to assume Titles of Honour to themselves. The Lady was young and beautiful enough, and her voice came somewhat near hers whom he look'd for: but after much observation, he found such a distance between her intellectuals and those of his invisible Deity, that it repented him he had in so short a time made such a progress in his courtship to that Beauty, as whence he might presume that she had a more than ceremonious kindness for him. They danc'd together several times, and the Ball being done, little to the satisfaction of *Don Carlos*, he took leave of his Captive, whom he left highly conceited of her self, that she alone, in

so noble an Assembly, had receiv'd the gallantries of a Cavalier, who was no less effected by all the women, than envi'd by all the men.

From the Vice-Roy's, he immediately went to his lodging, and thence, having taken such a rest as he thought requisite, to the fatal Grate, which was not far from it. The Lady, who was already got into her post, ask'd him what news he brought from the Ball, though she had been there her self. He ingeniously told her, that he had danc'd several times with a very beautiful person, and had entertain'd her with discourse as long as the Ball lasted. This confession gave her occasion to put divers questions to him, whereby he might easily have perceiv'd that she was jealous. *Don Carlos* on the other side discover'd the trouble of his mind, that she had not been at the Ball, and that it gave him some cause to mistrust her quality. She soon observ'd what he would have been at, and to prevent that disturbance such a doubt might raise in him, she us'd all the wit and Rhetorick she had, and shew'd him all the kindness could be expected between two persons separated by an iron-grate; which concluded with a promise, that she would be visible within a very short time. They then soon took leave one of the other, he very doubtful whether he should believe her, and she a little jealous of the beautiful Lady, whom he had entertain'd all the time of the Ball.

The next day, *Don Carlos* going into a Church to hear Mass, and meeting just at the door with two Ladies mask'd, presented them with holy water, to spare them the trouble of taking it themselves. The better clad of the two told him, that in requital of

that

that civility she had somewhat to acquaint him with, wherein he might be highly concern'd. "If "you are not too much in haste, Madam, *says Don* "*Carlos to her*, you may immediately ease your "self of what you have to tell me. Follow me "then into the next Chapel; *replies the unknown* "*Lady*. She went in first, and *Don Carlos* follow'd her, much in doubt whether she were his Mistress, (though he was satisfi'd she was about the same stature) in regard he found some difference in their voices, this Lady speaking somewhat faster than the other.

Having shut themselves into the Chapel, she made him this discourse. "Signor *Don Carlos*, *said* "*she*, the whole City of *Naples* is full of wonder, "at the great reputation you have acquir'd, since "the small time of your residence in it, and you "are look'd upon, by all, as the most accomplish'd "person in the world. Onely this occasions a ge- "neral astonishment, that, being what you are, you "should not have observ'd, there are in this City "several Ladies of great quality and worth, who "have a particular esteem and kindness for you. "They have express'd so much, as far as modesty "and the reserv'dness of their sex would permit, "and though they earnestly wish you assur'd of it, "yet would they rather it might be said, you re- "garded it not out of a certain insensibility, than "dissembled your inadvertency, out of indiffe- "rence. There is, among others, one, of my ac- "quaintance, who, not regarding what may be "said of such a discovery, gives you this eminent "assurance of the esteem she hath for you, as to "give you notice, That your mid-night adven-

"tures are observ'd; that you indiscreetly engage "your affection to what you have no knowledge "of, and since the person you court as a Mistress "will not vouchsafe you a sight of her, that it is "either out of a fear she is not amiable enough to "gain your love, or asham'd of her own. I "doubt not but the object of your contempla-"tive love is some Lady of high quality, and tran-"scendent wit, and that you imagine to your self "a Mistress who is, such, of all the excellencies "her sex is capable of, and consequently deser-"ing the adoration of such a person as you are; "But Signor *Don Carlos*, let me give you this "advice, not to trust your imagination, to the "prejudice of your judgment, but rather mistrust "a person, who disguises her self, and avoid all "further engagement in these nocturnal conver-"sations. To deal freely with you, 'tis I who am "jealous of this fantasm of yours, troubled you "should speak to her, and, since I have expres'd "my self thus far, am resolv'd to quash her de-"signs, and defeat all her projects, so as to de-"prive her of a victory which I may justly dispute "with her; since I am not inferiour to her, either "as to beauty, fortune, or quality, or indeed any "thing that may render a woman amiable. Fare-"well, I leave you to make your advantage of the "good counsel I have given you, which, if you are "wise, I doubt not but you will."

With these last words she went out of the Chapel, not staying for the Answer, which *Don Carlos* was ready to make her. He would have follow'd her, but he found at the Church-door a person of quality, who presently fell into discourse, with

with her, and continu'd it so long, that he grew weary of staying to see her dis-engag'd. All the remainder of the day, his thoughts were wholly taken up with this adventure, and he suspected, at first, that the Gentlewoman he had met with at the Ball, might be the last mask'd Lady, that had appear'd to him: but considering with himself, that she seem'd to be much more ingenuous, than the other had discover'd her self, he was at a loss what to think of it, and began to wish he had not engag'd himself so far to his obscure Mistress, that he might have address'd his devotions to her whom he had last talked with. But at last, reflecting that she was no more known to him than his former invisible Lady, whose wit had charm'd him in the conversation he had had with her, he resolv'd what course he should take, and little regarded the menaces which had been made him, as being a person not to be frighten'd with great words.

In pursuance of this resolution, he went that very night to his iron-grate at the hour appointed. The two Lovers spent their time much after the same rate as they had at their former meetings. But being come near the height of their amorous discourse, it was unexpectedly interrupted by a strange accident. *Don Carlos* was of a sudden surpriz'd by four men in vizards, who having disarm'd him, carri'd him away by main force into a Coach, which waited at the lower end of the street. I leave the Reader to imagine how heartily he rail'd on them, and the reproaches he made them, that they had taken him so much at their advantage. Nay, he tri'd what fair words and promises might do; but instead of prevailing ought upon

upon them, it onely oblig'd them to look more narrowly to him, and deprive him of all hope to help himself either by his strength or courage.

In the mean time, the Coach went forward as fast as four good Horses could draw it, and about an hour after they had left the City, he was brought into a magnificent Palace, the great Gate whereof stood open, as if it had been purposely for his reception. The four disguis'd persons receiv'd *Don Carlos* out of the Coach, holding him fast under the arms, as if he had been some Ambassadour conducted to the Grand Signor, or the King of *Persia*. He was brought up the first Story with the same ceremony, and there, two Gentlewomen mask'd receiv'd him, at the entrance of a spacious Hall, having each of them Torches in their hands. The disguis'd men took leave of him, and withdrew, after they had made him a most low congey. 'Tis very probable, they left him neither Sword nor Pistol, nor that he return'd them any thanks for the care they had of him, and their trouble to bring him thither. Not but that he was a person of as much civility as any man in the world, but one surpris'd may well be pardon'd the backwardness of expressing it so much as another.

I shall not tell you whether those great Wax-lights which the Gentlewoman held, were in Silver Candlesticks, but this I am sure of, that they were carv'd and emboss'd work, and the Hall was one of the most sumptuous in the world, and, if you please, the furniture of it, without disparagement, comparable to some Appartments of our late Romances, as for example *Zelmana*'s Ship in *Polexander*, *Ibrahim*'s Palace in the *Illustrious*

Bassa,

Bassa, or the Room, in which the King of *Assyria* entertain'd *Mandana* in the *Grand Cyrus*, which, not to disparage those other I nam'd, is, one of the most magnificently furnish'd Books of any in the world. Imagine then how much our cavalli'd Lover was astonish'd to find himself in so sumptuous an apparement, attended onely by two Gentlewomen mask'd, who spoke not at all, and conducted him thence into another room, more nobly furnish'd than the Hall, where they left him all alone. Had he been of the humour of *Don Quixote*, he would have been transported into some extravagance besitting so great an Adventurer, and he would have conceited himself at least *Esplandian* or *Amadis*; but our grave *Spaniard* was no more troubled at it, than if he had been in some Inn, or Country-house of his own. True it is, he was much troubled for his Invisible Mistress, and having his thoughts continually fixt on her, he thought that room sadder than any Prison, which is never accounted handsome, but on the outside. He was confident they intended him no hurt who had Lodg'd him so nobly, and wanted not much of being satisfy'd, that the Lady, who had spoken to him the day before in the Church, was the Sorceress, who had wrought all these enchantments. He admit'd in himself the fantastick humours of Women; and with what expedition they execute what they have once resolv'd; and thereupon he concluded it his best course patiently to expect the period of the adventure, and to continue faithful to his Mistress at the Grate, what promises or menaces whatsoever might be made to him.

Some

Some time after, certain Officers belonging to the House, all in Vizards, but very richly clad, came in to lay the cloath, which done, Supper was brought up. All was very magnificent; Musick and Perfumes were not wanting; and our *Don Carlos*, besides the senses of Smelling, and Hearing, satisfy'd also that of the Taste, much beyond what I should have imagin'd, the condition he was in consider'd; my meaning is, that he made a good Supper, for, as I told you, he could not live on the airy entertainments of sighs, and amorous imaginations. I forgot to tell you, that I think he wash'd his mouth before he sate down, for I have heard, that he had an extraordinary care of his teeth. The Musick continu'd playing a good while after Supper, and all having left him, *Don Carlos* walk'd up and down the room a good while, ruminating on all these enchantments, or somewhat else, it matters not much. At last two Gentlewomen mask'd, and a little Dwarf of a Page mask'd also, after they had laid a rich cloath on a Side-table, came to help him off with his cloaths, without any previous question, whether he had any mind to go to Bed or not. He suffer'd them to do what they pleas'd; the Gentlewomen order'd his Bed, and march'd away; the Page help'd him off with his boots or shoots, and afterwards with his cloaths. *Don Carlos* got into Bed, and all this was done with as strict an observation of silence of all sides, as if he had been in some Monastery of *Carthusians*. He rested well enough for an amorous person; the Birds of an adjoyning aviary awak'd him at the break of Day; the mask'd Dwarf was ready to wait on him, and brought

him

him the finest Linnen, the whitest, and best perfum'd that he had ever seen.

'Twere too hard a task to give an account how he pass'd away the time from Morning till Noon, let those who feel the gripings of a passionate love imagine it, as for other people, it matters not what they think. The silence, which had hitherto been exactly observ'd of all sides, was broken at last, by another mask'd Gentlewoman, who came to ask him, whether he would be pleas'd to see the Princess of that enchanted Palace. He told her, it was his desire, and that she should be very welcome. Not long after, she comes into the room, attended by four Gentlewomen very richly clad, and with that lustre and attraction, as if the Graces had bestow'd the whole morning in dressing her. Never had our *Spaniard* seen a greater conjunction of Love and Majesty in one countenance, than he now saw in that of this unmask'd *Brgande*. He was so ravish'd and astonish'd together, that all the Congees he made, and the several postures he put himself into, while he led her by the hand into an adjoyning room, were little better than so many stumblings. What he had thought so sumptuous in the Hall, and the other room, whereof I told you before, were nothing in comparison of what he found in this, and yet as magnificent as all things were, they receiv'd some addition of lustre from the mask'd Lady, who honour'd the place with her divine presence. They sate down on a sumptuous Couch, the most sumptuous that had ever been made, since the first invention of Couches. Having view'd him a while, to see how he kept his countenance, she at last

spoke

spoke to him, with a Voice as sweet as a Virginal, discovering her mind in a discourse, not much different from that I am now going to give you.

"I doubt not, Signor *Don Carlos*, says she, "but of your being surpriz'd at what hath happen'd to you in my House since your coming into it last night; but if in have not had that effect on you which I imagine to my self, I have however the satisfaction of assuring you that I am no worse than my promise, and convincing you, by what I have already done, what I am further able to do. 'Tis possible, my Rival, your Invisible Mistress, may, by her artifices, and the good fortune of having engag'd you first, be absolutely possess'd of that place in your heart which I am to dispute with her; but she is no Woman that will be put off with one denial; and if my fortunes, which are not to be slighted, and all may be had with me, be too weak a motive to induce you to love me, I shall yet have this self-content, that I have chosen rather to run the hazard of being slighted for my imperfection, than obscure my self out of subsistence or shame.

With those words she took off her mask, and gave *Don Carlos* a full discovery of Heaven, or, if you please, a small draught of it, the loveliest Head in the world, sustein'd by a Body of the noblest stature he had ever admir'd, in a word, both together making up a person wholly divine. By the fresh complexion of her countenance, a Man would have guess'd her not to exceed sixteen years of age; but a certain mixture of majesty and gallantry in the air of it, such as young persons are

are not arriv'd to, gave a greater assurance of her being four years elder.

Don Carlos stood mute a while, as being unresolv'd what answer he should make her, not a little incens'd against his invisible Lady, who hindred him from making an absolute disposal of himself to the most beautiful person he had ever seen, and at a perfect loss, both as to what he should say, or what he should do. At last, after an interiour conflict, which lasted long enough to raise some doubts in the Lady of the enchanted Palace, he took a firm resolution, to make her a clear discovery of his soul, and it prov'd (such is commonly the reward of sincerity) one of the noblest and most advantageous actions he ever did. But you expect his answer. Many persons, who have heard of it, have been of opinion he might have done better, and declar'd his mind a little more smartly, when he had once resolv'd which game he would be at. But I am onely his Secretary, and think my self concern'd in point of conscience, to lay down the very words he deliver'd, which were these, as near as I can remember. "I must acknowledge, Madam, *said he*, that it "would have been too great a happiness to please "such a person as you are, could I have been but "so happy as that I might have lov'd you. I am "sufficiently sensible, that I refuse the most beau-"tiful person in the world, to court another who "possibly may be such onely in my imagination. "But, Madam, would you think me worthy your "affection, if you thought me capable of an un-"faithfulness, towards a person, whom I had pro-"mis'd constancy? And is it consistent with my "con-

"constancy that I should address my affection to "you? But why do I say mine, when I have not "had any to dispose, since the engagement of fi- "delity I made to that Mistress, who is yet "pleas'd to be invisible to me? You are therefore, "Madam, not so much to blame me, as bewail "my misfortune; or rather let us jointly bemoan "our selves, you, because you cannot obtain your "desires, and I, that I cannot see what I love.

He deliver'd this with so sad an accent, that the Lady might easily observe he made a sincere discovery of his thoughts. She omitted nothing which she conceiv'd might persuade him, to fall off from his former love; he was deaf to all her entreaties, nay was little mov'd at her tears, though the greatest Rhetorick a Woman can use. She renew'd the charge several times; he as obstinately kept his ground. At last she fell to bitter railings and reproaches, and having vented on him all the injurious expressions, that could proceed from exasperated rage, and that a woman's, she left him, not so much to consider what he had to do, as to curse his misfortune. A Gentlewoman came in a while after, to tell him, that, if he pleas'd, he might take a turn or two in the Garden. He went, not meeting with any body in his way, till he came to the bottom of the stairs, where he found ten men with vizards on, who waited at the door, arm'd with Partizans and Carbines. As he pass'd through the Court, to go towards the Garden, which was in all things answerable to the Palace, one of those men, who stood Centrie at the gate, comes up to him, and whispers him in the ear (as if he had been much afraid

afraid to be over-heard) That he had receiv'd from an ancient Gentleman a Letter directed to him, and that he had promis'd the delivery of it into his own hands, though it might hazard his life, if it were discover'd: but a present of twenty pieces, and a promise of a like summe afterwards, had prevail'd with him to venture the doing of that dangerous kindness. *Don Carlos* promis'd secrecie, and made all the haste he could into the Garden to read what he had receiv'd from him.

THE LETTER.

Signor *Don Carlos*,

YOu may easily imagine what trouble I have been in, ever since I lost you, by that you are in your self, if so your love be as violent as mine. My affliction was not capable of any abatement, till I had discover'd the place where you are, and that's the onely comfort I have. The Lady, who contriv'd your surprize, and carrying away from the place where we thought our selves secure from such ambushes, is the Princess Porcia. *To satisfie her own humour, she slights all other considerations, and you are not the first* Reynaldo *that hath fall'n into the hands of that dangerous* Armida. *But I shall break all her inchantments, and it shall not be long ere I force you, out of her embraces, into my own, a happiness you will deserve, if you are as constant as I wish you should be, to*

Your invisible Mistress.

Don Carlos was ravish'd to receive this account of his Lady, for whom he had a real and violent affection. He kiss'd the Letter till he grew weary of that divertisement, and return'd to the gate, to find out him from whom he had receiv'd it, and to requite his kindness with a rich Diamond-ring, off his finger. He walk'd a good while longer in the Garden, wondring extremely at the strange humour of that Princess *Porcia*, of whom he had heard much, as of a young Lady of a very great fortune, and descended of one of the noblest Houses in the Kingdom; and being a person of great vertue, he conceiv'd such an aversion for her, that he resolv'd, though with the hazard of his life, to do all he could to get out of that restraint wherein she kept him.

As he was coming out of the Garden, he met with a young Gentlewoman, unmask'd (for upon the Ladie's discovery of her self, orders were given there should be no more masks seen about the Palace) who ask'd him, whether he would be pleas'd to admit of her Ladie's company, to dine with him that day. I leave you to judge, whether he return'd, *She should be welcome, or desire all his heart*, or, *That it was an honour he could not have aspir'd to*. Soon after, dinner was brought in; the Princess appear'd fairer than the Day, and her conversation took the amorous *Spaniard* so highly, that it bred in him a secret trouble to see, in a person of so great quality, such excellent endowments so strangely misemploi'd. He endeavour'd all he could to put himself into a pleasant humour, though his thoughts were continually fix'd on his unknown Mistress, whom he was impatiently de-

sirous

sirous to meet with once more at the grate.

As soon as they had taken away, and all the attendants had quitted the room, the Lady assaulted his constancy one more, in these words. "I know "not, Signor *Don Carlos*, *said she*, whether I may, "from the chearfulness, which me-thinks I have "observ'd in your countenance, derive any hope of "some change in your mind, or presume that my "face and carriage, have at least rais'd in you a "doubtfulness, whether the invisible Beauty, you "so much dote on, be more capable to force your "love than I am. I have not disguis'd what I would "have bestow'd on you, because I was not willing "you should repent your having receiv'd it; and "though a person accustomed to receive Petitions, "may easily be offended at a denial, yet I shall "forget all resentment of that which I have re-"ceiv'd from you, on condition you repair it, by "your future compliance, in giving me what I "conceive my self more worthy of than the invi-"sible and inaccessible object of your adorations. "Let me therefore know your final resolution, "that if it prove not to my advantage, I may en-"deavour to find a counter-battery of reasons, "strong enough to beat down those which I think "I have had to love you, that I may no longer pur-"sue a vain hope, which will deceive me at last.

Don Carlos paus'd a while, to see whether she would have gone on with the discourse, but perceiving she had given over, and that, with her eyes fasten'd on the ground, she expected the sentence he was to pronounce, he persisted in the resolution he had taken to deal freely with her, and put her out of all hope that he could ever be her

servant, and so made her this cold and comfortless Answer. "Madam, before I satisfie you, as to "what you are so desirous to know, I am to beg "a real discovery of your sentiments concerning "what I shall propose to you, with the same free- "dom and sincerity, as you expect I should ob- "serve towards you. If your self had oblig'd a "person to offer up his affections to you, and by "all the endearing favours, which a Ladie may "grant, without injurie or prejudice to her virtue, "you had engag'd this person to sweare and vow an "inviolable constancy to you, would you not ac- "count him the basest and unworthiest of men, if "he should not perform the promise he had made "you? And should not I be this verie base and "and unworthie person, if, though to obtain one "so infinitelie deserving as you are, I should for- "sake a woman, who hath some grounds to presume "that I love her?

He would have proceeded with this and other formal arguments, to satisfie her, but she gave him not the time. "I have enough, *said she*, I perceive "what your Answer will amount to, and cannot "forbear admiring your constancie, though it be "so much contrarie to my satisfaction. I shall "importune you no further, to a change of the "resolution you have taken; you shall be deliver'd "out of your restraint, onelie this kindness I shall "press you to, that you remain here till night, to "be remov'd hence, in the same manner as you "were brought hither, assuring my self, that if "you ever come to discover where you have been, "you will be so generous as to conceal the design "I had upon you, and be moderate in the

"tri-

'triumph of your fidelity. She held a handkerchief before her eyes, while she spoke those last words, as it were to keep her tears from being seen by the *Spaniard*, who, if, on the one side, troubled at what she had said, was, on the other, so transported with joy at the recovery of his liberty, that he could not have conceal'd it, though he had been the greatest hypocrite in the world: and 'tis to be imagin'd that if the Lady had observ'd, he could not have avoided her reproaches. I know not whether he thought it long ere night came, for, as I told you before, I trouble not my self much about the precise observance of times and hours: you may be assur'd it came, and that, being dispos'd into a Coach, he was brought back to his own lodgings, attended by the same persons who had waited on him the night before.

Being one of the kindest Masters in the world, his Servants were over-joy'd to see him again; but they enjoy'd him not long. He put on armour, and accompani'd by two of them, whose courage he had former experience of, he made all the haste he could to the Grate, nay his haste was such, that those who attended him, had much ado to follow him. He had no sooner made the accustom'd signal, but the invisible Deitie answer'd him. They had a long discourse, and that so full of affectionate tenderness, on both sides, that I never think on it, without tears. At last, she told him, that, having receiv'd some affront in the house where she then was, she had sent for her Coach, to remove thence; but in regard it would be long ere it came, and that his might be sooner got ready, she entreated him to send for it, to conduct her to a place, where

he should not any longer complain of her invisibility. The amorous Gallant staid not for a longer entreaty, he ran to his Servants, whom he had left at the end of the street, and sent them for his Coach, which being come, the invisible Lady kept her promise, and went along with him into it. She gave the Coach-man directions which way he should go, and bid him stop at a great house, into which he drove, by the light of many torches, which met them at the gate. *Don Carlos* conducted the Lady as she directed him, up a large pair of stairs, into a spacious Hall, where he continu'd somewhat troubled to find her still mask'd. At last, several Gentlewomen richly apparell'd, coming to receive them, every one with a great wax candle in her hand, the invisible Lady discover'd her self, and taking off her mask, satisfi'd *Don Carlos*, that the Lady at the grate and the Princess *Porcia* were but one and the same person.

It were no easie matter for me to tell you, how strangely the *Spaniard* was surpriz'd. The beautiful *Neapolitan* told him, that she had brought him away a second time, to know his final resolution; that what pretensions soever the Lady at the grate had to him, were now become hers, with a thousand other things highly amorous and witty. *Don Carlos* cast himself at her feet, embrac'd her knees, and kiss'd her hands, and so avoided the uttering of many impertinences, which people over-joy'd are apt to be guilty of. When these first transportations were over, he rallied together all his wit and gallantry, to celebrate the pleasant humour of his Mistress, and acquitted himself in expressions so advantageous to her, that she was further assur'd

of

of her not being mistaken in her choice. She told him, that she was unwilling to trust any but her self in a trial, without which, she could never have lov'd him, and that she would never have been any man's less constant than he had shewn himself.

Upon this, the Relations of the Princess *Porcia* being acquainted with her design, came in to them. She being one of the most considerable persons in the Kingdom, and *Don Carlos* of great quality, it prov'd no hard matter to get a Dispensation from the Arch-bishop, for their marriage. They were married that very night, by the Parson of the Parish, who being an eminent Preacher, 'tis likely, there wanted not a very good Exhortation. Some reported, that it was very late ere they were stirring the next day, which I am apt enough to believe. The News was soon divulg'd, whereat the Vice-Roy, who was nearly related to *Don Carlos*, was so glad, that the publick divertisements began afresh in *Naples*, where they still talk of the Loves of *Don Carlos* and his *INVISIBLE MISTRESS.*

SCARRONs NOVELS.

The Chastisement of Avarice.

The Seventh Novel.

NOT many years since, a young Lad, poor, to the very lowest degree of poverty, yet of an ambition exceeding it, and infinitely more desirous to be thought a Gentleman, than to be accounted, either a rational Creature or a Christian, came along with his Father out of

of the Mountains of *Navarr*, with a resolution (whether guided by instinct, or encouraged by the directions of some others of his friends, I could never learn) to plant themselves at *Madrid*. They had heard much of the gallantry of that place, and were put in hopes, that they should meet with those things there, which they could not find in their own Country, I mean the favours and indulgences of Fortune, which are to be had at the Court, rather than any where else, yet are seldom obtain'd, without much courtship, and excessive importunities. It was the young Lad's good luck, though I know not by what charms procur'd, to be entertain'd a Page by some Grandee, or rather Prince, (for they have the vanity to think themselves such) a condition, not thought very honourable in *Spain*, that is, much at the same rate as that of Lacqueys in *France* or *England*. He was put into the Livery about twelve years of age, and, no doubt, he look'd very prettily in it, such an alteration is the first smile of good fortune able to make, in one who, till then, had liv'd no otherwise than as an unciviliz'd Highlander. 'Tis possible, some other person would have grown insolent upon so strange a Metamorphosis; but he was of a quite different temper, and withal the most frugal Page that ever was, nay, what is the greatest commendation of a person of his quality, the least addicted to an Art call'd the Lightness of the Fingers, as haply having not yet been long enough in the City, to understand the advantages of his profession.

Having sold his former rags to the Brokers, he began to think himself a rich man; yet did not his wealth consist so much in the gaudiness of his accoutrements,

coutrements, as in the greatness of his hopes, and a wretched Bed, dispos'd into a small partition of a Garret, which he had taken, not far from his Master's house, and there he retir'd in the night, with his Father, rich in years, since he liv'd, and, upon that account, raising a compassion in all he met, some were so charitable as to relieve him. Those charities were his daily revenue, but so small, that, many times, he went to his Cell, not onely supperless, but hungry. At last the old Man dyes, and his Son was glad to see him so well provided for, out of this reflection, that being disburthen'd of that charge, he was in a fair way to become a rich man. From the hour of his Father's interrment, he impos'd upon himself so great a frugality, and enter'd into so strict and austere a kind of Life, that he spent in a manner nothing, of that little, which was allow'd him every day for his subsistance. 'Tis true, it was not without the grumbling and barking of his Stomach, and to the cost of all those, with whom he could make any acquaintance.

Don Marcos (so was called this remarkable example of penury) was a person of a stature somewhat below the middle size, and, through pure want of seasonable nourishment, he, in a short time, became the slenderest, and driest person in the world. When he waited on his Master at table (which, it seems, was not so often as he could have wish'd) he never chang'd his plate, but that, if there were any thing left on it, he had the admirable sleight of conveying somewhat into his pocket, whether it were dry or liquid he matter'd not much. But finding by experience, that, when he secur'd any thing of the latter kind, it could not

be

be done without offence, he found out an expedient to prevent that inconvenience, for having converted into mony the wax of a great number of Torches ends, which he had very carefully kept together, he bought him a pair of pockers of your Latten-ware, wherewith he afterwards did miracles, in order to the advancement of his fortune.

Most covetous persons are commonly vigilant and careful, and these two qualities, heightned by the insatiable passion, which *Don Marcos* had, to become a rich Man, rais'd in his Master such an extraordinary kindness towards him, that he would not, by any means in the world, have parted with so excellent a Page. He continu'd him in his Livery, from the twelfth, as I told you, to the thirtieth year of his Age, so that, upon the account of his Seniority, he might have taken place of all the Pages in *Spain*. But there happen'd an inconvenience, which prevail'd with his Master to change that resolution, and that was, that this over-grown Page was oblig'd to shave himself every day; whereupon being transform'd from a Page into a Gentleman, he was made by his Master what Heaven would never have made him.

The advantage of this transformation was, that his allowance was advanc'd, by a daily addition of some few Ryals; but he, instead of adding any thing to his expence, rein'd his Purse-strings the more, not regarding how much his new employment oblig'd him to betray a proportionable liberality. He had heard indeed, that some of his Profession, instead of a Boy, to wait them, in the morning, made use of such as sold Aquavitæ, to make clean their rooms, into which they got them, pretend-

pretending that they would have drunk of their Water, and ſometimes in the Winter-time, they call'd up thoſe that ſold Wafers and Jumbals (a ſort of people that walk as late as the Bak'd-pipin wenches do about *London*) to get off their Cloaths; but in regard this could not be done without a kind of violence, and that our *Don Marco* was of an humour, not to be unjuſt to any but himſelf, he conceiv'd it his beſt courſe not to be troubled with any Servant. Never was there a Candle's end burnt in his Chamber, but he came to it by ſlight of hand, and to make it laſt as long as might be, he began to undreſs himſelf in the ſtreet, from the very place where he had lighted it, ſo that by that time he was come to his Chamber, he was in a manner ready to get into his Bed. But conſidering with himſelf, that it was poſſible a Man might go to his reſt with leſs charge, his invenrive imagination found out another expedient, which was, to make a little hole in the partition, which ſeparated his room from his next Neighbours, ſo as that, as ſoon as he had lighted his Candle, *Don Marco* opened the hole, and ſo had light enough to do any thing he had to do at that time of the Night.

That one ſide of his Body ſhould not laugh at the other, nor either of them at the middle of his haunches, he wore his Sword one day on the right ſide, the next day, on the left, the third hanging perpendicularly down his back, and all this, that his Cloaths might be equally worn out of all ſides, and that the Dammage ſhould be the leſs, being equally divided. Upon the very break of Day, he ſtood at his door, with a little Earthen pitcher in his hand, begging a little water of all the Water-

bearers

bearers that pass'd by, and so he suppli'd himself with water for many days together. He went many times into a little Buttery, just at the time that the other Servants belonging to his Master, who had their Diet in the House, were at Meals, and there he would take occasion to commend what they had before them, that some body might invite him to taste of it. He never bought any Wine, yet drunk of it every day, either by tasting what the publick Criers carri'd about, or staying in the streets those, who had been buying at the Tavern, of whom he begg'd a taste, as if he intended to buy himself of the same. Coming to *Madrid* upon a Mule, he cast such a mist before the eyes of his Hosts, that he kept the poor Beast onely with pieces of the Bed-mats on which he lay, and what other remnants of old Mats he could meet with.

There happen'd a necessity, one time, that he must take a Servant along with him, upon a Journey he had to make; but growing weary of him the first day of his service, he bethought himself of a pretty device to put him off. Pretending that he could not drink the Wine at the Inn where he then was, he sent the poor fellow to another, a good league distant, where he said there was much better. There was no way but to obey the commands of his new Master; but, before his return, he was gone away, and had left false directions, where to find him, and so the poor Boy was forc'd to get back again to *Madrid* with a weeping-cross, as being reduc'd to play the Pilgrim, and beg all the way, for the Mony he had given him to buy the Wine prov'd naught. In fine, *Don*

Marcos

Marcos became the living pourtraicture of base thrift and avarice; and was so well known to be the most covetous Man that ever *Spain* bred, that, in *Madrid*, they had no other name for a miserable fellow, than *Dom Marcos*.

His Master, and all his Friends, told a thousand pleasant stories of him, and that even in his presence, for he never troubled himself at their discourse, as minding his own advantage more than their raillery, though he understood it well enough, and would put in ever and anon some grave saying or Apothegm. One of them was, that a Woman could never be handsome, if she lov'd to receive; nor ever deformed if she had any thing to give: And that a prudent and thrifty Man should never go to Bed, till he had made some advantage or other. This excellent Theory, seconded by as exact a Practice, had brought him in, by this time he was arriv'd to forty years of Age, ten thousand Crowns in ready money, a vast sum for a Gentleman, waiting on a Grandee, especially one of *Spain*. But what will not a long proceis of time bring a Man to, when he robs himself of all he can, as well as other people.

Dom Marcos having thus acquir'd the reputation of being rich, without that of following any evil course or gaming, was soon look'd upon as an advantageous Match, by several Women, who, above all things, and with all the artifices imaginable, prosecute their own contentments. Among the many who proffer'd him their enjoyments and liberty, (for Women in *Spain* are but a small degree above Slaves) there was one *Isidora*, a Woman that went for a Widdow, though she

she had never been married, and that it was at least forty years since she had been a Maid. She seem'd to be much younger than she was, so well was she vers'd in the disguises and artifices, which Women sometimes use, to bely their Age and Wrinckles. Her fortune was measur'd according to her expence, which was very high for a Woman of her condition; insomuch that the common report, which is ever rash and apt to lye, gave her out to be worth, besides what she might have in Money and Jewels, three hundred Pounds sterling per annum, and at least ten thousand Crowns in Houshold-stuff. He who propos'd the match between *Don Marcos* and this *Isidora*, was a famous Trapanner, one that traded in all sorts of Commodities, and a Hole-sale Marchant in the common Druggs of the female Sex. He gave *Don Marcos* such an advantageous account of the Lady *Isidora*, that it made his teeth water to be acquainted with her, a curiosity he had never had for any person before. Nay, he perswaded him so far that she was rich, and the Widdow of a Cavalier, of one of the best Houses of *Andalusia*, that, upon the first proposals, he accounted himself as good as married to her. That very day, this subtle Sollicitor of Venereal Causes, whose name was *Gamara*, prevail'd with *Don Marcos* to go along with him to visit *Isidora* at her house. The covetous wretch was ravish'd at the neatness and magnificence of the House, into which *Gamara* brought him, but much better pleas'd, when he conductor assur'd him, that both it, and all within it belong'd to *Isidora*. He found therein such Houshold-stuff, such *Alcoves*, Couches, and a profusion of Perfumes, as might become a

Lady

Lady of the greatest quality, rather than the future Spouse of a simple Gentleman, that waited on a Grand Signior of *Spain*; and for her own part, he thought her at least a Goddess. *Dom Marcos* found her very busie about some extraordinary Works, sitting between two of her Waiting-women, both so highly clad, and so handsome, that, notwithstanding the natural aversion he had for expence, and especially that occasion'd by a superfluous number of Domesticks, he would have married *Isidora*, though were onely out of an ambition he then had, to have, at his command, such beautiful young Maids, as he took them to be. *Isidora*'s discourse was so excellent, that it not onely pleas'd, but in a manner enchanted, *Dom Marcos*; and what made an absolute conquest of his heart, was a magnificent Collation, at which the fineness of the Linnen, and the sumptuousness of the Plate were answerable to the other rich Houshold-stuff of the Lady, at whose charge it was. There was present at this Collation a proper young Lad, named *Augustine*, well cloath'd, whom *Isidora* said was her Nephew, and whom his good Aunt, to shew her fondness of him, diminutively called *Augustinete*, though he were above twenty years of Age. *Isidora* and *Augustinete* out-vy'd one the other in their treatment of *Dom Marcos*, and were ever presenting him with what they thought best in the Collation; and while our up-start Gentleman satisfi'd his half-starv'd Stomach with provisions for at least one week, at the charge of another, his ears were charm'd by the sweet Voice of the Waiting-woman *Marcella*, who, to the sound of a Virginal, sung certain passionate Airs. *Dom*

Marcos

Marcos forgot his Gentility, and fed like a Farmer, and the Collation ended with the day, the light whereof growing deficient was suppli'd by that of four great wax-candles, in candlesticks of massie silver exquisitely wrought, which *Dom Marcos* immediately resolv'd within himself to reform into one single Lamp, as soon as ever he were married to *Isidora*. *Augustinetto* took a Gitthar, and plaid several Sarabands, which the crafty *Marcella*, and the other Waiting-gentlewoman *Inez*, danc'd admirably well, exactly answering the sound of the Gitthar with their Castagnets. The discreet *Gamara* whisper'd *Dom Marcos* in the ear, that the Lady *Isidora* went to bed betimes. The civil Gentleman staid not for a second advertisement, and thereupon addressing himself to *Isidora*, with such extraordinary complements, and so great protestations of love and service, as he had never made to any before, he took leave both of her, and her Nephew Signor *Augustinetto*, leaving them at liberty to say what they thought of him.

Dom Marcos being thus deeply fallen in love with *Isidora*, but much more with her mony, acknowledg'd to *Gamara*, who accompani'd him to his own lodging, that the beautiful Widow had smitten him in the more amorous part of his soul, and that he would have parted with a finger, on condition he were already marri'd to her; inasmuch as he had never met with any woman that pleas'd his fancy better than she did, telling him withall, that after their marriage, she should not live at such an extravagant rate. "She lives rather like "a Princess, than the wife of a private person, *says* "*the cautious Dom Marcos to the dissembling*

"companion *Gamara*, and considers not, that the "houshold-stuff and plate she hath, being turn'd in- "to mony, and that mony added to that which I "have, might bring in a considerable yearly rent, "which we may lay up for a reserve, and, by the in- "dustry it hath pleas'd God to bestow on me, raise a "plentiful estate and fortunes for the children we "may have between us. But if Heaven shall think "fit, that we have no issue, since *Isidora* hath a hope- "ful Nephew, we will settle all we shall gather "together upon him, provided he answer the expe- "ctation I have of his well-doing.

Dom Marcos entertain'd *Gamara* with these discourses, or others to the same effect, walking still on, till he found himself just at the door of his lodging. *Gamara* took his leave of him, after he had promised, that the next day he would conclude his marriage with *Isidora*, and given him this rea- son for his expedition therein, That affairs of that nature, many times, miscarried as much by delay as by the death of either of the parties. *Dom Marcos* kindly embrac'd the dear carrier on of his designs, and dismiss'd him. He went immediately back to *Isidora*, to give her an account in what posture he had left her humble Servant, and in the mean time our amorous Gentleman taking out of his pocket the end of a wax-candle, he fasten'd it to the point of his sword, and having lighted it at a lamp, which burn'd before a publick Crucifix, in a place hard by, not without making a kind of ejaculatory prayer, for the good success of his marriage, he open'd, with a Mistress-key, the door of the house where he lay, and laid himself down in his wretch- ed bed, rather to pass away the night in reflecting on his Loves, than in sleeping.

the

The next morning *Gamara* comes to him, and acquainted him with the good news of the conclusion of his marriage with *Isidora*, who referred it to *Dom Marcos*, to appoint the day, on which it should be solemnized. The amorous Miser told *Gamara*, that though he were married that very day, yet would it not be as soon as he wish'd it. *Gamara* repli'd, that it depended wholly on himself to consummate his own happiness: whereupon *Dom Marcos*, embracing him, desir'd the contract might be drawn up that very day. He appointed *Gamara* to meet him in the afternoon, as soon as he pleas'd, after he had waited on his Master at dinner. They both punctually met at the time and place appointed. They went to *Isidora*'s house, where *Dom Marcos* was more nobly entertain'd than he had been the time before. *Marcella* sung, *Inez* danc'd: *Augustinuzo* plai'd on the Gitthar; and *Isidora*, the principal Actress, gave her future husband an extraordinary Treatment, whereof she knew who should defray the charge at last. He devour'd all was presented to him with as little remorse as a Wolf half-starv'd; and yet he could not forbear censuring the superfluity of the expence in his soul. *Gamara* was sent for a publick Notary; he brought one to act that part. The Articles of the Treaty of Marriage were soon set down, and as soon signed on both sides.

There was a motion made to *Dom Marcos*, that he would play a game at *Primero*, to pass away the time. "Heaven and all the Inhabitants of it forbid, says *Dom Marcos*, I play at any kind of "game! No, no; I serve a Master, who would "turn me out of his service within a quarter of an

"hour, if he should ever hear that I were a Game-"ster; and for my own part, I am not so well "skill'd, as to know the Cards. How infinitely am "I pleas'd with what Signor *Dom Marcos* hath said, "*replies Isidora*, I am every day preaching the "same thing to my Nephew *Augustinetto*, but the "world is come to that pass now, that the younger "sort think themselves too wise, to receive the "good counsels and admonitions of their elders, "much more to follow them. Go thy ways, unhap-"py boy, *says she to Augustinetto*, go bid *Marcella* "and *Inez* make an end of their dinner, and come "and divert the company with their Castagnets.

While *Augustinetto* was gone down to call up the Maids, *Dom Marcos*, addressing himself to *Isidora*, acquainted her with his mind in these terms. "If *Augustinetto* will do as I would have him, "there are two things he must abstain from, as the "most contrary to my nature of any thing in the "world, and that is, Gaming, and being abroad "late in the night. I am desirous that all those who "lie within my doors should be in their beds be-"times, and that, as soon as it is dark, the house-"doors should be well bolted and lock'd. Not that "I am of a distrustful humour; nay, on the contra-"ry, I do not think any thing more impertinent "than to be so, especially when a man hath an "honest and careful wife, as I am more than in "hopes to have: but those houses, where there is "any thing to be taken, can never be too secure "from Thieves, and House-breakers, for if there "be but a sink-hole left open, they will make a "shift to get in; and for my part, it would break "my heart, if some idle rascal of a Thief, without

"taking

"taking any other pains, than what it costs him to "carry away what he finds, should, in an instant, "convey away, what I had much ado to get toge-"ther in many years. For these reasons therefore, "*cousinus Dom Marcos*, I will absolutely forbid "him Gaming and Night-walking, or selling him "up to be dealt with according to the discretion "of the Devil, for *Dom Marcos* shall be no longer "his Tutor.

The cholerick Signor spoke these last words with so much transportation, that it cost *Isidora* a great many intreaties and submissions, to lay his great spirit, and reduce him to his ordinary tranquility. She did as good as fall on her knees, to desire *Dom Marcos*, that he would be no longer angry, assuring him, that her Nephew should give him all the satisfaction he could expect, for he was but young, and of the most docile and compliant nature of any she had ever known.

They fell into some other discourse, upon the coming in of *Augustine* and the Dancing-women, and they spent some part of the night in dancing and singing. *Dom Marcos*, to spare himself the trouble of returning to his own lodging, would have persuaded *Isidora*, to condescend, that they might, from that time, live together, as man and wife, or that at least he might lie in her house, in regard it was grown later than he had imagin'd. But she put on a severe countenance, and earnestly protested, that ever since the unhappy day that had reduc'd her to the condition of Widdow-hood, never had any man set his foot into the chast bed which had sometime been her dear Lord's, nor should any, till the Church had interpos'd her authority, and

that, while she were a widow, no person should ever lie under her roof, but her Nephew *Anselme*.

Dom Marcos was much pleas'd with her resolution, notwithstanding his amorous impatience. He bid her good-night, return'd to his lodging, accompani'd by *Gamard*, took out of his pocket the candle's end, stuck it on the point of his sword, fixed it at the Lamp before the Crucifix, in a word did all he had done the night before, so punctual was he in all things, unless it were that he said not his prayers, as he had done, haply because he thought his business effected, and that he stood not in any need of Heaven's further assistance. The Banes of Matrimony were soon ask'd out, for there happen'd to come two or three holy-days together. At last, the marriage, so much desir'd on both sides, was consummated, and the solemnity thereof occasion'd a greater expence then was expected from the penurious chests of the Bride-groom, who, out of a fear of making any breach in his ten thousand Crowns, borrow'd mony of his friends. The chiefest of his Master's servants were at the wedding, and took occasion ever and anon to commend the good choice he had made. The cheer was extraordinary, though at the charge of *Dom Marcos*, who for that time was content to defray all, and, by a prodigy of affection, had caus'd very rich cloaths to be made for *Isidora* and himself.

The Guests departed in good time, and, the coast being clear, *Dom Marcos* went himself and lock'd the doors, and shut to and bar'd the windows, not so much for the security of his wife, as that of the Trunks, wherein his mony lay, which he order'd to be brought into his own room and set close by the nuptial

nuptial bed. The young couple went to bed, and while *Don Martos* was groping for what he could not find, *Marcella* and *Inez* were grumbling in their own chamber, at the strange humour of their Master, and blaming the forwardness of their Mistress, in taking a husband. *Inez* burst forth into down-right swearing, and said she had rather be a Lay-Sister in a Monastery, than Servant in a house, whereof the doors were lock'd up at nine of the clock. "And what would you do were you in my "condition? *says Marcella* to *Inez*; for your busi- "ness is to go up and down, to provide for the "house, but for my part, who am a Gentlewoman "made up in haste, I must lead a retir'd life, with "the chaste spouse of a jealous husband, and, of all "the Serenades, which were given under our win- "dows, I must hear no more talk, than of the plea- "sures of the next world. And yet we are not so "much to be bemoan'd as our friend *Augustinetta*, "says *Inez*. He hath spent his youth in waiting as "a Gentleman-usher on her whom he call'd his "Aunt, though she were no more so than I am, and "now that he is come to write Man, she puts him "under the tuition of a Pædagogue, who, no less "than a hundred times a day, will reproach him "with his diet and cloaths, and God onely knows "and himself, whether he came honestly by them. "Thou tell'st me in that somewhat I knew not be- "fore, *replies Marcella*, and I give over wondring "at the severity our Mistress pretended to, when "her Nephew *ad honores* grew a little more fami- "liar with us than she would have had him. Had I "been any thing forward to believe his protesta- "tions, I should soon have depriv'd the Aunt of

"the Nephew; but she hath bred me up from a "child, and it is a certain gratitude, for us to be "faithful to those, whose bread we eat. To tell "thee the truth, *continu'd Inez*, I cannot find in "my heart to have any aversion for that young fel- "low, and I must confess, that it rais'd a great com- "passion in me, when I saw him onely dis-satisfi'd, "and out of humour, among so many others who "enjoy'd themselves and were merry.

In these discourses did the two Waiting-women spend the time, after they were got into bed, and such were their comments on the marriage of their Master. Honest *Inez* fell asleep; but *Marcella* had somewhat else to do. As soon as she perceiv'd that her companion was asleep, she put on her own cloaths, and made up a great bundle of those of *Isidora's*, and some of *Dom Marcos's*, which she had slily got out of their chamber, before the over-cautious Signor had lock'd the door. Having dispatch'd her business, she went her ways, and, because she had no intention to return again, she left open the doors of that part of the house where *Isidora* liv'd. A while after, *Inez* awakes, and not finding her companion a-bed with her, she was very desirous to know what should become of her at that time of the night. She hearken'd a while at *Augustin's* chamber-door, not without some distrust and jealousie: but not hearing any noise within, she went to search for her in all those places where she conceiv'd she might be, and found her not, but all the doors, through which she had pass'd, wide open. She went and knock'd at that of the new-married couple, and did it with so much noise as put them into a fright. She told them that *Marcella* was run

away

away, that she had left the doors open, and she was afraid, that she had carried somewhat with her, whereof she intended not ever to make any restitution. *Don Marcos* starts out of bed, as a person out of his wits, ran to look for his cloaths, but could not find them, nor *Isidora's* wedding-gown. But what compleated his distraction, was, that, after a light was brought into the room, he found, what he least suspected, his dear spouse of a far different figure, from that, under which he had been so much taken with her; nay, so dreadful was the spectacle, that the narrow-hearted fellow was ready to swound. The poor Lady sitting up half-asleep, half-awake in her bed, never minded, that her periwig was fallen off. At last, she sees it on the ground, fallen down by the bed-side, and, taking it up, would have put it on; but a thing is never well, when it is done with too much precipitation. She put on the dress with that part before which should have been behind, so that her face, which, so betimes in the morning, had not receiv'd all its diurnal ornaments, appear'd in a very odd posture, and painted as it was, seem'd so dreadful to *Don Marcos*, that he was afraid it might be some apparition. If he cast his eyes on her, he saw an uncouth monster, and if he look'd about the room, he could not see his cloaths. *Isidora*, extremely at a loss, made a shift to perceive that some of her counterfeit teeth were entangled in the long, bushy, and well-bristled mustachoes of her husband. She went to retrive them thence with much confusion; but the poor man, whom she had frighten'd almost out of himself, imagining she had no reason to put her hands so near his face, out of any other design, than to take

him

him by the throat, or scratch out his eyes, retreated, and shunn'd her approaches, with so much nimbleness, that she, not admitted to close with him, was at last fore'd to acknowledge, that his Mustachoes had got away some of her teeth. *Don Marcos*, upon that, began to stroak them up, and having met with his Wives teeth, which had sometime been those of an Elephant, an original Inhabitant of *Africk*, or the *East-Indies*, he flung them at her head with much indignation. She gather'd them together, as well those scatter'd in the Bed, as those about the Room, and made her escape into a little Closet, with that exquisite treasure, and some head-brushes, which she took out of the Bag, where her Night-cloaths were.

In the mean time, *Don Marcos* having sufficiently renounc'd his Christianity, set himself down in a chair, where he made most sad reflections on the misfortune had befallen him, in marrying a woman, who, by the snows of at least sixty winters, that powder'd her shav'd pate, had discover'd herself to be older than he was, by twenty years; yet not so well stricken in them, but that she might spend the other score in his company, nay, many more. *Augustineta*, who was awak'd by the noise, came into the room, with his cloaths half off, half on, and did all lay in his power to appease the Husband of his Aunt by adoption: but all the Answer the poor Man could make to his remonstrances, was, to sigh, and sometimes smite his thighs, sometimes his face, with his bare hand. Then was it, that he bethought him of a noble Gold chain he had borrow'd, to adorn himself withal on his Wedding-day; but all he had left of it, was that sad

remem-

remembrance. *Marcella* had got it in the bundle of cloaths, which she had carried away. He look'd up and down for it, with some patience and tranquility, very diligently searching every crany about the Chamber: but when he had wearied himself with searching, and was convinc'd, that it was lost, together with all the pains he had taken to look for it, never was there such a conflict of rage and affliction, as then distracted the poor *Dom Marcos*. His sighs were so loud, that, if people had been awake, they might have been heard over the whole quarter. Upon those doleful lamentations, *Isidora* comes out of the closet, but so chang'd, and so beautiful, that he thought his Wife now the third time metamorphos'd. He look'd on her with a certain astonishment, and spoke not to her with any indignation. He took out of one of his Trunks the cloaths he wore every day, put them on, and, follow'd by *Augustinetto*, went out to weary himself in running up and down the streets, after the mischievous *Marcella*. They sought, and search'd, and enquir'd, but all to no purpose, till the clock striking twelve minded them of their Dinner, which was made up of what had been left of the Wedding-feast. *Dom Marcos* and *Isidora* fell a quarrelling, as people that were desirous to eat, and fed as heartily as people inclining to quarrel. Yet would *Isidora* now and then put in a word, to pacifie *Dom Marcos*, and to bring him into his former peaceable humour, speaking to him with the greatest humility and mildness imaginable, and *Augustinetto* did all he could to make an accommodation between them: but the loss of the Chain of Gold was as great a torment to *Dom Marcos*,

Marcos, as if he had been run through the Body with a Dagger.

They were ready to rise from the Table, and onely staid for *Augustinetto* to make an end, who minded his belly more than their difference, when there came into the room two men, from the Admiral of *Casteel's* Steward, to entreat Madam *Isidora*, that she would return the Plate he had lent her for fifteen days, and which she had now kept a month. *Isidora* knew not any other Answer to make them, than that it should be forth-coming. *Dom Marcos* told them that it was now his, and that he would keep it. One of the men staid in the room, to be in sight of what they made so much difficulty to restore, while the other went to the Steward, who immediately came, and reproach'd *Isidora* with her unhandsome carriage, made little account of the opposition of *Dom Marcos*, and all he had to say for himself, carried away the Plate, and left the Man and Wife ready to quarrel, upon this new occasion of quarreling. Their contest was almost brought to an accommodation, when a Broker, accompanied by his Servants, and some Porters, came into the room, and told *Isidora*, that, since she was richly match'd, he came for the Houshold-stuff she had taken upon hire, together with the Brokage-money, unless she had a mind to buy them out-right, and so spare him the trouble of taking them down.

This unexpected accident put *Dom Marcos* out of all patience; he would have beaten the Broker; the Broker made it appear that he was a man as able to return as to receive, and fell a railing at *Isidora*, who return'd him as good as he brought.

He

He beat her; she reveng'd her self as well as she could, the consequence whereof was, that, in a short time, the floor was strew'd with the teeth and hair of *Isidora*, and the cloak, hat, and gloves of *Dom Marcos*, who, though he had little reason for it, would needs take his Wife's part.

While the Combatants gather up the broken pieces of their harness, and the Broker carries away the goods, and is paid for the use of them, as a Broker, and that all together make a noise as if Hell were broke loose, the Landlord of the House, who had Lodgings in some part of it, comes into *Isidora*'s room, and told her, that he would not have such a stir kept in his House, and that if they resolv'd to continue it, they should look out for another Lodging. "How now, you impertinent Coxcomb, *says Dom Marcos*, do you get out of mine, "or I shall send you hence with more expedition "than you came hither. The Landlord answer'd him with a box on the ear; he who had receiv'd it, being weary of that kind of engagement, look'd about for his Sword or Ponyard; but *Marcella* had carri'd them away. *Isidora* and her pretended Nephew step'd in between them, and appeas'd the Landlord, but could prevail little with *Dom Marcos*, who running his head against the walls, call'd *Isidora* a thousand damn'd-base-pilfering-impudent-cheating-and-trapanning-Whores. *Isidora* made him Answer, Weeping, that she could not use too much subtilty, to draw in so deserving a *Dom Marcos* as he was, and therefore he should rather applaud her ingenuity, than beat her, as he had done, adding withal, that a Husband, even in point of honour, was blameable for beating his Wife.

Dom

Dom Marcos, swearing very learnedly, protested, that he knew no other point of honour than his Money, and that he would be unmarried. *Isidora*, with an excessive humility, made a contrary protestation, that she would never consent thereto; swore to *Dom Marcos*, that it was not in his power to dissolve the sacred tye of a lawful Marriage, and advis'd him to patience.

He was once more appeas'd, and bethought himself, that a new Lodging must be taken, the old one being grown too hot for them. *Dom Marcos* and the Nephew went out to take one, and so *Isidora* had a little relaxation. These unexpected accidents rais'd a little commotion within her, but when she look'd about the room, and saw, not the Hangings, for those were gone, but the Trunks well lin'd with Silver, she took heart, and bore the more patiently the testy disposition of the Husband which brought them thither.

Dom Marcos took some convenient Lodgings in the same Quarter, where his Master-liv'd, and sent back *Augustinetto* to dine with his Aunt, being himself, as he said, too much press'd with grief, to eat out of the same Dish with that transcendent Cheat. But in the evening he came to her, with all the day's vexation, and cruel as a Tygre; not so much out of kindness to the Woman, as to visit his Trunks, and, by his presence, to secure them. *Isidora* entertain'd him with all the submissions and complacency imaginable; insomuch that they lay together, and pass'd away the night without any alarms. In the morning, as soon as she was dress'd, she had the confidence to desire him, to go to the new Lodgings, there to receive the Goods, which she would

would order her Nephew and *Inez* to see brought thither in a Waggon. *Dom Marcos* went thither, and, while he was contriving how to dispose of them into several rooms, the ungrateful *Isidora*, the young Rogue *Augustine*, and the perfidious *Inez* plotted together, and pack'd up all the best things in a Wagon, got into it themselves, leave *Madrid*, and take their way towards *Barcelona*. *Dom Marcos* grew weary of staying for them, and went back to his old quarters, where he found the Doors lock'd, and was told by the Neighbours, that they were gone away with the Goods many hours since. He return'd to the place from whence he came, imagining he had miss'd the Wagon by the way, but found no more than what he had left there. He immediately marches back again, mistrusting what misfortune might have happened to him; he breaks open the Door, and found there, onely some old Bed-steeds, Stools, Tables, and Fire-irons, which it seems they thought either too troublesome, or not worth the carrying away. There was no body to be reveng'd on but himself; his venerable Beard and Hair were the first sufferers for his folly; then his Eyes; he bit his Fingers till the blood gush'd out, and had a great temptation to make away with himself; but the hour was not yet come.

There are not any so unfortunate, but they flatter themselves with some hope: he ran up and down to all the Inns about *Madrid*, to find out those, who had left him so basely in the lurch, but could not meet with any tidings of them. *Isidora* had not been so simple as to hire a Wagon that should return thither any more; she had taken it up at a Village not far from *Madrid*, and, to a-

void

void pursuit, had agreed with the Wagoner, that he should make no longer stay in the City, than were requisite to take in her self, her company, and her goods. Wearier than a Dog, that had run all day after a Hare and mist her, the poor Gentleman was returning from his searching the Inns about the City and Suburbs, when it was his chance, to meet *Marcella* full-but in the streets. He laid hold of her, "Have I met with thee, O thou most mis-"chievous of all thy Sex, *said he*; thou shalt now "restore all thou hast stollen from me. O my "God, my dear Creator, *replies the crafty Bag-"gage, without the least discovery of any trouble*, "how did it always run in my thoughts, that all the "mischief would fall upon my head! My deareft "Master, be pleas'd to hear me, for the Blessed "Virgin's sake: do but give me the hearing, be-"fore your dishonour me. I am an honest Maid, "and of good repute, and the least scandal you "should force me to give my Neighbour, would "be infinitely prejudicial to me, for I am upon the "point of marriage. Be pleas'd to go along with "me into the Entry of this House, and afford me "but your patient attention for a quarter of an "hour, and I will tell you what is become of your "Chain, and all you have lost. I had been already "inform'd, that I was charg'd with all that had "pass'd, and I told my Mistress what it would "come to, when she commanded me to do what I "accordingly did: but she was Mistress; I, her "Servant. Wo is me! How miserable are they "whose dependance is upon others, and what pains "they take, and what mischief they must some-"times do, to earn a piece of bread.

Dom

Dom Marcos was a person guilty of as little malice as any other; the tears and eloquence of the crafty *Marcella* prevail'd with him, not onely to hearken to her, but also to believe what she said to him. He went therefore along with her into the entry of a great house, where she told him, that *Isidora* was an old decai'd Curtezan, who had ruin'd all those who were so unhappy as to fall in love with her, yet had not much advantag'd her self thereby, by reason of the vast expences she was at. She further acquainted him with what she had understood from her companion *Inez*, that *Augustinetto* was not *Isidora*'s Nephew, but a kind Night-bird, the Bastard of another Curtezan, of her acquaintance, and that she maintain'd him, under the notion of her Nephew, to gain her self the greater authority among those of her own profession, and to revenge her quarrels. She told him, that she had deliver'd the gold-chain & the other things she had carri'd away, to that young Hector, & that it was by his order, she had gone away in the night, and without taking her leave, which was a pure trick put upon her, that she onely might be thought guilty of so loud an action.

This plausible story *Marcella* told *Dom Marcos*, out of a hope it might procure her escape out of his hands, or at least to observe the good custom, which most Servants have, to be very apt to lie, and to tell of their Masters, as well what they do not, as what they do know. She concluded her vindication, with a promise that all things should be return'd him when he least expected it, exhorting him in the mean time to exercise his patience. "You speak "very well, *says Dom Marcos to her*, but I think it "as likely, that I shall never see any thing again,

"there being but little probability, that the perfidi-
"ous Quean, who hath carried away all I have been
"gathering together theſe thirty years, ſhould ere
"come back again to make me any reſtitution. He thereupon told *Marcella* all that had happen'd at *Iſidora*'s lodgings ſince her departure thence. "Is
"it poſſible, ſhe ſhould be at ſuch a loſs of all con-
"ſcience, *ſays the lewd Marcella to him.* Ah! my
"dear Maſter, now I perceive, it was not without
"juſt grounds, that I pitied your condition; but I
"durſt not tell you ſo much, for the very night
"your things were carried away, I was repreſenting
"it my Miſtreſs, that it would be unworthily done,
"to meddle with your chain; but what bitter words,
"and blows it coſt my poor carcaſe, he above onely
"knows. I have told thee but the truth, how all
"things ſtand, *ſays Dom Marcos to her, fetching a*
"*deep ſigh*, and the worſt of it is, that I have not the
"leaſt apprehenſion of any remedy. I have then
"ſomewhat to propoſe to you in this extremity,
"*repli'd Marcella.* There is a certain perſon in
"this City, of my acquaintance, who, with God's
"permiſſion, will tell you where you may find
"theſe people, who have ſo highly injur'd you. He
"is a perſon admirable for his deep learning, and
"one that hath Legions of Devils at his devotion,
"and commands them with ſuch an abſolute
"power, as if he were the Prince of darkneſs him-
"ſelf. And what makes more for the attainment
"of your deſires, you are to know, that this ex-
"cellent man hath ſo great a kindneſs for me, that
"I am in hopes ere long to be his wife.

The credulous *Dom Marcos* entreated her, of all love, that ſhe would bring him to the ſight of this

this miracle of the Black Art; which *Marcella* promis'd she would do, and appointed him to meet her, the next day, at the same place. *Dom Marcos* came, and had not been there long, ere *Marcella* came also, who immediately told the besotted man, that the Magician, of whom she had spoken to him the day before, had already taken some pains, in order to the finding out of what had been stollen from him, and that, to carry on his work, he wanted onely a certain quantity of Amber, Musk, and some other Perfumes, to entertain the Spirits he was to invoke, who were all of the first order, and of the best Houses in Hell. *Dom Marcos*, without any deliberation, carri'd *Marcella* to the Druggsters, and bought what quantities thereof she appointed him, so infinitely did he think himself oblig'd to her, that she had found him out a Magician. She afterwards conducted him to an obscure house, which look'd very suspitiously, where, in a ground-room, or rather a Cellar, wretchedly matted about, he was receiv'd, by a man in a long Cassock, with a huge bushy beard, who spoke to him with a great deal of gravity.

After a little discourse, the Student of the infernal Sciences, whom *Dom Marcos* look'd on with abundance of respect and fear, lighted two black wax-candles, and gave them the frighten'd fellow to hold, in each hand one; caus'd him to sit down in a very low chair, and exhorted him, but too late, not to fear any thing. He put afterwards several questions to him, as to his age, course of life, and the goods which had been taken away from him; and after he had look'd into a Glass that stood by, and read some time in a certain book, he told *Dom*

Marcos, who was ready to —— for fear, that he had found out where the things were, and thereupon describ'd them, one after another, so exactly, according to the instructions he had receiv'd from *Marcella*, that *Dom Marcos* let the candles fall out of his hands, to go and embrace him about the neck. The grave Magician blam'd him very much for his impatience, and told him, that the operations of his infallible Art requir'd a serious and reserv'd composure of the body, adding withal, that, for actions, of a lower degree of confidence & familiarity, the Spirits had sometimes beaten, nay strangled some men. *Dom Marcos* grew pale at those words, and setled himself again in his chair, after he had taken up the candles.

The Magician ask'd for the perfumes, which *Dom Marcos* had bought, and the counterfeit *Marcella* deliver'd them to him. Till then, she had been a devout spectator of the Ceremonies; but, being now upon the point of Invocation, he order'd her to quit the room, pretending that the Spirits could not endure the company of woman-kind, especially if there were any mistrust of the dilapidation of their Virginity. *Marcella*, making a low curtzy, went out of the room, and the Magician taking a copper chafing-dish, full of coals, made as if he cast on them the perfumes, which *Dom Marcos* had brought, but he had mix'd among them a good quantity of stinking sulphur, which made such a thick smoak, that the Magician himself, who had unadvisedly bow'd down his head too near the coals, was almost choak'd by it. He cough'd as violently as if he had had a burr in his throat, and so often, that his bushy beard, which was not of the

growth

growth of the Country where it was then planted, and it seems had not been well fasten'd, fell down, and discover'd the Magician, to be the same pernicious *Gamara*, who had trapann'd him into all his misfortunes.

Upon this discovery, *Dom Marcos* made no difficulty to fling away his magical candles and to take the Impostor by the throat, which he grasp'd as hard as he could, crying out, with a dreadful voice, *Thieves, Thieves.* The Magistrate, attended by some Officers, chanc'd to pass by just at that time; They came into the house, where they imagin'd the noise was made, which was the greater, in regard *Gamara*, whom *Dom Marcos* still had by the throat, cri'd out as loud as the other. The Officers, at their entrance into the house, met with *Marcella*, whom they secur'd, and, afterwards, having broke open the door of the Necromantical chamber, they found *Dom Marcos* and *Gamara* grapled together, and tumbling up and down the floor. The Magistrate knew *Gamara* for a person, he had look'd after a long time, and one he had order to apprehend as a notorious Night-walker, a Pandar, and a searcher of other mens houses without any Commission. He commanded them all three to prison, and caus'd an inventory to be taken of all things found in the room. *Dom Marcos* was set at liberty the next day, upon his Master's engagement for him. He was brought in as a witness against *Gamara* and *Marcella*, who were found guilty of having stollen those goods of his which were named in the Inventory. There were many other things found, some whereof they had stollen, some taken in, as Pawns, for *Gamara* was a Jew, and consequently a Broker, and an Usurer. When he was taken, he was upon the point of marriage with *Marcella*, who brought him, as a portion, besides what

she

she had stoll'n from *Dom Marcos*, an inclination to steal, not inferiour to that of her future husband; an aptitude to learn any thing he would have taught her, nay to exceed her Tutor, and a body handsome, wholesome, and young enough, to be often bought, often seal'd and deliver'd, and likely to weather out, a long time, all the services and inconveniences of Curtezanism.

The justness of *Dom Marcos*'s cause, supported by the mediation of his Master, procur'd him the restitution of all had been stollen from him. *Gamara* was condemn'd to the Gallies for the remainder of his life, unless he should out-live ninety-nine years; and *Marcella* was order'd to be severely whipp'd, and banish'd; and the common opinion was, that they were both very favourably dealt with. As for *Dom Marcos*, he was not so glad of having recover'd some of his things, and being reveng'd of *Gamara* and *Marcella*, as troubled, that the cheating Rogue was no real Magician. The loss of his ten thousand Crowns made him in a manner distracted. He went every day to visit all the Inns about *Madrid*, till, at last, he met with certain Mule-drivers, who, returning from *Barcelona*, told him, that they had met, within four or five days journy of *Madrid*, a Wagon, loaden with houshold-stuff, in which there were two women and a young man, and that they were forc'd to make some stay at an Inn, because two of their Mules had di'd by the way, through over-driving. They describ'd the man and the two women, so as that *Dom Marcos* presum'd they could be no other than *Isidora*, *Inez*, and *Augustine*. Upon this advertisement, without any further deliberation, he put himself into a Pilgrim's habit, and having got Letters of recommendation from his Master, to the Vice-

Vice-Roy of *Catalonia*, and a Decree out of the Court against his fugitive wife, he took his way towards *Barcelona*, sometimes a foot, sometimes on Mules, and got thither in a few days.

He went immediately to the Port, to take up his lodging, and the first thing he saw, as he came into it, was his own Trunks, carried by Porters into a Shallop, and *Isidora*, *Inez*, and *Augustine* marching after them, as a Convoy, to be thence convey'd into a Vessel that lay in the Haven, wherein they were to embark for *Naples*. *Dom Marcos* follow'd his enemies, and went along with them into the Shallop, as fierce as a Lion. They knew him not, by reason of his broad-brimm'd Pilgrim's hat, and took him for one going to our Lady's of *Loretto*, whereas the Mariners receiv'd him as one of the same company, because he came in so confidently along with them.

Dom Marcos, being thus got into the Shallop, could not sit still, by reason of the distraction of his thoughts, not so much out of any reflection what should become of himself, as what should become of his Trunks. In the mean time, the Shallop made towards the Vessel, and with such speed, or rather *Dom Marcos* was so taken up with what run in his mind, that he was got under the Vessel, ere he thought himself near her. They began to get up the things; which action awaken'd *Dom Marcos* out of the Lethargy he was in, which yet was not such, but that he still had his eye on the dearest of his Trunks, wherein all his mony was. One of the Marriners came to fasten that Trunk, with some others, to the pully, to be drawn up into the Vessel. Then it was, that *Dom Marcos* forgot himself; he saw the Trunk fasten'd; though he sate close by, yet was not mov'd; but seeing it lifted up in

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the air, he laid hold on it with both hands, by the iron rings, whereby it was remov'd from one place to another, resolv'd never to part with it any more. 'Tis possible, he might have had his desire; for what will not a covetous person do, to preserve his mony? But, as ill fortune would have it, that Trunk got loose from the other two, which were fasten'd with it, and falling just upon the head of the unfortunate Miser, who yet would not let go his hold, tumbled him into the Sea, and thence into another place ten times deeper than it. *Isidora*, *Inez*, and *Augustine* knew him, just as he and the Trunk were falling into the water: but the loss of the one put them into a greater trouble, than the revenge they fear'd from the other. *Augustine*, enrag'd to see such a vast summe of mony lost, and not able to smother the first eruptions of his fury, gave the Mariner, who had been so negligent in the fastning of the Trunks, a hearty blow over the face. The Mriner return'd it with interest, and prosecuted his revenge so far, till, at last, he turn'd him over-board. As he was falling into the water, he laid hold on the unfortunate *Isidora*, who could not lay hold on any thing, and so was forc'd to accompany her dear Nephew, who, much against his will, went to see what was become of *Dom Marcos*. *Inez* made a shift to get up into the Vessel, with what was remaining of the goods, which she squander'd away in a short time at *Naples*; and, after she had traded, and liv'd many years, a Curtezan, she at last di'd like a Curtezan, that is, *in the Hospital*.

FINIS.